



# MEMOIRS

Of the COURT of

# AUGUSTUS.

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THE THIRD EDITION.

VOL. II.

*Non erat is Populus, quem Pax tranquilla juvaret;*

*Quem sua Libertas immotis pasceret armis:*

*Inde irae faciles; et quod suafisset egestas:*

*Vile nefas; magnumque Decus, ferroque petendum.*

PLUS PATRIA POTUISSE SUA. ——— LUCAN;

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXIV.



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**Ο**ΤΙ μὲν ἦν πᾶσι τοῖς ἑσσι ὑπόκειται φθορά καὶ μεταβολὴ σχε-  
 δὸν ἔ' προσδεῖ λόγῳ· — δυοῖν δὲ τρόπων ὁρίων καθ' ὧς φθίρεσθαι  
 πέφυκε πᾶν γένῳ πολιτείας, τῷ μὲν ἔξωθεν, τῷ δ' ἐν αὐτοῖς  
 φυομένῳ, τὸ μὲν ἐκτὸς ἄτατον ἔχειν συμβαίνει τὴν Στωρίαν· τὰ  
 δ' ἐξ αὐτῶν τέλεισμεν. — **ΟΤΑΝ** πολλὰς καὶ μεγάλας κιν-  
 δύνες διωσαμένη πολιτεία, μεία ταῦτα εἰς ὑπεροχὴν καὶ δυναστείαν  
 ἀδμήριον ἀφίκηται, φανερόν ὡς εἰσοικιζομένης εἰς αὐτὴν ἐπὶ πολὺ τῆς  
 εὐδαιμονίας, συμβαίνει πρὸς μὲν βίους γίνεσθαι πολυέλεστερες, πρὸς  
 δ' ἄνδρας φιλονεικότερας τῷ δέοντι, περὶ τε τὰς ἀρχάς, καὶ τὰς  
 ἄλλας ἐπιβολὰς ὧν προβαίνοντων ἐπὶ πλεόν, ἄρξει μὲν τῆς ἐπὶ τὸ  
 χεῖρον μεταβολῆς ἡ **ΦΙΛΑΡΧΙΑ**, καὶ τὸ τῆς ἀδοξίας δεὸς \*· πρὸς  
 δὲ τούτοις καὶ περὶ πρὸς βίους ἀλαζονεία καὶ πολυέλεία λήψεται δὲ τὴν  
 ἐπιδραφὴν τῆς μεταβολῆς ὁ **ΔΗΜΟΣ**, ὅταν ὑφ' ὧν μὲν ἀδικεῖσθαι  
 δόξῃ διὰ τὴν πλεονεξίαν, ὑφ' ὧν δὲ χαυνωθῇ κολακευόμενοι διὰ  
 τὴν φιλαρχίαν· τότε γὰρ ἐξοργισθεῖς, καὶ συμῶν πάντα βυλευόμενοι,  
 ἐκ ἑτὶ θελήσει πειθαρχεῖν, ἐλ' ἴσον ἔχαι τοῖς προῖτῳσι. ἀλλὰ πᾶν  
 καὶ τὸ πλεῖστον αὐτὸς ἔ' γεομένῳ τῶν μὲν ὀνομάτων τὸ κάλ-  
 λιστον ἡ πολιτεία μετὰλήψεται, τὴν Ἐλευθερίαν καὶ Δημοκρατίαν·  
 τῶν δὲ πραγμάτων τὸ χεῖριστον, τὴν **ΟΧΛΟΚΡΑΤΙΑΝ** — με-  
 τίσταται δ' εἰς βίαν καὶ χειροκρατίαν ἡ **ΔΗΜΟΚΡΑΤΙΑ** — καὶ τό-  
 τε (τὸ πλεῖστον) συναθροίζομενον ποιεῖ **Φυγάς**, **φυγάς**, γῆς ἀγα-  
 δασμὸς· ἕως αὖ ἀπολεθριομένον πάλιν εὖρη **ΔΕΣΠΟΤΗΝ** καὶ  
**ΜΟΝΑΡΧΟΝ**.

\* So I conjecture it should be writ, instead of εἰδός.

POLYBIUS the Historian's PREDICTION of the  
FALL of ROME.

*THAT* all human Things are subject to corruption and change scarce needs any Proof: But of the two ways in which the Constitution of a State may be overturned, external Force or inward Disorder; tho' the first hardly admits of any Rule of Judgment, the Progress of the last is fixed and regular. For when a Nation has surmounted many and great Dangers, and consequently arrived at unrivalled Eminence and Power; it is plain that amid continued Affluence, the general Way of Living will grow more sumptuous, the Citizens more unruly, more imperious in Magistracies, and in all sort of public Management. AMBITION therefore, and DREAD of DISGRACE, will first begin the Change to the worse; accompanied for the most part with ostentatious Expence and Emulation in Magnificence. But it is the BODY of the PEOPLE that give the final Blow and complete their own Ruin: for when they imagine themselves oppressed by the Avarice of their Rulers on one hand\*, and are flattered and inflamed by interested and ambitious Leaders on the other†; they then consult nothing but their Passion, throw off all regard to Authority, will no longer endure their Magistrates, but take all, even the most material Parts of Power, into their own hands‡. The Government then assumes the prettiest of all Names, LIBERTY and POPULAR SWAY; but becomes in effect the worst of all things, a MOB-RULED NATION—For the Democracy, or Power of the People, quickly turns to open Violence—Then the assembled Multitude banishes one great Man, murders another, confiscates Estates, makes divisions of public Lands, until, like a wild Beast, exasperated with its own Cruelties, it finally submits to a Master and absolute LORD.

\* The Patricians.

† The Tribunes of the People.

‡ See VOL. I.



# P R E F A C E.

**B**ETWEEN the end of *Julius Cesar's* MEMOIRS, or rather of *Hirtius' Supplement*, and the beginning of *Tacitus's Annals*, there is a GAP in the most interesting part of the *Roman History*. In it is sunk the Death of the Dictator, the Siege of *Modena*, the Proscription, the Wars in *Asia* and *Rhodes*, the Battles at *Philippi*, the Siege of *Perugia*, the *Sicilian* Sea-fights, the *Parthian* Expeditions, the final Contest at *Actium*, the Reduction of *Alexandria*, and the gradual Transformation of the Republic into a Monarchy. These happen to be just comprehended in the Life of AUGUSTUS.

IT was no part of the original Plan of these MEMOIRS to supply their Deficiency, and retrieve the grand Period of the *Roman Story*\* : but being once engaged in the Series of Affairs, and having forged a Link or two of the Chain ; the consequence and curiosity of the Materials, and their strict connection with the Subject, insensibly drew in the Author to fill up the Chasm.

WHEN this was done, it became a Point of choice, either to sacrifice this historical Period, or to add a Volume to the Work beyond the first Design ; and both the nature of the Transactions, and the Characters of

\* Vol. I. page 4. line 19.

of the Actors (being such as hardly any other Age has produced), seemed to bespeak the Subscriber's Candor, and promise Forgiveness to the Writer, if he undesignedly doubled his own Labour. Those who prefer a connected History, and wish to be fully instructed in the fatal Catastrophe of the glorious Commonwealth, may perhaps find satisfaction in these two Volumes; and those who delight in looser MEMOIRS, of Lives and Characters—who love Court-Stories and Intrigues, interwoven with Enquiries into Poetry, Religion, and Literature, may indulge that Taste partly in this, and more fully in the third and last.

# MEMOIRS

## OF THE

### COURT of *AUGUSTUS*.

## BOOK V.

WHEN *THEMISTOCLES* persuaded his Fellow-Citizens to abandon their stately Town to the Fury of the *Persians*, and betake themselves to their Ships, the *Athenian Republic* was undoubtedly in their Fleet\*: For there is no Soil so sacred, or Structure of such virtue, as to constitute a STATE. That consists of a *Society of Men*, living together under certain Regulations, and performing to one another the mutual Duties prescribed by their Laws. The *ROMAN REPUBLIC* therefore, after the horrible Proscription, was no more at bleeding *ROME*. The Regal Power of her *Consuls*,

VOL. II. A the

\* Ἡμεῖς τοὶ ὧ μοχθηρῇ, τὰς μὲν οἰκίας ἐκ τὰ τείχη καταλειδοίπαμεν, ἐκ ἀξιῶντις ἀφύχων ἕνεκα δουλεύειν. ΠΟΛΙΣ δ' ἡμῶν ἐστὶ μέγιστη τῶν ἑλληνίδων, αἱ διακόσιαι τριήρεις, αἱ νῦν ὑμῶν παρῆσσι βοηθεῖ.

the Authority of her *Senate*, and Majesty of her *People* were now trampled under foot: these divine Laws and hallowed Customs, which had been the Essence of her Constitution,—under whose powerful Influence she had flourished, fought, and conquered, were set at nought; and her best Friends were lying exposed in their Blood. The *Nobility* and *Knights*, who were so happy as to lie concealed during the *Massacre*, had either passed over to the young POMPEY in *Sicily*, or had taken Refuge in BRUTUS's Camp: and, in the Assembly of *Senators* that composed *their Councils*, and of *Roman Citizens* who filled *their Legions*, as yet survived the *Remains* of *ROME*. Few very eminent Men had escaped the Sword of *Cesar*, and the Dagger of his Successors\*; but there was a young Generation come up, the Heirs of the illustrious *Patrician* Families, who were just about to enter on the Scene of Business; and these, as their several Ties and Hopes directed, went over either to *Cassius* or to *Brutus's* Camp. There was *Domitius Enobarbus*, the two *Lentuli*, *Faustus Sylla*, *Cornelius Cinna*, the young *Lucullus*, the Pretor of *Macedon Hortensius*, *M. Bibulus*, *Metellus*, and *Portius Catto*, who joined themselves to *Brutus*: while the more military Men, *M. Torquatus*, *Sergius Galba*, *Tullus Cimber*, *Albius Sabinus*, and the excellent *Messala Corvinus*, Soldiers of the old *Roman* Stamp, and, excepting the last, of some rank and standing, passed over to *Cassius* in *Syria*: These, to the number of forty or fifty, (the rising Hope of *Rome*,) were in arms, in *Macedon* and the East, while the thin Residue of the *elder* *Senators* fled to *Sicily*, to put themselves under the Protection of *Sextus Pompey*, as was said; and some few passed over to *Afric* to join *Q. Cornificius*, a zealous Friend of the Common-wealth.

It

\* CR. POMPEIUS amittit exercitum; illud pulcherrimum Reip. praetextum OPTIMATES, et prima acies Pompeianarum partium SENATUS ARMA FERENS uno praelio profligantur; et tam magna ruina imperii in totum dissilit orbem: aliqua pars ejus in Ægypto, aliqua in Africâ, aliqua in Hispania cadit: ne hoc quidem miserae Reip. contigit, *semel* rueri.

It is needless to tell that these illustrious Exiles were all proscribed by the three Tyrants at *Rome*; that their Estates were confiscated, their Houses and Villas pillaged, and a Price set on their Heads: *That* followed of course upon their taking arms in defence of Liberty, and of every thing dear to Men.

BUT, a little before the News of this public Ruin could reach *M. Brutus*, his Patience was put to the highest Trial by a private Calamity. He had been married early in Life, to *Clodia*, a daughter of *Appius Claudius Pulcher*, and Niece of the flagitious Tribune. *Cn. Pompey's* eldest Son, by marrying her younger Sister, was become his Brother-in-law: but, whether the Manners of the Family to which he was then allied did not please him, or whether he had Reason to be dissatisfied with the Lady's Behaviour during his Absence\*; it is certain, that, soon after his Return from the Government of the nearer *Gaul*, he entertained Thoughts of a Separation. This raised a good deal of Talk † while it continued in Suspence; and the Women of the *Clodian* Family, as might be expected on such Occasions, did not fail to inveigh bitterly against *BRUTUS*‡; but

A 2

his

\* It appears that *Brutus* had *Clodia* to Wife, when the civil War between *Pompey* and *Cesar* first broke out. *Pro Appio (hic in Cilicia) nos facimus omnia; — nec enim ipsum edimus, et BRUTUM amamus.* CICERO ad Attic. Lib. VI. Ep. 2. *Dux enim, duorum actatum, plurimi facio, Cn. Pompeium filiae tuæ socrum, et M. BRUTUM generum tuum.* Ad. Fam. Lib. III. Ep. 4. And that he began to think of a Divorce immediately after his Return, while *Cesar* was occupied in the Spanish War against the young *Pompeys*. *A te (Attico) expecto, si quid de BRUTO: quamquam Nicias confectum putabat; sed divorcium non probari.*

Lib. XIII. Ep. 9.

† The Roman Families had properly but one Name, as the *Junian*, the *Sempronian*, the *Valerian*, &c. by which the Daughters were called; but, if there happened to be several Brothers, they divided the whole Names and Surnames that had ever belonged to the Family among them, or took a Name from their Mother's Side, as *Lellia Paulina*, *Peppaea Sabina*, &c.

‡ *De BRUTO nostro, perodiosum. Sed vita fert: Mulieres autem vix satis humanæ, quæ iniquo animo ferant, cum utroque officio parcat.* Lib. XIII. Ep. 22.



his Cousin-german, the famous *Portia*, becoming about this time a young Widow, by the death of her Husband *Bibulus*, his Doubts were quickly determined, and, according to the Manners of those Times, he divorced *Clodia*, to marry his Uncle's Daughter \*. The World could scarce have afforded him a fitter Match; *PORTIA* was worthy of such a Parent as *M. Cato*, and of such a Husband as *M. Brutus*: She had a Soul capable of an *exalted Passion*, and found a proper Object to raise, and give it a Sanction. She did not only love, but *adored* her Husband: his Worth, his Truth, his every shining and heroic Quality, made her gaze on him like a God: while the endearing Returns of Esteem and Tenderness she met with, brought her Joy, her Pride, her every Wish, to center in her loved *Brutus*. She was in the Bloom of Youth when that Hero formed the bold Resolution of delivering his enslaved Country; and soon perceived (as what escapes the Eye of Love?) that he was big with some deep Design, and agitated with Fits of recurring Anxiety. As he used to hide nothing from her, she did him Justice, and concluded herself unfit to be trusted with the mighty Secret: but, instead of peevish Complaints, a superior Spirit prompted her to make a dangerous Experiment of her own Strength: She called for a Barber's Knife, as if to pair her Nails, and putting all her Women out of the Room, gave herself a deep Stab in the Thigh: She was able to command both her Voice and Behaviour; but the intense Pain bringing on Fever and Fainting, she desired to be left with her Husband, who was in Agonies of Grief. When all were retired, with a settled Countenance, tho' in the height of Anguish, '*Brutus!* ' said she, when I became your Wife, it was not only to be the Partner

\* Our excellent Mr. *Addison*, to whom we owe the most useful Tragedy ever was written, has taken the poetic Liberty to neglect History and the Roman Manners, in giving the Name of *Marcia* to *Cato's* Daughter.—*Philip*, or *Crispus*, or *Rex* might call their Females *Marcia*, as was *Cato's* second Wife: but a Lady of that Name could be no Child of the *Portian* Family.

Partner of your Table and Bed, but the Sharer of your Fortunes, and Companion of the Cares of your Life. You dearly discharge your Duty to me;—but, how can I perform *my* Part, if I may neither partake in your secret Sorrows, nor be entrusted with your grand Designs? I know the Imputation that lies on my Sex, with regard to Secrecy; but some allowance should be made to the Power of good Education, and to keeping the best of Company: Besides which, I have the Honour to be *Cato's* Daughter and *your* Wife: Yet, I laid no great Strefs even on these, till I put myself to a Trial; and now, thank Heaven, I find that I am above bodily Pain, and can bear *any* Torture without complaining.' So saying, she uncovered the Wound,—and told him what she had done. The astonished *Brutus* held up his hands, and earnestly prayed the Gods would make him so happy as to accomplish his grand Purpose, that he might appear worthy to be Husband to *such a Woman!* His Prayer was granted; he killed the Tyrant, and put it in the Power of the *Romans* to resume their Liberty, and continue a free People: But their public Virtue was gone; their Armies had been corrupted by the Usurper; and soon after, *Brutus* seeing the *Veteran Bands* set themselves as it were to sale, to the highest Bidder between *Antony* and *Octavius*, he began to distrust the Event; and at last found it necessary to leave harraffed *Italy*.

A DAY or two before he intended to sail, *Portia*, who was to return to *Rome*, suffered extremely at the Thoughts of their approaching Parting. She strove to hide her Anguish, and put on the Appearance of Serenity: but a Piece of Painting that was in the House at last betrayed her. It was *Andromache* with her infant-Son in her arms, taking her leave of *Hector* going out to battle. She was represented looking tenderly on him, with a Mixture of Grief and Love, as if her Heart foreboded she should never see him more;—the Sight was too melting, and bore too great a Resemblance to her own Condition for *Portia* to bear:

She

She burst into Tears whenever she viewed it; and felt the indulging her Sorrow so sweet, that every now and then, she stole away to gaze and weep before the moving Representation. She was observed both by *Brutus* and his Friends; one of whom, *Jeilius* \*, (the same who afterwards could not refrain from Tears at hearing him attainted, and who had the Honour and Courage openly to give his absolving Voice) this Gentleman, I say, repeated the Words put by *Homer* into the Mouth of *Andromache*,

*HECTOR! now thou'rt my All,—my Father first—  
My Mother, Brother, and m'endearing Husband!*

at which *Brutus* smiling, ' But, said he, I cannot make *Hector's* ' Reply, and bid *Portia*

*Go mind her Webs and Wheel, and rule her Maids :*

' for tho' she cannot fight *in Person* for her Country, she is as ' deeply concerned for its Welfare, and has as brave a *Soul*, as any ' of Us, who do.

THESE two Pieces of her Conduct paint *Cato's* Daughter better than the most laboured Description : But a *third* is necessary to support my Conjecture about the particular Anxiety of her Temper, and Delicacy of her Constitution. The Day on which her Husband was to strike the Blow that delivered *Rome*; *PORTIA*, the only one of her Sex entrusted with the Secret †, passed a terrible Time at home. *Cesar* lingered in coming to the Senate-

\* There are Variations about his Name. *Plutarch* in one place calls him *Acilius*, in another *Silicius*; *Appian* calls him *Jeilius*; and *Dio*, in telling that he gave openly the Ballot acquitting *Brutus*, calls him *Sicilius Corona*.

† Μὴν γυναικῶν ἢ τῷ Βρούτῳ γὰρ. ΠΟΡΚΙΑ τὴν ἐπιβλήν (τὴς ΚΑΙΣΑΡΑ) αἰς φασί  
Curius.

Senate-house : and *Brutus* and *Cassius* in the mean while sat serene hearing Causes in their *Pretorian Tribunals*, and giving Judgment, as if their Minds had been void of all other Care. But the high Risque which they ran, and the dreadful Consequences of a Miscarriage put *Portia* almost beside herself.—She could scarce keep within the House,—and started at the least Noise. She questioned eagerly every body that came in, *What Brutus was doing ?* and dispatched Message after Message to the *Forum*, to bring accounts of his Situation. At last, her Strength of Body was not able to support the Rack of her Mind : her Spirits gave way : a Dimness seized her as she sat with Company in the Dining-room ; her Colour changed ; her Speech failed, and unable to retire to her Closet, she sunk down and fainted away. Her Women gave a loud Shriek—the Neighbours came running into the House, and the dismal Whisper ran through the Croud till it reached *Brutus*, as he sat in Court, ‘ *that his PORTIA was dead.*’ It wrung his Heart-strings, we may believe ; but could not shake his Firmness, nor make him abandon the Cause of *Liberty* and *Rome*. His Lady revived ; and the chief Cordial to her sinking Spirits was the glad some News that her Hero, after destroying the Tyrant, was retired in Safety with the Band of Patriots to the Capitol.

SHE was now once more, almost in the same, but a much more lingering Perplexity. *BRUTUS* was beyond Sea ; obnoxious to the Blows of Fortune, and Risques of merciless War. She was left at *ROME*, as it were *alone*, (so a Woman that loves is apt to think) ; *There* she saw every thing going wrong : the Fruits of the compleat Victory gained by the brave *Hirtius* over *Antony* entirely lost, thro’ the perfidy of the *young Cesar* : the *Cesarean* Captains conspiring again to destroy the Republic, and pointing their Swords principally at its Protector, her Husband’s Throat : the *intense Anxiety* of such a Situation prey’d upon her Spirits ; her Solitude exasperated every gloomy Apprehension, until her Health finally broke ; and, *Brutus’s* Absence and dubious Fate

baffling

baffling the Power of every Medicine, this excellent Woman, the Ornament of her Age and Sex, breathed out her last a little before the bloody Proscription. *Brutus* was in deep Distress; having lost, as his great Friend expresses it, THAT WHOSE EQUAL THE EARTH DID NOT AFFORD\*.—And as in that gloomy Temper Men are apt to repine at the least Omission, we are told, that *Brutus* complained heavily of his Friends at *Rome* † ‘as not having done their Duty, nor paid due Attention to his Lady in the declining State of her Health, when it should seem she grew weary of the Vicissitudes of Life; and, if she did not hasten her own Death ‡, saw it approach with Pleasure.”

A HARD Circumstance in his Sorrow was, that he must not shew the least Dejection, nor appear otherways than as became the *General* and the *Patriot*. The Eyes, not only of his own Army, but of all *Rome*, and indeed of the whole Empire, were fixed upon *BRUTUS*; and permitted no Mark of Frailty that might demean his Conduct: nor allowed him *Leisure* for indulging Grief. The Weight of Affairs that lay upon him, the Command of a vast Army, the Cause of Liberty and of Mankind to be supported against Cruelty and Usurpation, left no room for personal Indulgence.—*General* Calamities swallow up *private* Affliction—and not long after his *Portia's* Death, the

News

\* Illud enim amisisti, CUI SIMILE IN TERRIS NIHIL FUIT. This *Cicero* could affirm with the better Grace, that, if I mistake not, he had writ and published an Encomium of this rare Lady (LAUDATIONEM PORCIAE) a little after her Marriage with *Brutus*. Vid. Lib. XIII. Ep. 37.

Cic. ad Brut. Ep. 9.

† The common Story of *Portia's* having swallowed Live-coals to put an End to her Life, after the Death of her Husband, depends upon the Authority of *Valerius Maximus*, and of *Niclaus*, a *Greek* Philosopher: and they, I am apt to think, have confounded it with the Fate of her Cousin *Servilia*, Spouse to the young *Lepidus*, whose unhappy Exit we shall soon have occasion to relate.

‡ Τῆς ΠΟΡΚΙΑΣ ——— ἐξ ἀποβολῆς ἐπ' αὐτῆν, καὶ ΠΡΟΕΛΑΟΜΕΝΗΣ διὰ νότον καλαμίαν τοῖς βίαις.

Πλάτωνα. ΕΡΩΤΟΤΟΣ.

News of the horrid Tragedy acted by the Triumvirs in *Italy*, filled him with alternate grief and indignation. He deplored the unhappy Fate of his Country-men, and detested the unworthy Instruments: but his high impatient Spirit made him think it was *partly deserved*; as for many years they had lost the noble Sense of Liberty, and had meanly submitted to many Incroachments, the bare Mention of which ought to have been intolerable to the ears of a *Roman*. He tarried however on the *Adriatic* Shore, until he should receive into his protection, all the unfortunate Citizens who were driven from *Rome*, and in the mean time was not wholly free from danger himself.

WHEN *Caius Antony*, the second of the three Brothers, had been defeated by the young *Cicero*, and afterwards taken prisoner, *Brutus* not only saved his Life, contrary to the opinion of the Republicans, but left him the Ensigns of Power as a *legal Pretor*. This Favour he returned by attempting to draw his Army to mutiny; and had actually debauched some Cohorts, when his Ingratitude came to be known. In the hands of another, he would have paid for it with his Head. But the mild *Brutus* was contented with taking the Pretorial Ensigns from him, and putting him under the custody of a Centurion. Perverse Natures are not to be won. *Caius* persisted to stir up the Army to sedition, and brought it so far, that part of a Legion *deserted*, and came to blows with their Fellows who kept their Fidelity: while another Party of the Mutineers stole away, and took the Route of *Apollonia* to release *C. Antony*. Some intercepted Letters had given *Brutus* time to be before hand with them, and to order *Caius* to be put into a covered Waggon, and conveyed out of Town as a sick Person. The Deserters were cruelly disappointed in not finding him in *Apollonia*; and despairing of pardon, possessed themselves of the Top of a Hill that over-looked the Town. But *Brutus* coming up with superior force, treated them with great lenity: some few of the most audacious were put to death, and the others simply dismissed from the Army. This

Mildness so wrought upon the rest, that, of their own accord, they sent a Party after the Criminals to take vengeance on them; and called out to have *C. Antony's* Pay-master and chief Officers delivered over to them, to be punished in the same manner. *Brutus*, instead of complying, commanded these Officers to be put aboard Vessels, and carried to sea, as if he had been to drown them; but with Orders to the Ship-masters, to convey them all to places of Safety. After which, leaving *C. Antony* under the guard of *C. Claudius* \*, he left the Coast opposite to *Italy*, and marched with his whole Army eastward, to *Upper Macedon*. This he did, partly to avoid the ill Impression which the Accounts of the growing Power and Cruelty of the *Triumvirs* might make on Troops that had some time served under *Julius Cesar*, and partly to meet *C. Cassius*, his fellow Champion in the cause of Liberty, and to secure the eastern Parts of the Empire.

WHILE yet in *Macedon*, *P. Apuleius* his Friend arrived in his Camp, hardly escaped from the sword of the *Triumvirs*. His Story is remarkable, and a lively Picture of the Misery brought upon the *Romans* by their own Oppressors.

SOON after, *BRUTUS* had become Master of *Greece* and *Epirus*, this Gentleman had taken journey for *Rome*, to appear at the ensuing Elections as a Candidate for the *Pretorship* †. His Birth and Capacity, his Connexion with *Cicero* ‡, and late important Service to *Brutus* made up a Merit that seemed to give him

\* A Nobleman of the *Claudian* Family, probably a Relation of his first Wife, *Appius Pulcher's* Daughter.

† See Vol. I. p. 67 and 70.

‡ *Apuleium vero Tu, tua auctoritate sustinere debes.* *BRUTUS* ad *Cic.*

His Sister too, *Apuleia*, was married to *T. Ampius Balbus*, a Man of Genius and Spirit, a zealous Republican, and *Cicero's* intimate Friend. See Vol. I. p. 339.

him a fair Title to the legal Dignities of his Country ;—but, instead of a free Choice by the People, the young *Cesar* having extorted the *Consulship* by terror of his Arms, soon returned with his Associates, *Antony* and *Lepidus*, and in lieu of the Pretorship, put a Price upon *Apuleius's* Head. In the heat of the Massacre, he and *Aruntius*, bred Soldiers, put on the Habit of *Centurions* ; and having dressed out their Servants like Veterans, marched a great Pace through the Streets to the Gates, through which, in this equipage, they ran unsuspected, as if in pursuit of some of the proscribed Nobility. Then parting company, they took different Roads ; and by breaking open the Jails where-ever they passed, and collecting all the unhappy Wanderers from *Rome*, they soon gathered a good Body of Men. As they marched on, their Numbers still encreased, so that in a few Days they came to have Arms and Ensigns, and the Face of an Army. But their Rout lying the same Way, towards the Sea-coast, it so happened, that both Parties intended one evening to take possession of a little Eminence to encamp on all night : their mutual Appearance struck mutual Terror ;—each dreading it might be a Body of the Triumvir-Cut-throats come in pursuit of them. In this anxious state they passed the Night ; and both beginning to move by day-break, neither doubted but the other was coming to attack them ; a fierce Encounter ensued, and many Wounds were given on both sides, untill the rising Sun let them see the unhappy Mistake : they then again joined Companies, and took the Road to the nearest Sea-port ; from whence *Aruntius* passed over to the young POMPEY, and *Apuleius* made the best of his way to BRUTUS's Camp, He came just in time, as the Army was in motion from *Macedon* toward the *Hellepont*, to be entrusted by *Brutus* with the Government of *Bitthynia*, and with the Care of building Ships of War at *Nicor* and *Chizico*, the most celebrated Arsenal for shipping, next to *Rhodes*, then in the World.



IN his March from *Macedon* through the *Thracian* Territory, (which was named *Romania* by the *Turks*, when they took *Constantinople*), a singular piece of good Fortune befel *Brutus* and his Army. That Country, like all the northern Tract\*, was divided into many little Principalities, under particular Chieftains, often at variance among themselves. *COTYS*, a petty Prince of the *Sapeans*, (whose Dominion was not far from the Gold and Silver Mines, along the Coast opposite to *Thasus*), had been surprized and murdered by his Enemies: and, to prevent the young Heir's meeting the same Fate, his Mother *Polemo-cratia*, allured by the fame of *Brutus's* Justice and Moderation, came into the Camp with her little Son, and put him and his Father's Treasures under his Guardianship.

*BRUTUS* received the Princess with his usual humanity; and having found a surprizing Quantity of Bullion in the royal Coffers, he ordered *Pletorius* and *Costa*, Masters of his Mint, to strike the celebrated Gold Coin, with the head of *Lucius Junius Brutus*, his Progenitor, who expelled the *Tarquins*, on one side, and round it *L. BRUTUS PRIM. COS. †* On the other his own Face, with *M. BRUTUS IMP. and COSTA LEG.* in the Exergue. But the more famous and wide spread Silver Coin, had his own Head on one side, and on the Reverse, a CAP, (the antient Badge of Freedom) between two DAGGERS, and *EID. MAR. the IDES of MARCH*, in the Exergue. He then sent the young Prince to *Chizico*, one of the most polite and best governed Cities in *Asia*, to be educated under the Inspection of the good *Apulcius*, until he should have an Opportunity to resettle him in his royal Estate, and add to his Dominions ten times

\* *Reges ex nobilitate, Duces ex virtute sumunt. TACIT. de Morib. Germ.*  
In his (Germanorum) gentibus, quae reguntur. Ibid.

Under the Name of Germans, the Antients comprehended the Nations along the Banks of the three Rivers the Rhine, the Elb and the Danube, beyond whom were the *SARMATIANS*, i. e. *TARTARS*.

† This curious Medal was in *M. de Harlay's* Collection, Attorney-General, and one of the French Plenipotentiaries at *Riswick*.

times the Worth of his Father's Ingots. This lucky Incident kept *Brutus* easy, and the Army in affluence in their March towards the *Hellefpont*. Yet, in the midst of his Troops, his Life was threatned from a Quarter he little dreaded.

Two Brothers of the first Nobility, *M. Val. Messala Corvinus*, and *P. Gell. Cotta Publicola*, driven from Rome by the Tyrants, had repaired the former to *Cassius*; as was said, and the latter to *Brutus's* Camp. Never were there Men of more opposite Characters than these two Brothers. *Messala*, on this Journey to *Cassius* took *Macedon* on his way, and delivered to *Brutus* a Letter from their common Friend *M. Tullius Cicero*, of which the Introduction follows,

*M. CICERO to M. BRUTUS.*

‘ THIS will be put into your hand by *Messala Corvinus*.  
 ‘ No Letter of mine, how accurately soever writ, could give you  
 ‘ so distinct an Account of the State and Management of our  
 ‘ public Affairs, as *he* will lay before you, who is both perfectly  
 ‘ acquainted with them, and can relate them with the utmost  
 ‘ Elegance and Exactness. For don’t imagine, *Brutus*, (tho’  
 ‘ it be needless for me to write Things so well known to you,  
 ‘ only that I cannot let such Eminence in every thing that is praise-  
 ‘ worthy pass in silence), don’t imagine, I say, that for Probity;  
 ‘ Constancy, Application to Business, and Zeal for the Public,  
 ‘ there is any thing like him in Rome: so that his Eloquence,  
 ‘ in which he wonderfully excells, scarce deserves a Place among  
 ‘ his greater Qualities. Yet in cultivating that very Talent, his  
 ‘ Wisdom chiefly shines, with so true Judgment and exquisite  
 ‘ Art has he formed himself in the most genuine and manly  
 ‘ Manner: at the same time, his Application is so great, and  
 ‘ his Study so intense, that it is a Question whether he owes  
 ‘ more to it, or to the Superiority of his Genius.’ This eminent Youth’s younger Brother *Gellius Poplicola*; the Reverse of his elder, thought he would become a great Man, and far out-  
 strip

strip *Messala*, if he could dispatch *M. Brutus*, and escape himself to the *Triumvirs*. Nor was he contented with hatching such wicked Thoughts, but had actually concerted Measures to take away his Protector's Life, and imparted his Design to some Persons whom he judged proper Instruments for carrying it into execution. One of those, not so great a Villain as *Gellius* supposed, went directly and informed the General of his Danger from a Hand he was little suspecting: *Brutus* could scarce allow himself to believe, that the Information was true: but tho' concurring Proofs at last convinced him, he could not resolve to give the young Traitor the Reward of his Crime, but with his wonted Compassion and Magnanimity, sent him under a strong Guard to his Brother *Messala* in *Cassius's* Camp, where he proved no better Man, as we shall see hereafter.

*C. CASSIUS* was far advanced on his way to *Egypt*, in order to chastize its dissolute Queen, for sending Troops and Money to the Assistance of the wicked *Dolabella*, and to prevent her doing the same to the *Triumvirs*: but when *Brutus's* Letters reached him, putting him in mind, 'That it was not to acquire Power or Provinces to themselves that they had taken arms, but to deliver Rome; to take vengeance on her Oppressors, and to settle the distracted Common-wealth;' *Cassius* obeyed his Friend's Call; and tho' unwilling to let slip so fair an Opportunity of humbling their certain Enemy, he turned short, and marched again through *Palestine* and *Syria*, towards the *Asiatic* Borders. He left his Nephew, the young *Cassius*, with six thousand Men to command in *Syria*, and detached the prime of his Cavalry into *Cappadocia*, to bring *Ariobarzanes*, the King of that Motherland of Slaves, to reason. He had taken side with *Julius Cesar* against the Common-wealth, and been rewarded with Part of the Kingdom of *Deiotarus*, the Friend of the Senate; and now in conjunction with the *Tarsians*, and other disaffected Towns, he had refused to send Auxiliaries to the *Proconsul*, and was even suspected to have laid a Design to surprize and assassinate him

on

on his March ; but was surprized himself by the *Horsemen*, put to death as a traitor, and all his Treasure, and the Furniture of his Palace brought as lawful Booty to the *Roman Camp*.

UPON the News of his great Friend's Approach with his Army, *Brutus* passed over from *Thrace* into *ASIA*, with the Flower of his own. They were under the Command of gallant Men, not braver Officers than true Patriots ; whom it is therefore worth our while to recount, and make pass before us, as it were at a *Review*. And first, *PUBLIUS SEXTIUS* was *Pay-master*, *Secretary at War*, and *Commissary-General*. These three Commands were united in the Person of the *Roman Questor* \*. I name him before the *Legatus* or Lieutenant-General, because the sacred Discipline of the *Romans* required the closest Connexion, like that between Father and Son, to subsist between the *General* of an Army and his *Questor* : and here it did subsist, not only in virtue of the Office, but of the Esteem and Veneration which *Sextius* had for his *Pro-Consul* ; of which we shall hereafter have occasion to give a very singular Proof. Next in command was *TULLIUS CICERO*, General of the Cavalry ; brave, vigilant, full of the Fire of Youth, and who generally led the great Detachments sent out upon any Enterprize from the main Army, and always returned with Honour, seldom without Success. The next General-Officer was the intrepid Republican, *C. FLAVIUS*, Master of Artillery, (*Præfectus Fabrum*) already described ; and *DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS*, the best Man of his Family, tho' of the first in *Rome*, almost shared the Command with *BRUTUS* himself. The elder *LENTULUS* was *Admiral* ; and the younger, who had been *Questor* to *Hortensius*, rode in that Band of Volunteers that composed the Pretorian Guard ; the noblest that ever surrounded a General's Person, except *Cn. Pompey's*, who had the *CONSULS* and *SENATE*, (Fathers of these illustrious

\* See Vol. I. page 72. and *CICERO*. in *Verrem* ; *actione prima*.

lustrious Youths) serving in the same capacity. Under these, the *Tribunes* of the Legions, commanding each five or six thousand Men; were *Pompeius Sabinus*, *Pub. Albinus*, & *Horatius Flaccus*, with many others too tedious to name.

The City *SMYRNA* was the Place appointed for the Rendezvous of the two Armies; and by its Situation on the Sea, and in a plentiful Country, was very proper to receive them. It was the fairest Town in *Asia*, standing partly on an Eminence, but extending itself chiefly on the Plain, toward the *Port*, the *Academy*, and Temple of *Cybele*. Its Streets were large, laid out by the Line, and finely paved. It had stately *Porticos*, or covered Walks, both in the higher and lower Town, and a noble *Library*, in *HOMER'S-HALL*: It was a square Colonnade with a Chapel and Statue of *HOMER* placed in it. Near the Wall, runs the River *Meles*; and the Kay was so built, that it could be opened and shut at pleasure. The Town bore the Marks of *Dolabella's* Brutality, who after he had traiterously murdered *Trebonius*, pulled down many Parts of it, and left it lying in Ruins\*. It is almost the only City that flourished under the *Grecian* and *Roman* Power, which still continues in any tolerable Splendor. Its safe and capacious Harbour still attracts the Mediterranean Trade, and the vast Country behind it, pouring down its rich Merchandize by *Caravans*, makes it the chief *Mart* of *Asia* the less. Hither therefore came the grand Army of the Common-wealth, led by the two Chiefs that had pulled down the Usurper and delivered *Rome*. Their meeting was joyful: when they parted from one another at the *Pireum* of *Athens*, they were pretty lonely, and but ill prepared for great Undertakings; having neither Men, Money, nor Ships of War: They now found themselves at the Head of an hundred and sixty thousand compleat Men, with a considerable

\* *Δολοβέλλας*—τῆς πόλεως παρέλυσεν πόλιν αὐτῆς.

able Fleet, and Treasures to support both. The chief Point to be settled was the Plan of the military Operations against the inhuman Triumvirs. M. BRUTUS, in the Council held upon that Subject, bent upon relieving *Rome*, and encouraged with the sight of their joint Forces, was for marching directly to the Enemy, and hazarding a decisive Battle. *Cassius*, an elder Captain, had other Views of conducting the War. He knew the Strength of the *Veteran Army*,—thought it not advisable to come immediately to blows with them ; but proposed ‘ to make ‘ himself *Master of all the naval Force* of the Empire,—to command the Coasts, and have it in his power to starve the *Cæsarean* Legions, either in *Italy*, or where-ever the War should ‘ happen to be carried ; while his superior military Skill kept ‘ them at a Bay, and put it out of their power to force him ‘ to a Battle.’ For this purpose, the *eastern* Parts of the Empire, where its naval Strength chiefly lay, were to be first secured ; a mighty Fleet fitted out, and the maritime States either made Friends, or disabled from succouring the Enemy. This was the Plan laid down by that great Captain ; the same that *Themistocles* proposed for baffling the *Persian* Invasion, and that *Cn. Pompey* purposed to follow in the War against *Julius Cæsar*. It was steadily pursued by the *Greeks*, and crowned with Success : *Pompey* was forced, much against his own judgment, to relinquish it ; and the Event proved dismal accordingly. It’s Virtue has been too often tried, and I trust is too well known in GREAT BRITAIN, for those at the Helm ever to neglect this our chief Strength, the awfull Means of our foreign Influence, and domestic Tranquillity. When this Resolution was taken, the two Chiefs again separated, marching opposite ways along the rich Coast of *Asia*, *Brutus* northward, to the *Propontis* or *Marmora*, and *Cassius* south-east, towards *Rhodes* and the *Lycian* Shore. These were the most commodious Places of the Empire for sitting out Fleets ; the Woods of *Bythinia* and *Pontus*, and the Mines of the *Carian* Mountains affording Plenty of Tim-

ber and Iron, and the Inhabitants being generally addicted to a Sea-faring Life.

THE *Island* and *City* of RHODES had been once Mistress of the *Mediterranean*; and, after the Decline of the *Athenian* State, became the greatest *maritime Power* in ancient *Greece*. They had been, for some Ages, very faithful Allies, of the *Romans*, and had been maintained by them in the full Enjoyment of their Privileges, and even raised to new Lustre: But Envy and Wantonness made them favour PERSES the last King of *Macedon*; and forget themselves so far, as in a manner to threaten the *Senate*, if they did not make peace with him. This was generously forgiven them by the Fathers, to whom the same Passions made them afterwards Foes, and Friends to the lawless CESAR: For, when Pompey and the two *Lentuli* were on their unhappy Voyage to *Egypt*, after the *Pharsalian* Disaster, the *Rhodians* refused them entrance into their Town: but after *Cesar's* Death, when the barbarous *Dolabella* was pillaging the Province of *Asia*, they sent two Embassies to him, contrary to their own Laws, and assisted him with Men and Ships, at the same time that they refused to permit the young *Lentulus*, Deputy-Treasurer of *Asia*, and his Colleague PATISCUS, so much as to cast anchor in their Bay; or their Soldiers to buy Provisions, or even to water, in their Island. It was with difficulty they allowed the two Commanders to come ashore, in their long-Boats:—They pretended not to believe that the ROMAN SENATE durst vote *Dolabella* an Enemy; and were even suspected to have amused these noble Youths, until they should acquaint *Sev. Marius* and *C. Titus*, *Dolabella's* Lieutenants, who soon after hastily sailed from *Lycia*, in a light Frigate, leaving the Transport-Vessels they had painfully collected, to the hazard of being restored to their lawful Owners. This new Proof of the *Rhodian* Perversity, joined to their Refusal of assisting the young *Cassius*, when sent by his Uncle to man his Fleet, from the *Grecian* States along the Coast, left no doubt of their Malevolence

levolence to the Republic, and made it necessary, not to leave such naval Power in an Enemy's hands.

It was no slight Undertaking to humble the haughty *Rhodians*; they had, as I observed, acquired a Superiority almost undisputed at sea; an Element which the *Romans* never affected when they could help it. Their Strength lay chiefly in their Legions or Infantry, tho' they became Seamen on occasions, thro' necessity. *C. Cassius* therefore, being to attack the most formidable maritime State then in the World, not only collected Ships of War, and expert Seamen from all quarters, but was at great pains to exercise them before he ventured to engage with the *Rhodians*. *MYNDUS*, a City of *Caria*, on the Continent, not far from *Rhodes*, called now *San Pietro*, offered him its spacious Port as an Exercising-Place; the adjacent fruitful Country supplied his Army, and all the Towns along the Coast, sent him Recruits of Seamen. While thus occupied, an Embassy of *Rhodians* came to him, with a message full of these Pretences, which are easily invented to colour Treachery, and as easily understood. "They presumed to *admonish* the General, not to despise the "*Rhodian* Common-Wealth, which had seldom failed to baffle "*the boldest Aggressors,—nor to forget the solemn Treaty sub-* "*sisting between them and the Romans, that neither State should* "*attack the other, but give mutual Assistance in times of War: As* "*for their having delayed to perform that Part to him at pre-* "*sent, it was, that they might send to Rome and enquire at the* "*SENATE itself, which Party they were to assist; and if com-* "*manded to join Cassius, they would instantly obey."*

WITH respect to the *Advice* they tendered, the Proconsul said, 'The Event of the War, and not *Words*, would best ap-  
'prove it: but that the Treaty which they laid hold of, was first  
'broken by themselves, in supplying *Dolabella* with Men and Ships  
'against *Cassius*, to whom they were now again refusing Aid, un-  
'der the shallow pretence of sending to receive the Commands  
'of a *Senate*; whose Members they well knew, were either



‘ murdered or banished by the Triumvirs at *Rome*; that these Tyrants should not escape the punishment due to their horrid Deeds,—nor their *Rhodian Partisans* miss of their proper Rewards if they did not immediately return to their duty, and assist him with all their Forces in so just a War.’

To do the *Rhodians* justice, it was not their *best Men* that were thus disaffected to *Brutus* and *Cassius*; and Friends to the dissolute Faction in *Rome*: It was the giddy *Multitude*, bribed by the late *Cesar*, and fond of having such Profligates in power, as they were conscious they would be themselves if entrusted with Government. At this time, two Ring-leaders, *Alexander* and *Mnaseas* blew them up, with expatiating upon their Victories over *Demetrius* the *Town-Taker* \*, and the famous *Mithridates*; both whom they repulsed with loss, and forced them shamefully to raise the Sieges they had laid to the City. In return for this Flattery, the Populace created the former *Prytanis* or chief Magistrate, and made the latter their Admiral. Five and thirty Ships of War were immediately fitted out and filled with their best Seamen.—All that the *old Magistrates*, Persons of chief Respect, were able to do, being to prevail with them, before any Act of Hostility should draw a *Roman Army* upon them, to send the Philosopher *Archelaus*, under whom *CASSIUS* himself had studied in *Rhodes*, to try, if by his means they could soften the *Proconsul*, and obtain easy Terms of Peace.

THE artful old Man came to *Myndus*: and being admitted to the General’s Presence, he laid hold of his Hand, with his former Familiarity, and, ‘ God forbid, Sir! said he, that *You*, a Friend to Learning, should overturn a *Grecian State*!——or a Friend to *Liberty* should be an Enemy to *Rhodes*! Let me hope you will recollect what you learned both here and at *Rome*, of the noble Actions of the *Rhodians* against Kings and States that invaded them; and of the powerful Assistance they often lent

‘ to

to your Ancestors against *Antiochus* the Great, and their other Enemies: Things which claim Remembrance from every Roman, and Regard from a Patron of Liberty.—But from You, Sir! what ought not *Rhodes* to expect? The State where you were bred and instructed in the most valuable Knowledge; where your declining Health was restored; where the very House you possessed, my School which you frequented, and I myself a Native, seem all to conspire in obtesting you, not to force us to war with our own Pupil, nor impose the hard Alternative of seeing our Country destroyed, or *Cassius* put to shame. May an old Preceptor, Sir! presume to join a little Counsel to his humble Request? You are engaged in a mighty Undertaking: Follow the Gods, Sir! in every Part of it. By them you swore to observe the Treaty entered into with the late *Cesar*: You, Romans! joined Hands in pledge of adherence, and gave it the Sanction of solemn Rites. These Ties, deemed binding on Enemies, are still more sacred in the case of Benefactors; as there is nothing more odious, or that more demeans a Man in the sight of Friends and Foes, than Violation of the public Faith.

In so saying, the old Man dropt some Tears, which could not but affect his former Scholar, and would no doubt have proved effectual had they been shed in a better Cause: But the Demerits of the *Rhodians* were too palpable, and their Conduct too flagrant to be disguised under so thin a Palliative. *CASSIUS*, without hesitation, answered, *The Violation of Faith, Sir! lies at the door of the Rhodians, by reiterated Acts of Perfidy. First, when I, in the name of the Senate and People of Rome, applied to you, my Tutors and Instructors, for Assistance against Dolabella, I was slighted and refused; but when that Traitor, whom you neither educated nor instructed, came to ravage the Provinces, you assisted him both with Money and Shipping. But what is still more provoking, is your pretending, forsooth, to stand neuter, in what you call our civil Contests, while BRUTUS and I, and all the illu-*

strious Senators you see in our Camps, (escaped from the Tyrant's Hands) are endeavouring to rescue the Common-Wealth. It would indeed be a civil War, were we fighting for personal Power, and not for the public Liberty; but now the War is evidently between the Roman Republic and three Tyrants; whom you Rhodian Lovers of Liberty, befriend and assist, and leave the Republic and its Friends defenceless. With what Face can You mention your Friendship or good Affection to the Romans, you who can see, relentless, so many of them condemned to death and forfeiture, without being once accused or heard?—And then foolishly feign that you are to consult the SENATE! . . . as if you did not know, that its Members are either murdered by the Triumvirs, or chased from Rome, to our Camps. The SENATE while yet entire, fully declared it Pleasure by the Decree, commanding all the Eastern Provinces to join with Brutus and Me in prosecuting the War: instead of obeying which, you hold forth the Treaty made with the late Cesar, the very Author of this cruel Tyranny. But, be it so; let the Treaty take place; it surely bears, That the Romans and Rhodians are to assist one another in their mutual Necessities. Fulfil now the Treaty,—acquit your plighted Faith,—assist the Romans in the highest Necessity.—CASSIUS the Proconsul calls upon you, whom the Senate ordered all the Empire to obey beyond the Archipelago; BRUTUS calls upon you by the same Authority;—and SEXTUS POMPEY appointed Lord High Admiral in all the Seas of our Dominion. That illustrious Body of Senators, whom you here see,—and all those of the same Rank with Brutus and Pompey, second our Request: whereas the Treaty provides, That the Rhodians should assist the Romans, if it was but ONE singled Citizen that stood in need of it. But perhaps the good People of Rhodes do not look upon US as Proconsuls,—nor on these as Roman Citizens, but rather as banished Men, or as the Tyrants say, Persons condemned: In that case, there is no Treaty subsisting between You and Us; but only between the Romans, and You Rhodians: whom WE, Fugitives and Aliens, excluded from the Treaty, will therefore pursue

*pursue with Fire and Sword, until we have reduced you to perfect Obedience.*

THIS sharp Answer, which struck terror to the wise, and staid Part of the *Rhodians*, served only to provoke the Populace, whose Favourites, *Alexander* and *Mnaseas*, hasted to draw out their Fleet and attack *CASSIUS*, as they imagined, unprepared. The first day, to shew their Address in rowing (the ancient Ships of War being all *Gallies*), they made a stretch from *Rhodes* to *Cnidus*, where they cast anchor; and the next, to the no small Surprise of *Statius Murcius* the Roman Admiral, they appeared drawn up in order of Battle before the Port of *Myndus*. It was a provoking Sight: *Cassius* immediately ordered him to sail out with his Fleet and attack the Enemy, who insultingly shook the Chains at him, which they had brought from *Rhodes* in order to bind their Roman Prisoners. A warm Engagement ensued: the *Rhodians*, in their light Ships, sailed round the Roman heavy Vessels, and shewed great Feats of Dexterity and Courage; but when caught with the Grappling-iron-fixed alongside, and forced to fight as on firm Ground, they were no Match for the Roman. At last the Admiral gave the Signal to *contract his Front*, and bear close down upon the Enemy. This defeated their Dexterity: they could no longer sail through the Line, nor surround a single Ship; and when, with all the force of their Oars, they came in front against a heavy Vessel, they did themselves more harm than the Ship they assailed. But, tho' forepressed they continued fighting untill two of their Gallies were sunk, and three taken, with all their Men. They then gave up the Contest, and in poor plight fled back to *Rhodes*.

*CASSIUS* enjoyed the view of this naval Engagement from the top of an adjacent Hill. He lost not a single Ship: those that were shattered he soon repaired, and then sailed to *Loryma*, now *Maxi*, just opposite to *Rhodes*. From thence he ordered his Legions to be carried over in Transports into the Island, under the command of *Favonius* and *Lentulus* his Lieutenants; while he

he went in person aboard his Fleet, consisting of eighty sail, to block up the Port. Here at first he lay quiet, in hopes that the sight of such a *Land-army* on one Side, and of a victorious *Navy* on the other, would bring them to a better way of thinking: but they were obstinate; or, as their Faction would say, *brave*; and, instead of treating, threw open their barred Port, sailed out with their newly supplied Squadron, and briskly engaged the *Roman Fleet*. The first Attack was very sharp; but in the end, they had no better Success than before.—Two more of their Ships were taken, and the rest driven headlong into the Harbour, which was now shut up, and the City RHODES besieged by Sea and Land. The Walls, as in a populous Town, were instantly crowded with Men and Arms; but as in the Hurry of their Equipment, no Provision had been made against a *Siege*, it was not difficult to foresee that the City must soon be taken, either by Famine or Assault: For CASSIUS, who had Apprehensions of what might happen, had caused folding Towers of Wood to be built, that could be taken to pieces: which he now raised upon his Ships, with Engines mounted on them that o'ertopped the Walls. By their means the crowded Ramparts were soon cleared, and the Town in hazard of being taken by storm, and consequently razed to the ground, if some of the wisest Men, trusting to the *Roman Generosity*, and to *Cassius's* Regard to the Place of his Education, had not privately opened a Gate. Surprise and Confusion seized the Citizens, when they saw the *Roman General* with his *Pretorian Band* within the Walls of *Rhodes*. The most criminal immediately absconded; and some (haughty in Prosperity and fawning in Danger), fell down before him, and called him *Lord* and *Sovereign*. ‘Neither Lord nor Sovereign, said the Proconsul, but the Killer and Chastiser of your lawless Lord.’ Accordingly Orders were given to the Soldiery, on pain of Death, not to offer Violence, nor touch the least thing belonging to a *Rhodian*. Then the General’s TRIBUNAL was placed in the

*Forum*, with a *SPEAR* over it; the Sign of a City carried by Arms, and lying at mercy. The Sight struck terror into the Townsmen, (who alone of the *Asiatic States* had dared to act offensively against *Cassius*), and made them expect Extremities; but out of many thousands guilty, he was contented with selecting *fifty* of the most profligate, whom he condemned to death, and banished other five and twenty, who had found means to escape. But the Weight of the impending War, and the Exigencies of so great an Army which were infinite, forced him not only to demand their *public Money*, but to lay a *Contribution* upon the rich Citizens, in proportion to their Estates: and lest they should conceal their Treasures, a Reward was proclaimed to the Informer, of *Liberty* if a Slave, and a *tenth* of the Value if a free Man. At first they secreted their Effects, hoping the Heat of the Search would abate, or that *Cassius's* Affairs would soon oblige him to march away: but some few Examples having shewed them that he was in earnest, they applied for, and obtained a longer Term; against which they were as busy drawing their Gold and Jewels out of Wells, digging them out of Tombs and Vaults, or from under their Houses and Hearths, as they had been to hide them before. By this rapid Success against a rich and formerly unconquered State, *Cassius* was covered with Glory, and enabled vigorously to prosecute the War. He left *L. Varus* his Lieutenant in *Rhodes*, with Orders to put the Shipping of the Island speedily in condition to join the Fleet under *Statius Murcus*, that was soon to sail to intercept *Cleopatra*.

AMONG the *free States* in *Asia*, which the *Romans* had cherished, was the united *LYCIAN REPUBLIC*; being originally Colonies from various Parts of *Greece*, settled on the north Side of the Mediterranean Sea. For from the *Dedalean Cape*, a little to the east of *Rhodes*, all along the Shore to *Syria*, there runs a high rocky Coast, very shelvy and dangerous to Strangers; but here and there a safe land-lock'd Harbour secures the Navigation to the Inhabi-

tants. These Conveniencies sheltered the Pyrates in the Bays and hidden Creeks of *Pamphylia* and *Cilicia*; from whence having but a short Run to the *Egyptian* and *African* Shores, on one side, and to *Greece* and the Islands on the other, they easily intercepted the Traders to *Alexandria* and *Cyrene*, and retired hither with their Captures: *SYDE*, a famous Mart and Dock in *Pamphylia* \*, was their chief Rendezvous, where they both built their pyratie Vessels, and sold their Captives for Slaves, without scrupling to own that they were *free born*. These Captives were of all Nations round the Mediterranean, but especially *Syrians*; the worthless † Race of Princes that reigned in that Country, permitting their Coasts to be insulted with Impunity, and the Inhabitants to become a Prey to the Pyrates: For, whatever Kings may believe, or their Flatterers affirm, *LUXURY* makes them contemptible, and enfeebles their Government ‡.

UNDER that *Demetrius*, who was taken prisoner by the *Parthians*, there was a bold ambitious Fellow, *Diodotus*, surnamed *Tryphon* (that is *Riot*), who persuaded the veteran Troops cantoned at *Apamea*, a strong and rich Town in *Syria*, to rebel, and proclaim that *Antiochus*, called blasphemously *Theos*, the God, while yet a Boy, their King. *TRYPHON* was born at *Secoan*, a Castle in

\* The Mountains furnished Ship-Timber; the Valleys, Flax and Hemp; and the Mines in its Neighbourhood, plenty of Iron and Brass, which were chiefly wrought, and even turned into Looms at little *Cibyra*, within a few Miles of *Syde*.

Vid. *HORAT.* Epist. ad *Numicium*.

† Ἡ τῶν βασιλέων ΟΥΔΕΝΕΙΑ τῶν τότε ἐν διαδοχῇ ἐπιστατούντων τῆς Συρίας ἅμα καὶ Κιλικίας, ΣΤΡΑΒΩΝ. 12.

‡ *MALHERBE*'s admired Stanza contains a weighty Truth.

Quand un Roi s'ainéant, la Vergogne des Princes,  
Laisant à ses Flateurs le Soins de ses Provinces,  
Entre les Voluptez indignement s'endort;  
Quoique l'on dissimule, — on n'en fait point d'eslime:  
Et si la Verité se peut lire sans Crime  
C'est avéque plaisir qu'en survit à sa mort.

in the Neighbourhood of *Apamea*, and was well acquainted with the Forces there kept, and with the vast Fertility of the adjacent Territory \* to maintain them. After four Years, he poisoned the young Prince, usurped the Throne of *Syria*, and was himself defeated, and besieged in Fort *Dora* by *Antiochus* the Saviour, *Demetrius's* Brother, who had married his Widow. From thence he was forced to fly to *Apamea*, where he cut his own Throat, after ravaging *Syria* three Years. This wicked *Tryphon*, was the first who taught the nearest *Cilician* Towns upon the Coast, to form *pyratical Societies*, and encouraged them to infest those Parts of *Syria* that were not in his Interest.

THE chief Booty which they brought out of that populous prolific Country, was *Boys and Girls*, especially of the better Sort, and handsome: They were easily kidnapped, and quickly sold at high profit, if not at *Syde*, at another Market whither all the Slave-Merchants from *Greece, Italy, and Ægypt* constantly resorted; the Island *DELOS*, famed for the Birth of *Apollo*, and a free Port and Sanctuary, because of his Temple. Here was such a Demand; that *Delos* was said to receive and export sometimes *ten thousand Slaves in a Day*. Thence the Proverb, 'MER-  
'CHANT! *Sail in—Unload—All is sold.*' The chief Reason of this surprizing Vent, was the Wealth and growing Luxury of the *Romans*, after the Demolition of *Carthage*, and Plunder of *Corinth*: Few Domestics, and not many more Country-slaves served a frugal parsimonious People: but now, when glutted with Wealth, they purchased a menial Train, liker a little Army than a Citizen's Family. At the same time, the Kings of *Egypt* and *Cyprus*, being generally at war with *Syria*, connived at these Disorders; nor were the *Rhodians* (the nearest maritime Power) disposed to check the Pyrates; and the *ROMANS* had not yet begun to intermeddle in the Transactions in *Asia* beyond *Mount*

D 2

Taurus

\* *Ἐπειδὴ δὲ καὶ ὁ ΝΙΚΑΤΟΡ ΣΕΛΕΥΚΟΣ τὴν περὶ τακοσίην ὑπερβίην ἐλάφωτας, καὶ τὸ πλεον τῆς γαλιᾶς, καὶ οἱ ἕτεροι βασιλεῖς.*



*Taurus*, This Conjunction, and long Forbearance were the Sources of that immense Wealth and *pyratic Power*, that in half an Age grew to be the Plague and Terror of the trading-World. For our *Buccaneers*, whose History is thought so curious, were but puny Pyrates; in comparison of the *Gilician Rovers*.

THE *Pyritical League*, says *Plutarch*, taking its Rise from *Cilicia*, acquired a surprizing and unobserved Strength: but first began to assume *State*, and *presume* upon its own Forces in the *Mitbridatic War*, when employed by that King in his Enterprizes upon *Greece* and the *Islands*. The ensuing civil Wars raised by *Marius*, cut out work for the *Romans* almost at the *Gates of Rome*, so that the Sea was left unguarded, which by little and little invited the Pyrates to more distant Attempts. For now they were not satisfied with attacking Merchant-Ships, but, embarking large Bodies of Men and Arms, they conquered whole *Islands*, and plundered many *Towns* along the Coast. Their unchecked Prosperity made Persons of Birth and Fortune, and of no mean military Skill, go aboard, and partake in their *pyratic Expeditions*, as a Business attended both with Profit and Fame. They had their *Arsenals*, their fortified Havens, their *Beacons*, or *Light-towers*, in the most commodious Places, like a regular State. Then their Squadrons appeared not only terrible by their Compliment of Marines, by the Skill of their Pilots, and Swiftneſs of their Ships; but honest Men were as much exasperated by the insulting *Show* and *Gaudineſs* of their Equipment as by their Robberies and Violence. They gilded their very Masts; they used Sails of fine Purple, and had Oars with silver Handles, like Men wanton in Wickedneſs, and glorying in Mischief. Where-ever they touched, nothing was to be heard, but *Music* and *Revelling*; while *Incurſions* into the Country, seizing the Persons of *Magistrates*, and Ransoms exacted from surprized Towns, were a Scandal to the Roman Government. Their Fleet consisted of above a thousand Ships of War; they had taken and sacked four hundred Cities, and plundered the most

saered Temples within their Reach. Among these they had pillaged the Oracle of *Apollo* at *Claros*; that of the same Twin-God at *Branchidæ*:—They had broke into the Sanctuary of the *CABIR*, or *Great Gods* at *Samothrace*;—into the Temple of *Esculapius* at *Epidaurus*, and demolished many a one of *Neptune's* as they stood near the Shore: In a word, they held their sacrilegious Hands from no Place or Thing, however holy: But, as it is rare to find even the worst of Mankind without *some sort of Religion*, in lieu of worshipping *Jupiter* and *Apollo*, whose Temples they were daily plundering, and to whom they could not pray with so good a Grace, they learned the Rites of *MITHRAS* \* from their *Syrian-Captives*, and to him they performed horrid and mystical Sacrifices; which, says the *sacred Antiquary*, were first introduced by the *Pyrates*, and continued to be practised by their Betters for ages thereafter.

BUT of all Nations, the Edge of their Malice was chiefly turned against the *ROMANS*, whose Gravity, good Order, and legal Government was their mortal Aversion, and therefore they took every opportunity to distress and insult them. They beset the Roads leading to *Rome*, and plundered the *Villas* that stood near the Sea. Happening once to meet with two Pretors, *Sextilius* and *Bellicenus*, going in all the Pomp of their Magistracy to their Provinces, they surrounded and carried them off in their purple Robes, their Fasces, Lictors, and other Ensigns of supreme Command, with which they played a thousand mimical Tricks. For whenever a noble *Roman* fell into their hands, to procure Respect, he was ready to let them know his *Name* and *Country*. Immediately, with an affected Astonishment, they began to beat their Breasts, fell down on their Knees, and besought him in the humblest Terms to forgive their having, through Ignorance, dared to meddle with *so great a Man*. The *Romans*, accustomed to command, and seeing them full of Humility

\* For the History of *Mithras* and of the *Cabir-Gods*, see LETTERS concerning MYTHOLOGY, p. 272. 276---282.

Humility and Entreaties, made no doubt of their being sincere. Then one of them kneeling down, tied his Shoes, and another brought him a Senator's Robe, that he might not run the risk of being again mistaken.—And after carrying on this opprobrious Farce till they were weary, they let down a Ladder by the Ship's Side in open Sea, and said. *God forbid they should detain a noble Roman their Prisoner*; and therefore humbly entreated he would be pleased to walk down and depart in Peace. If he resisted, two or three Russians got behind him, and pushed him over board, to perish in the Ocean.

ARRIVED at this pitch of Power and Insolence, they put an utter stop to all Trade, intercepted all Convoys, and were like to starve Italy itself\*, which finally roused the Romans, and drew the whole Force of the Empire upon the Pirates and their Country. PUBLIUS SERVILIUS, called *Murina*, gained that Name by taking *Gerunt* the Capital of *Gallia*; and Cn. POMPEY, one of his fairest Trophies by totally extirpating them, and leaving not a Vestige of their Power. He took, sank, or burnt *afterwards* *hundred* Ships of the Line; he transplanted the Pirates not killed in arms, fifty Miles from the Sea, and put a final end to the War in three Months, after the Date of his Commission.

BUT amid all these Commotions, it was very remarkable, and must now throw a particular Lustre upon the LYCIAN COMMUNITY, (consisting of twenty-three Cities united into one State, like the Swiss Cantons,) that neither their Situation, nor the enormous Gains of their nearest Neighbours, ever tempted them to rob on the *High Seas*, or even to make cheap Purchases of the *Brig*, *Ship* at *Syrac*. This Abstinence and Modesty rec-  
red

\* *Ubi quod nunc sunt mares Pares-sic-Etrurie commercium, totius Fides et Securitas, et omnia morum fundamenta in Tarento ac Creta quoniam in Sicilia et Rhodo, circumstant locum qui totius orbis ex Africa et Sardinia, et Narbonis insularum continetur in Italia Cuius et Creta.*

red the *Roman* Friendship and their own Tranquility : They lived unmolested, when *Pompey* was laying waste the Towns all around them, but especially in *Pamphylia* and *Cilicia*. Yet as his Name had once *struck terror* in these Parts, I am apt to believe his Defeat at *Pharsalia* would give pleasure ; and that now these Coast-Towns were the rather disaffected to *Brutus* and *Cassius*, because they were taught to look upon them as the Remains of the *Pompeian Party* in the Empire.

THE Cities composing the *LYCIAN CIRCLE* were divided into three Classes : the first and greatest sent *three* Members to their general Assembly ; these were *Xanthus*, *Patara*, *Pinara*, *Myra*, *Olympus*, and *Tloon*. The second Class sent *two*, and the third *one* Member. This grand Council determined Causes in the last Resort, and at the same time had Power to make Peace or declare War as they saw Cause. They were now so unhappy as to persist in *refusing* Assistance to *CASSIUS* in his Passage to *Smyrna* (for they had formerly denied him Ships) and therefore, while he was chastising the *Rhodians*, *BRUTUS* having put his Affairs in *Bithynia* on a proper footing, marched with his whole Army down towards *Lycia*.

BUT in passing through *Asia* \*, he received an Addition of Strength, that gave him particular Pleasure.—Among the Allies of the *Romans*, to whom *CASSIUS* had applied for Assistance in his Way to *Syria*, was the old *DEIOTARUS* King of *Galatia*. As his Name is celebrated by the *Roman* Authors, and his Story

of

\* This Term of Geography being taken in various Senses, may bewilder an ordinary Reader if not defined. In its largest Extent, *ASIA* signifies the vast Continent from the Hellespont to the Chinese Ocean, making one of the four chief Parts of the Globe. In a less extensive Signification, it comprehends all the western Part of that Continent to the River *Indus*, beyond which was properly *India*. By *Asia* the Less is meant that great Peninsula, bounded by a Line drawn from *Trebisonde* on the black Sea, to the Bay of *Iffus* or *Giazza* on the Mediterranean, which in some places coincides with the Course of the *Euphrates*. In these Memoirs, when treating of *Roman* Affairs, *ASIA* means no more than the *Roman* Province which they won from *Antiochus*, commonly called *Asia* on this Side of Mount *Taurus* ; and so it is to be understood in this place.

of a singular nature, it is worth rehearsing. The three Tribes of the *Gauls* that settled in *Phrygia* and *Bithynia*, had each their *Tetrarch*, with a Council of twelve that judged civil Causes, while a Court of three hundred had the Cognizance of capital Crimes. *Deiotarus* was originally one of these Tetrarchs; but by a Tract of Frugality, Temperance and Courage, and particularly by an inviolable Attachment to the SENATE of *Rome*, he became not only Sovereign of all *Galatia*, but had got many Districts of the neighbouring Countries, *Lycaonia*, *Paphlagonia*, and of the Lesser *Armenia* adjoined to his Dominions. He was a Man of great Strength of Body and Mind;—one of those keen and happy Spirits that can ply to every Business, and excell in it. In his more moderate fortune, he had been a diligent and skilfull Husbandman \*, a good Grazier, and excellent Master in his Family †; but along with these, was a hardy Soldier, a magnanimous Prince and wise Politician ‡. For it was by slow Degrees that he rose to the Royalty; and from the time he could bear arms, for fifty years, there was no War in *Asia*, *Cappadocia*, *Syria* or *Pontus* managed by the *Romans*, in which he was not their faithful Ally and Attendant. The many Decrees of the Senate in his favour, made him at length be called the *Senatorial King* ||. And POMPEY the Great used frequently

\* A noble *Carthaginian* *MAG* o, wrote eight and twenty Books upon *Agriculture* in *Punic* (a Dialect of the *Aramean*): these *Cassius Dionysius* of *Utica* translated, or rather abridged in eight Books, into *Greek*; adding twelve more collected from various *Grecian* Authors: and this whole Work *Disphanes* of *Bythinia* reduced to six Books, which he dedicated to our DEIOTARUS as Judge and Patron of his Performance.

M. T. VARRO. De R. R. Lib. I.

† Non solum *Tetrarcha* nobilis, sed optimus *Pater familias*, et diligentissimus *Agricola* et *Pecuararius*.

CIC. pro DEIOT.

‡ Rex DEIOTARUS—vir cum benevolentia et fide erga Pop. Rom. singulari, tum praestanti magnitudine animi et consilii.

Id. Epist. ad M. CATONEM.

|| ΔΗΙΟΤΑΡΟΣ Ο ΣΗΤΤΑΗΤΙΚΟΣ.

frequently to say, ‘ That of all the Kings of the East, *Deiotarus* alone was a *Heart-Friend* to the Republic.’——For it held in general, that all the Princes and States that loved *Order* and a *legal Life*, such as *Attalus*, *Massanissa*, the *Athenians*, the *Mar-seillians*, were Friends to the *Senate*, to the Equestrian Order, and the Common-wealth : but the rapacious and debauched, such as *Cleopatra*, *Mitbridates* of *Commagene*, *Ariobarzanes* of *Cappadocia*, the *Laodiceans*, the *Tarsians*, and all the *pyratical Sicilian Tribe*,\* were zealous *Cesareans*.

LYCIA and CARIA, high unequal Countries, full of towering Cliffs and shady Woods, were the Mother-lands of Augury ; that is, of Omens taken from the Flight and Voice of Birds, with which Superstition the *Gauls* their Neighbours were deeply tinctured. *Deiotarus* was a mighty Believer and Proficient in these Sciences, as well as *Xenophon*, a Man of a like Character, tho’ more polished by *Athens* and Philosophy. Upon a Call from *Pompey*, while at the head of the Roman Power in *Thessaly*, he had consulted his sooth-saying Birds, and found it plainly the Will of Heaven, that, tho’ past seventy, he should arm and join him, with assured Hopes of Victory. After the Defeat at *Pharsalia*, he kept close by *Pompey*, untill that great Man commanded him to return home and make his peace with the Conqueror : but so true a *Disciple* was he of the ARUSPICES, that he discovered after all, *that the Birds had directed him to his Good* ; having kept his Faith, and saved his Honour, tho’ he was stript by *Cesar*

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of

\* The Geographer STRABO, a Man of sound judgment, in describing *Seleucia*, standing on the *Calycadnus*, a River in *Cilicia*, says it is “ an orderly well governed Town, very different from the CILICIAN and PAMPHYLIAN MANNERS, Lib. XIV. And in the XVI. speaking of the *Aradian Republic*, he says, they joined such Foresight and Industry in Sea-Affairs to their other Fortunes, that tho’ they saw their Neighbours the *Cilicians* erecting *pyratical Societies*, they, would in no one Instance take part with them.

of all his acquired Territories, in *Cappadocia*, *Armenia*, and *Pontus*, and confined to his ancient *Gallo-Grecian* Tetrarchy\*.

AMONG the *Galatians*, there was one *CASTOR*, a Man of obscure Birth, but of very great Talents, both for Letters † and Arms: he chose his Prince *Deiotarus* for his Protector and Patron: and having spent several years in Study, both at *Rhodes* and *Marfeilles*, at his Return, he so courted the Goodwill, and cultivated the Friendship, of the governing People, that he got the Epithet of *Philoromeus*, or the Lover of the *Romans*. This Person *Deiotarus* pitched upon as his Favourite and prime Minister; and in a little, gave him his eldest Daughter, with a District in *Paphlagonia*, and Hopes, if he had himself no male Issue, of his Succession to his Kingdom. While *Deiotarus* had no Son, and the Commonwealth stood firm, *Castor* continued to act in his good Character, and to behave dutifully to his Benefactor: But first a young Heir having quashed his Hopes of succeeding, and then *Cesar's* Success against his Country, and his known Aversion to *Deiotarus*, made *CASTOR* forget his Obligations, and entertain guilty Hopes of mounting the Throne thro' his

\* *DEIOTARUS* fugit ex praelio cum *Pompeio*: grave tempus! discessit ab eo: lucuoso res! *Caesarem* eodem tempore, et *Hofcem* et *Hospitem* vidit: quid hoc tristius? Is cum ei *Troginorum*\* Tetrarchiam eripuisset, et *Asselae* suo, *Pergameno* necio cui, dedisset, eidemque detraxisset *Armeniam* a *SENATU* datam, cumque ab eo magnificentissimo hospitio acceptus esset, spoliatum reliquit et *Hospitem* et Regem.  
Cic. de *Divin.* Lib. II.

† *HISTORY* and *ELOQUENCE* were his favourite Studies, being the proper Accomplishments of a *Man of Business*. In the former he composed, I. A Description of *BABYLON*, the Capital of *Assyria*. II. A Description of the River *NILE*. III. A History of *GREAT ENTERPRIZES*, in IX. Books. And IV. A History of the Lords of the *OCEAN*, or of the States who had obtained the Dominion of the Sea. In the latter, he wrote, I. A Treatise of the *ART* of *RHETORIC*. II. Another concerning the Effect of it, *PERSUASION*: to which he joined a piece of Criticism that required Accuracy and wide Learning of *CHRONOLOGICAL MISTAKES*.

ΣΟΥΙΑ. by *Kaswīg*.

\* It should be *Trochmiorum*.

*STRABO*:

his Father's Ruin. For this wicked purpose, he sent his own Son, *Deiotarus's* Grand-child, to *Rome*, not without the privity of the *ambitious Mother*, to accuse the old King to the Dictator, of having had a Design to assassinate him in *Galatia*. For *CESAR*, in passing thro' *Asia* in pursuit of *Pharnaces*, had, like the other *Roman* Generals, paid a visit to *Deiotarus*, and passed a night or two with him at *Peium* as his Guest. It was a piece of *Cesar's* political Humanity to visit him, and leave him and his young Son the Appellation of *KINGS* and *ALLIES* given them by the *SENATE*; tho' he both loaded him with a heavy Subsidy, that made him sell the very Furniture of his Palace, and tore from him the Rewards of his Fidelity and Toils, the best of his Tetrarchies; (the *Trochmian*) with which he invested *Mithridates* the *Pergamenian*, and *Gadilone* \* in the Lesser *Armenia*, which was given to a *Grecian* Minion. But to give a Colour to the Impeachment, the young *Castor* found means to bribe *Phidippus*, one of his Grandfather's Slaves, who was in the Retinue of his Ambassadors at *Rome* as their Physician, to

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profess

\* *Gadilone* is a very fruitful champaign Country beyond the *Halys*, now the *Aytozu*. It has a kind of Sheep whose Fleeces is in high esteem for its Softness and Thickness; and also a Species of Goats rare to be found elsewhere. One Part of this Province belonged to the State of *Amisius*; the other *POMPEY* gave to *Deiotarus* along with all the District about *Pharnacia* and *Trebisonde* unto the *Colchide* and *ARMENIA* the Less, besides his paternal Tetrarchy. I suppose it has been of these rare Fleeces, or of some not very fine Manufacture made of them, that he used to send Presents to *Cicero*, who says merrily of the Speech he made in his Defence, that it was coarse spun, such as the Gifts he used to receive from *Galatia*. *Munusculum levidense crasso filo; cujusmodi ipsius solent esse munera.* This singular breed of Goats still subsists; and their Fleeces for so it may be called, because of its Length and Softness, makes the Wealth of *Angora* (the antient *Ancyra* Capital of *Galatia*) still one of the best Cities of *Natolia*. The learned and lively *Dr. Tournefort* describes them thus. On nourrit les plus belles Chevres du monde dans la Champagne d'*Angora*: elles éblouissent par leur Blancheur; et leur Poil, qui est aussi fin que la Soie, frisé naturellement, par Tresses de huit vu neuf pouces de long, est la matiere de plusieurs belles Etoffes, et sur tout du Camélot.—Cette Toison fait la Richesse d'*Angora*: tous les Bourgeois s'appliquent à ce Commerce.

VOYAGE de LEV. Lett. XXI.



profess himself a Complice in the old King's black Design. He said ' that armed Men, among whom were his (*Phidippus's*) own ' Brothers, had been planted in the Gallery where the presents ' which were intended for *Cesar* were placed ; and that he (*Cesar*) ' was desired by the King to go in and view them, when ' he came out of the Bath : but that his good Genius had saved him, in making him rather chuse to go to dinner. That ' disappointed here, (tho' *Cesar* did enter that Gallery after ' dinner, and viewed the Presents that were truly Royal,) the ' King deferred the Execution of this Plot till next day, and ' lodged his Ruffians in the Bathing-room of the Castle BLUCR- ' UM \*, where *Cesar* proposed to sleep next evening.—But ' that the same good Genius, that watched over *Cesar's* Life had ' there likewise preserved him, by making him refuse to bathe, ' and rather chuse to go to his Bed-chamber to take a vomit.'

THE King's Ambassadors at *Rome*, *Hieras*, *Blesamius*, and *Antigonus*, were in great perplexity ; not so much for the improbable Arraignment, which they could easily have confuted, as lest *Cesar*, who hated the Friend of *Pompey* and the *Republic*, should lay hold of it, as a Handle to distress the venerable *Tetrarch*, and deprive him and his Son of the remaining Part of his Kingdom. But they were relieved by no less an Advocate than *Tullius Cicero*, who undertook his old Friend's Cause, pleaded it so boldly, and made the Malice and Folly of the Accusation so palpable, that even *Cesar*, tho' both Judge and Party, was ashamed of it. He acquitted *Deiotarus*, and the Ignominy recoiled on the CASTORS, *Father* and *Son*.

THIS cruel Attempt upon his Life and Crown sunk deep in the old King's Mind. His Creature ! whom he had drawn out of Obscurity ; his *Daughter* ! his *Grandchild* ! to watch the Hour of his Distress in order to overwhelm him, was a Wound that

\* In the Tolistobogian Territory, *Deiotarus* had two Royal Seats *Blukium* and *Pëium*, the one an impregnable Fort, his Treasury ; and the other his usual Residence.

that envenomed the more the less he durst complain or avenge it. It continued therefore corroding and gnawing his breast, until the glorious News reached him, ‘*That the Tyrant, his Oppressor, was killed in the Senate House; that the Republic was free, that the Fathers had resumed their Authority, and his fast Friends, CICERO, SERVIUS, CASSIUS, BRUTUS, were again at the Head of the Roman Commonwealth.*’ Then the pent up Flame broke forth against his base Accusers and ungracious Progeny. He called together his trusty Bands, and, tho’ near fourscore, marched at their head to *Gorbeius*, the antient Seat of the *Phrygian* Kings, where the ingrate *CASTOR* kept his mimic Court.—He came upon him at unawares, surrounded the Palace with his Horsemen; and as they say, *the Bite of an old Lion is dreadful*, without mercy, he put his treacherous Son-in-law and his unnatural Daughter instantly to death. Then he razed their Palace to the ground, and laid the Out-works around it in ruins. When this was over, turning to his left, he rode a great pace to *Gadilone*, whence he drove out *Cesar’s* Creature, and repossessed himself of all he had been robbed of, during the Usurpation.

Soon after, to make sure of his Re-establishment, when his Residents at *Rome* heard that *Antony* was setting the Republic to sale, and that Grants as from the *Dictator* were to be obtained, upon paying a round Sum to *Fulvia*; they thought *fourscore thousand* Pounds could not be better employed; and had a forged Gift restoring his Territories actually expedited as a Deed of the late *Cesar*. Whether this Transaction, or the Memory of the Shock he had received as *Pompey’s* Confederate, had damped the old King’s zeal for the Republic, I know not but he declined taking arms when called upon by *Cassius*, in his Passage to *Syria*. He now yielded to *Brutus’s* Solicitation; and tho’ so unweildy thro’ Age, that for several years six Men had lifted him to his Horse, yet came in person into his Camp, with a Body of brave Men, and some choice Squadrons of Horse, under

der *Amyntas* his Minister and Lieutenant General; having left his Son, either because of his Youth, or from a political Consideration, at home in *Galatia*.

WITH this Reinforcement, BRUTUS as was said, marched down thro' *Caria* towards the *Lycian* Borders: XANTHUS, the Capital of *Lycia*, stands on a River of the same name, about eight miles from the Sea; hither BRUTUS sent *Pub. Sextius* his Pay-Master, requiring them as *Friends* and *Allies* of *Rome*, to furnish their Quota of Men and Money for defraying the Expences of the War. The better Sort would have willingly complied; but *Naucrates*, one of their Demagogues (as the *Grecians* called them) whose power lay in harranguing the Mob, was unhappily successful in persuading them to take arms and resist. They had the folly to take possession of the Tops of some steep Hills, which separate their Country from *Caria*, as if they meant to cut off the Passage of the *Roman* Army; but being better accustomed to dine at a regular Hour than to keep advanced Guards, BRUTUS sent the young *Tully* with some Regiments of Horse, who surprized them at Dinner, and cut six hundred of them to pieces. After this he received by surrender, or took by force, several strong Places that lay between him and *Xanthus*, releasing all the *Lycian* Prisoners without Ransom, in hopes of winning their hearts by Humanity. But they were not to be won: *Proud* and *perverse*, they interpreted his Mercy as a Mark of Weakness; while their Loss in the first Skirmish served only to inflame their Hatred. All the Garrisons discharged by *Brutus* crowded in to the Capital, where grand Preparations were making by the Populace for standing a Siege. First, they laid their Suburbs level with the Ground and burnt the Timbers, that the *Roman* Army might neither find Shelter, nor Materials for the Construction of their Machines. Then with incredible Labour, they cut a huge Trench, or rather *Gulph*, more than fifty foot deep, and of a proportionable Breadth, quite round their Town: into this they

let the yellow River, upon which the City stands, whose Gates they plated with Iron, and reared projecting Turrets, at proper Places, upon their Walls, to command the Approaches. When the *Roman Army* arrived at the Brink of the impassible *Moat*, they found the *Lycians* drawn up on the inner Edge, who saluted them with a Shower of Javelins and Arrows, that shewed them Masters in Archery. To many, this Obstacle seemed either wholly insurmountable, while there was a Body of such Men on the other Side to dispute the Passage, or at least that it would require many Months to fill up the vast *Moat*, and get near the Town. But *Brutus*, having first prepared plenty of Hurdles and Fascines to cover the Men at work, set the Legions alternately to cut and carry Wood from the neighbouring Hills: a noble Emulation sprang up: instead of heavy dragging, and slow Toil, they set about it with Huzzas and Racing, as if they had been striving at the *Olympic Games*: they hurled impetuous down the huge Trees and Stones, and with Shouts, pushed them into the Water; so that the Work, expected to continue half the Campaign, was with rapid Toil compleated in a few Days, and the *Xanthians* beat from the *Moat*, were closely besieged within their Walls. Then *FLAVIUS* played his Machines to clear the Ramparts, while the *Tortoise* attacked the Gates, and fresh Battalions constantly relieved the fatigued and fainting. This fierce and incessant Charge the *Xanthians* sustained with a Spirit worthy of a better Cause; they resisted while they had Turrets to shoot from: and even when their Parapets were tore down, and the Turrets gaping in many places, tho' spent with Toil, Watching and Wounds, they continued fighting from the Walls. And now, the Character that distinguished the General, (the Friend of Liberty and Mankind) shewed itself in an amiable light. He had more care of his Enemies than they had of themselves: He foresaw that the tumbling of a Tower would bring down the adjoining Gate, or make such a Breach in the Wall as a *Cobort* might enter;

in

in which case it would not be in his power to save the City from Plunder and Violence : he therefore commanded the Attack to cease, and even removed the Night-guard at some distance from the Walls. This the besieged interpreting as Negligence and Security, opened a Gate, and made a sally, in the night, with Torches in their hands to set fire to the wooden Works, and Machines that stood on them. The Fire was quickly quenched, and the *Xanthians* pushed toward the Gate, which the Townsmen too suddenly shut, lest the *Romans* should rush in, and left a thousand of their Fellows to perish in their Sight. Yet would not *Brutus* desist from Pity,—but ordered the Guards to keep still at the same Distance from the Walls, in hopes of a voluntary Surrender. This Clemency had like to have cost him dear : at Noon-day they made a second Sally, in much greater numbers ; and breaking fiercely thro' the Guard, set fire to the Machines in many places at once. The wood was extremely dry ;—the Flame spread quick, and the *Romans*, taken at unawares, were in hazard of falling into utter Confusion ; while the *Xanthians* pressed fiercely on, and attacked Troops, whose Attention was divided between Fire and Sword. In effect all had been lost, if with admirable Resolution the *Pre-torian-Cohort* had not, thro' the very Flames, desperately charged the *Xanthians*, and driven them back toward the Town. And now the strange Chances that seem to rule in a Day of Battle were fully displayed. The Remembrance of their Countrymen having been shut out of the last Sally, and cut to pieces in their fight, made the Guard at the Gates careful *not* to shut them too soon ;——and that Care gave access to a Body of the *Romans*, they say about *two thousand*, to enter pell-mell with the flying *Xanthians* ; but no sooner were they within, than either the Cords that hung the Iron Grate gave way, or the Guards cutting them, down it fell,—crushed those under it to death, and caught the rest, as in a Trap, within the Town. A terrible Scene ensued ! The *Xanthians*, from their House-tops and Windows

dows poured their Shafts upon the *Romans* crowded into a narrow Street. They being able to make no resistance, forced their way into the great Square of the *Forum*, which was not far from the Gate; where, being gauled on all hands with Javelins and Arrows, and falling unrevenged, as having no missile Weapon to annoy their Enemies, they drew up before *Sarpedon's* adjacent Temple, to prevent at least their being quite surrounded; but, by the Darts driven at them from all quarters, were still in extreme distress. On the other side, *BRUTUS*, in agonies for the Fate of so many brave Men, falling Sacrifices as he thought, not without reason, to the Lycian Fury within the Town, galloped from Gate to Gate, calling aloud to the Legions, *to break in and save their Fellows*. They flew to the nearest, and first essay'd to hoist the Portcullis, which baffled their utmost Efforts for want of the Draw-ropes; nor could they break thro' the Iron-plated Leaves with the Tools then in their hands: their rolling Turrets and scaling Ladders had perished in the Flames: they ran foaming about the foot of the Wall. Some set up traverse Timbers, and try'd to mount; others made Iron Hooks fast to the ends of Ropes, which they slung to the Battlements, and when the Hook laid hold, they warped themselves up by the Rope. But all their Efforts had been vain, if the *Enandians* in *BRUTUS's* Army, at enmity with the *Xanthians* their Neighbours, had not begun to clamber up the Rock on the north-east of the Town. The *Roman* Soldiers, tho' heavy-armed, assay'd to follow. Many tumbled down the Precipice, and perished; some with vast difficulty laboured up the Steep, and easily got over the low Wall, where the City was thought impregnable. Near by, there was a little Wicket, the Entry to which had been fortified with Palisades and Ditches. This they broke up, and drew the most daring of their Companions over the Palisades; with whom they ran to cut the nearest Gate, which, not being plated within as without, gave hopes of Success. While intent upon this, a Cry from the Market-place struck their ears, as of the *Xanthians*

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rushing upon the inclosed Cohorts, and put BRUTUS and his Men almost besides themselves. Within and without they fell to the Gate with resistless Fury, which gave way at last with hideous Crash : and the entering Legion gave a Shout, as a Signal to their Companions, of the Town's being taken and of their approaching Deliverance. At the same instant, finding some resistance, and still in terror for their Countrymen, they set fire to the nearest Houses, in order to draw the Townsmen from their Attack. This had the desired Effect—but was attended with another no less lamentable than strange. The chief Body of the *Xanthians* had left the Walls, eager to destroy the intercepted Party in the *Forum*. But, when they heard the military Shout and saw the Flame mount, they concluded that the whole *Roman* Army was broke in, and that there would be no mercy. It was now about Sun-set ; and they had been at hot Work since Noon. When Mens Spirits are eager, and Passion runs high, they entertain no *middling* Thoughts : from one Extreme they fly to another. DEATH and DESOLATION are the only soothing Images to wild Despair—a strange Hatred of Life, and Contempt of Death seized the unhappy *Xanthians*.—The Contagion spread : the Example of the Men infected the Women, and reached to the very Children—all rushed upon Destruction. They ran each Man to his House—set fire to it with his own Hands—killed Wife and Children, and, last of all, stabbed himself, and tumbled headlong after them. The short Pause between the Attack and the dismal Groans re-echoed from Self-murder, made BRUTUS suspected, that his Troops had dispersed, and were falling to plunder : He immediately commanded the Trumpets to sound to *their Colours*. But, the wild doleful Din still continuing, he soon learned what the *Xanthians* were about ; and immediately his generous Nature melted to Pity ; he grew anxious to save them ; ordered the Legions to do their utmost to extinguish the Flames, and sent his chief Officers with Offers of Quarter to the *Xanthians*. These Messengers they received with Show-

ers of Darts; they flew their Wives, and their little Children (holding willingly out their Necks in their sight;) threw their Bodies into the burning Piles composed of their best Furniture; and, in giving themselves their Death's Wound, jumped into the Flames. The Frenzy was universal: they despised BRUTUS himself riding about, and stretching out his Hands to them to save themselves and their City. Every thing combustible within their reach served to feed the Fire: those on the Tops of Towers, or on the Battlements of the Walls, dashed themselves down; and little Boys, with Shouts and huzzaing, leaped into the midst of the Burning. Among the rest, a sight was seen, that must have moved the hardest Heart. A Woman was found strung from a Beam, with her dead Child hung about her Neck, and a lighted Lamp in her hand, with which she seemed to be kindling her House. The Recital of so piteous a Spectacle drew Tears from BRUTUS: he did not chuse to see it; but, unable to save the Town from the prevailing Flames, he set Guards to protect the Temples, and proclaimed a Reward to any Soldier that should save a *Xanthian* alive\*. But the Madness had seized all Ranks,

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and

\* A learned and eloquent Jew, (bred in the Grecian Literature that flourished in *Alexandria*) is a great Instance of the power of Prejudice in his way of relating this dismal Story. It is *PHILO* I mean, who is complimented with making *Moses* atticize like *Plato*, or *Plato* hebraize like *Moses*. In the full Spirit of his Countrymen, Enemies to Liberty, and fond of their *Cesarean* Tyrants, *The Xanthians*, says he, when besieged by M. BRUTUS, resisted to the last; not so much out of hatred to the Party, as to the Leader himself, who had killed his Lord and Friend: And when able to hold it out no longer, they set fire to their City, and leaped into the Flames. Thus, they sacrificed themselves for Liberty and Honour, and to shun tyrannical Oppression (under M. BRUTUS) they preferred a glorious Death to a Life of Ignominy.

The Absurdity of this Misrepresentation, is too palpable to need a Remark; the Spirit of the People†, and this Author's writing in compliment to the reigning *Cesarean* Family, fully accounts for it.

\* ΦΙΛΩΝ. 'Οτι πᾶς ἀγαθὸς Ἰσραηλῆς.

† See VOL. I. p. 21. 22.



and the Disease was past Remedy. Of the many Thousands inhabiting that great City, the Capital of *Lycia*, about *a hundred and fifty poor People*, who had no body to put them to death, were all the free-born *Xanthians* he was able to preserve.

It is pretty strange, and a sort of Singularity in History, that the Inhabitants of this City should *twice* have fallen into the same Desperation, and *twice* destroyed themselves and their Town before. First when besieged by *Harpalus*, a *Median* Captain under the great *Cyrus*; who looked coolly on, and let them do as they listed: And next when attacked by *Alexander* the *Macedonian*, in his Expedition that put an end to the *Persian* Empire.

FROM the Ruins of *Xanthus* yet smoking *BRUTUS* marched directly down the River to *PATARA*, the *Lycian* Arsenal, and great Dock for building and laying up their Navy. It was strongly fortified; and inhabited by People of the same Spirit with the *Xanthians*. The *Roman* General would have been sorry to have seen such a Tragedy acted over again; and at the same time, could not leave so great a naval Force in the hands of Enemies. He therefore wrote to their Magistracy, offering them full Security, and an honourable Composition. But his Offers were rejected with Scorn, and nothing but War was breathed by the Inhabitants of *Patara*. A Revolution had lately happened in that City: The poorer Sort, and Slaves, had obtained, the one an Abolition of their Debts, and many of the others their Liberty. Whether this had been brought about by an Insurrection of the Multitude, or by a *plebeian* Party in the Town for political Reasons, I cannot tell: But these new *Burghers*, afraid of the *Roman* Regularity, violently opposed the Pacification. This bred a Struggle in *BRUTUS*'s Breast between military measures and humanity. He was afraid to attack them; and must not leave them unconquered: he therefore suspended his Operations, and resolved to try an Experiment, in his own Character. In marching thro' the Country, his Light-horsemen had brought into his Camp a good many Prisoners, some Gentlemen, and some Ladies.

The



ready to obey his Orders, and would instantly open their Gates. Thus BRUTUS conquered *Patara*, and entered the Town as if it had been a *Roman Colony*, and not a hostile Fortrefs. He neither killed, banished, nor confiscated the Estate of any one Citizen; and even surpassed the Character given of him by the Women, and the Townsmens Expectations. Such a Conduct seldom misses of its Reward: The Report of his Goodness and Moderation spread quick over all the Cantons of the LYCIAN LEAGUE, and paved the way for a general Submission.

THE City MYRA, now *Strumita*, one of the six leading Towns, and strongly fortified, was situated on a high Hill, two miles from the Sea: but for the sake of its Trade and Shipping, had a Castle with a Harbour, on a neighbouring Creek in that rocky Coast, where they kept a Garrison. The strong Situation of their Town, and this impregnable Fort, as they supposed, made them think of no Submission to BRUTUS, who was marching along the Shore from *Patara*. He therefore sat down before the *Castle* that enclosed the *Port*; where his Engines having quickly made it impossible to keep the Walls, the Garrison capitulated, and surrendered Prisoners of War. The Commander was General of all the Forces of the *Myreans*——BRUTUS released him with his usual Generosity, and sent him to *Myra*, with the following remarkable Letter.

BRUTUS the PROCONSUL, to the MYREANS.

“THE XANTHIANS, having despised my Offers of Friendship, ly  
 “buried in the Ruins of their Country, as the fruit of their Folly:  
 “The Patareans, who trusted to my Generosity, are living in the full  
 “enjoyment of their Liberty and Fortunes. It is in your power to  
 “follow the Choice of the People of *Patara*, or to undergo the Fate  
 “of the Xanthians. Farewell.

THE

THE Inhabitants of *Myra* happily listened to their Leader's Accounts of the *Roman* General, and made no hostile opposition. The remaining Towns of the UNION followed their example; and BRUTUS, without farther trouble, became Master of all *LYCIA*. The Use he made of his Victory, was to require of them a certain Number of Ships, to strengthen his Fleet, Provisions for his Army, and about thirty thousand Pounds in Money; which was far from a hundredth part of the Sum that *Cassius* had exacted of their rich and rebellious Neighbours of *Rhodes*.

THE LYCIANS being thus subdued, the *Laodiceans* and *Tarsians* chastised, the *Rhodians* humbled, and *Ariobarzanes* punished for his Treachery, all the other States and Princes of the *eastern Parts* of the Empire, voluntarily joined the Champions of Liberty; and acted in concert with that Body of *free and noble Romans* that sat in their Councils, and graced their Camps. Having therefore nothing to fear from behind, BRUTUS decamped from *Lycia*, and re-entered *Asia*; where some of the *Ionian* Towns seemed to accede but slowly to the grand Alliance. These flourishing Colonies, that shewed, while free, such undaunted Spirit against the invading *Persian*, had first been damped by the *Macedonian* Conquest, then weakened by Luxury\*, and were now exhausted by the Rapacity of the latter *Roman* Governors. Besides *Cesar's* success against *Pompey* and the Senate, was a Consideration that kept selfish Men, not fired by Liberty and Honour, in *suspence* as to their Party. Among these little States BRUTUS so demeaned himself, as to win the Hearts of the well-meaning, and to oblige the backward to comply. To the hesitating *Samians* he wrote thus, YOUR COUNSELS ARE CARELESS; YOUR PERFORMANCES SLOW: THINK WHAT MUST BE THE CONSEQUENCE.

THE west Coast of *Asia* was the Paradise of the *Roman* Empire. The Mildness of the Climate, the Fertility of the Soil, the Politeness

\* Motus doceri gaudet *Ionicos*  
Matura Virgo.

HORAT.

Eunuch-slave, *Pothinus*, was Prime Minister. He immediately called a Privy-council, which consisted of himself as President, of *Achillas* an *Alexandrian* Captain, and some other Whipping-boys and Nursery-companions of the young Prince: but the shrewdest Head among them was one *Theodotus*, from *Chios*, a Professor of Eloquence, pensioned to read Lectures to the royal Youth. This notable Junto was divided about receiving, or refusing *Pompey*. Some said, the admitting him into *Egypt*, where many of *Gabinus's* Troops were serving, would be making *him* their Master, and *Cesar* their Enemy: others said, that as so great a Man, and so great a Benefactor could not fail to establish the *Royal Party*, and put their disordered Country on a better footing, it was highly proper to receive him. But *Theodotus*, when it came to his turn to speak, to shew the Quickness of his Parts, and Keeness of his Rhetoric, gave it as his Opinion, *That both were in the wrong, and both Proposals attended with great Inconveniencies: The receiving him* he said, *would be drawing Cesar and a victorious Army upon themselves;—That refusing him would be making Pompey their constant Enemy, without making Cesar their Friend: That therefore the sole proper Measure was, to receive, and make away with him: This would at once secure Cesar's Friendship, and rid them of fear from Pompey; for,* said he with a grin, DEAD MEN DON'T BITE. This wicked Cunning suited the Taste of the privy Council. The great *Roman* was decoy'd aboard a small Vessel, under a shew of Friendship, and basely murdered. The Prime Minister *Pothinus* was soon after put to death by *Cesar*. for a new piece of Treachery. *Ganymede*, another Eunuch, brought up with *Arctino* the youngest Princess, dispatched *Achillas* his Rival; but *Theodotus*, after his Royal Pupil was drowned in the *Nile*, escaped from *Alexandria*, and wandered thro' *Asia*; sometimes bragging, that POMPEY the GREAT had not fallen by *Cesar's Sword*, but as a Trophy of his Eloquence and Capacity. The mischievous Sophister was now apprehended, and brought to BRUTUS, who ordered him

to be hung up on a Cross (the *Roman* Punishment for guilty Slaves), and made his end as remarkable as his Crime.

NOT long after the Army's Arrival in *Asia*, Letters had come to BRUTUS from *Macedon*, bearing, ' that *Caius Antony* was not ' only continuing his Mal-practices, in tampering with the Le- ' gions ; but that his Brothers had sent privately over a Party of ' Desperadoes, to force his Guard, and carry him off: that ' there would be no Peace in the Province while he was alive ; ' and therefore, tho' it could be no Retaliation for the cruel Mas- ' sacre at *Rome*, that CAIUS CLODIUS had struck off his Head.'

I AM apt to believe, because of *M. Antony's* Resentment against *Hortensius*, that if it was not by the Pretor of *Macedon's* express Orders, it was with his Consent and Approbation, that *Clodius* ventured upon that Execution. BRUTUS had been pressed long before, not to spare *C. Antony*, nor any of the sworn Enemies of the Republic. *Most People*, said *Cicero* to him, *understand the ACT of Attainder passed by the Senate, which declares all those who had taken Arms with M. Antony, Enemies to the State, to include those Men who have fallen into your hands, either in the Field, or surrendered Prisoners at discretion ; and that as such, you ought to put them to death without delay.* BRUTUS replied, ' That it be- ' longed to the SENATE and PEOPLE of *Rome*, to dispose of such ' of their Citizens as had not fallen in Battle ; that on so tender a ' Point, which the *Roman Senate* had not thought fit to deter- ' mine, nor the *Roman People* to direct his Procedure, he would ' not arrogantly *prejudge*, nor take upon him to decide, what was ' proper to be done. That he could never repent his Conduct, ' in having neither cruelly stript, nor heedlessly thrown away Fa- ' vours upon those Men, whose Lives he had not been forced to ' take in the heat of Action.—This Conduct, continues he, I ' think much more noble in itself, more honourable to our Cause, ' and what the Public will more readily approve (*not to bear hard upon wretched Men*), than to heap immoderate Honours upon ' those in power, which only serve to enflame their Ambition, and

‘increase their Arrogance \*. Zeal against the Enemies of our Country is highly commendable: but I am of opinion, that civil Commotions ought rather to be quelled by main Force at the beginning, than by using Severity against the Vanquished.’

To this CICERO answered with great Plainness, *that he was quite of another Mind: that wholesome Severity was far preferable to an empty Shew of Mildness: that, if we must always shew Mercy to the Enemies of our Country, we shall never want opportunities to exercise it—nor ever be without a civil War.* “Believe me, BRUTUS! you will be overborne and ruined, if you be not on your guard: for you will not find the PEOPLE of Rome always so well affected as they are now—nor will you always have such a SENATE, nor the Senate such a Leader. This you may look upon as uttered from the Shrine of Apollo; nothing more certain. Adieu.”

I selected this part of so curious a Correspondence, first to lay open the *real Sentiments* of two great Men upon a *delicate Point*: for it is in his *private Letters* we must look for a Man, if we would know him thoroughly. In *them* we unbosom ourselves to a Friend, throw aside the assumed Character, and talk just as we think. It is likewise a memorable Instance both of the seeming Contrast between Wisdom and Generosity; and of the Power of an animated Representation. Few Men of Spirit but would admire *Brutus*; and think his Conduct supremely wise as well as noble, until they considered the great Statesman’s Answer, which the *Event* verified: and lastly, these clashing Sentiments make it probable, that *Hortensius* and *Cleodius* took off *C. Antony’s* Head, without waiting for Orders from the *Generals*. How *BRUTUS* received the News is not known; but hearing at the same time there were Disorders in *Thrace* among the little Princes, and Incursions made into *Sadacel’s* Country by the restless Tribe, the *Bessians*, he thought it would contribute to harden his new-levied Troops, and keep *Macedon* firm, to make another Tour into *Europe*. His great

\* He means the young *Cæsar*, whom he usually calls the *Boy OCTAVIUS*, patronized and raised by *Clæra*. See Vol. I. pag. 360, 361.

great Fleet, and all the Transports in the *East* at his Command, made the short Passage over the *Hellepont* but the Work of a Day. Let us leave him and his Officers marching thro' *Romania*, along the *Hebrus*, climbing the *Thracian* Mountains, admiring the august Prospects and Sylvan Scenes which some of them afterwards celebrated \*, in order to take a View of what was doing in the other Parts of the Empire.

\* —Non secus in jugis  
 Exsomnia stupet EVOEAS  
*Hebrum* prospiciens, et nive candidam  
*Thracen*, ac pede barbaro  
 Lustratam *Rhedæpen*. Ut mihi devio  
*Ripas*, et vacuum Nemus—mirare libet!—

HORAT. Lib. III. Od. 26.



## B O O K VI.

**A**FTER the fatal Battle of *THAPSUS* in *Africa*, when *CORNELIUS SCIPIO* (*Pompey's* Father-in-law) the brave *Petreius*, and their Numidian Allies *Juba* and *Massinissa*, had chose to die rather than submit to *Cesar*, and *M. CATO* had disdained to hold a precarious Life of the Usurper; the Dominions of the confederate Princes had been divided by the Victor among his Creatures. *Massinissa's* Kingdom, known by the Name of *Massessylia*, he shared between *Bogud* (a Moorish Prince, whose Queen *Eunoe* he had debauched), his Brother *Bocchus*, and one *Sittius*, a Captain of a Band of Banditti, outlaw'd from *Rome*, and a sure *Cesarean*. *Numidia* properly so called, and *Juba's* rich Capital *Zama*, he gave to the famous *Sallustius Crispus*, the Historian, to be pillaged; which that Preacher of Abstinence \* performed so tightly, as to acquire the Character of a *Monster of Inconsistency in his Life and Writings* †. *Juba's* young Son, a Boy of five Years of age, was carried to *Rome* by *Cesar*, as an Ornament of his Triumph; but *Massinissa's* Heir, *Arabiö*, farther advanced in years, escaped to the *Young Pompeys* into *Spain*. He commanded a Body of those who had follow'd his Fortunes at the desperate Battle of *Munda*, and after it stuck by *Sextus Pompey* until *Cesar's* Death. He then returned into *Africa* with his well-trained Troops, and both recovered the usurped Share of his Kingdom from *Bocchus*, and put the other Intruder, *Sittius* the Outlaw (they say by Treachery), to death.

THE

\* See VOL. I. p. 162.

† *SALLUST* appears to have been just such another Patriot, and equally consistent in his Principles and Practice, as the Author of *Dissertations upon Parties*, and of the *PATRIOT-KING*.

THE western Tract therefore of the vast Continent of *Africa*, called antiently MAURITANIA, which comprehends the Kingdoms of *Morocco* and *Fez*, was possessed by the two Moorish Brothers BOGUD and BOCCHUS. MASSYLIAN NUMIDIA, that is *Algiers* and *Biledulgerid*, was reconquered by its own Prince *Arabis*: Proper Numidia, now the District of *Constantina*, erected into a new Province by *Julius Cesar*, and given first to the rapacious *Sallust*, and then to *C. Calvisius* to be plundered, had been just left by the latter \*; and what the Romans called AFRICA, or the old Province, being the proper *Carthaginian* Domain, was by a Decree of the Senate kept under the Government of one of the most accomplished Men in *Rome*.

BEFORE I enter upon his Character and Management, it may be agreeable to the curious, to have a little light thrown upon the Antiquities of this vast Country, which, thro' ignorance of its Language, was but little known to the *Greek* and *Roman* Writers †. To judge of it truly, we must remember, that the PHENICIANS, a great and noble Nation, famous in *Africa* under the name of *Carthaginians*, had possessed themselves of the whole Coast from *Cyrene*, or *Barca*, to the very Streights of *Gibraltar*; being an immense Track of three thousand *English* Miles ‡. Their antient national Name was *Cananites*; that is *Merchants*; that of *Phenicians* seeming

\* In the mock Distribution of the Provinces by *lct*, before the Expiration of *M. Antony's Consulship*, *C. CALVISIUS*, says *Cicero*, *Africam sortitus est: nihil felicius! modo enim ex Africa decesserat, et quasi divinans se rediturum, duos Legatos Uticae reliquerat.*

PHILIPPIC. III.

† Populorum ejus oppidorumque nomina vel maxime sunt ineffabilia: praeterquam ipsorum linguis; et alias castella fere inhabitant.

PLIN. Proem. Lib. V.

‡ ΚΑΡΧΑΘΝΙΟΙ γὰρ ἐν τέτοις τοῖς καιροῖς τῶν μὲν ΛΙΒΥΗΣ ἐκυρίευσεν, πάντων τῶν ἐπὶ τῇ ἑσθῇ θάλαττῃ πενύτων μερῶν ἀπο τῶν ΦΙΛΑΙΝΟΤ βορῶν οἱ κίβησι κατὰ τὴν μεγάλην Σέβην, ἕως ἐφ' Ἡρακλείας ἤλθας. — ὑπὲρ τῆς ἱκανισχυλίας καὶ μυρίας σταδίων.

ΠΟΛΥΒ. Ιστορ. βιβ. Γ.

Poet, *crinitus* IOPAS. The Greeks write his Name ΙΩΒΑΣ, and would have called him ΠΟΘΕΙΝΟΣ *Pothinus*, or even ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ *Ulysses*. These, I say, and many more, sufficient to fill a Volume, are either *pure Phœnician*, or a little *perverted* \*, (as happens in different Dialects) at the same time that they were the current Names in the *Mauritanian* and *Numidian* Royal Families. From a Coalition, by Intermarriages between these and the *Carthaginians*, sprang the *Libo-phœnicians* in *Africa* †, in contradistinction to the *Syro-phœnicians* at home.

THE *Phœnicians* were Men of high Spirit, deep Invention, and the greatest Merchant-Adventurers and Planters of Colonies, in the World: for all the Colonies and Settlements made by the *Portuguese*, *Spaniards*, *English* and *Dutch*, taken together, tho' they include a greater Extent of Sea and Desert, cannot compare with the *Phœnician* and *Carthaginian* Colonies for Numbers of flourishing Cities, and Multitudes of happy People. They had the incontroverted Honour of benefiting Mankind with *five* of the chief Inventions that raise and polish human Life, *Letters*, *Astronomy*, *Navigation*, *Military Discipline*, and *Architecture of Towns*, or civil Polity. Supported by *these*, no wonder they were Masters wherever they failed; and where did they not fail, in the three Parts of the then known World? That their Descendants, the *CARTHAGINIANS*, were foiled at last in the glorious Struggle for *EMPIRE*, was owing to the *secure Confidence* of their General; who, after beating the *Romans* over and over in the field, approached to terrified *Rome* when it would have been an *easy Prey*; but, instead of laying immediate siege to the Capital, contented

\* *La Lingua con el tiempo se muda; y va poco a poco siendo otra; di manera que sin nuevo accidente o causa; mas que el tiempo, basta para que una lingua sea casi otra de la que fue agora trezientos años.*

BERN. ALDRETE Var. Antiqued. Lib. I. c. 20.

† *LIBY-PHOENICES*, mistum Punicum AFRIS genus. T. LIV. Hist. Lib. xxi. This explains what *Horace* means by *UTERQUE PŒNUS*, both the *Carthaginians*.

contented himself with throwing a Spear over the Walls into the Town, and marching by, as if he could take it whenever he pleased. This was missing the fatal *irrevocable* Conjunction, which would have decided *who should be Masters of the World*; and whether *We* should not now, all over *Europe*, have been studying *Punic*, as the *learned Language*, instead of the *Latin-Tongue*. But, their final Inferiority was owing to their having been so far beforehand with their Rivals, in Wealth and its Attendants *Ease* and *Luxury*; — to their sitting at home themselves, and filling their Armies with *Mercenaries*: whereas there was no *Roman* able to carry Arms, who became not a *trained hardy Soldier*; and therefore, instead of being weakened, they grew more expert by every Battle, and, if they fell not in the field, gathered strength even by a *Defeat* \*. After their final Overthrow, and the utter razing of CARTHAGE by the younger *Scipio*, the martial Power of *Africa* lay in the *Numidian* and *Moorish* Militia left by the Conquerors in the hands of the Princes who had taken part with them against the *Carthaginians*. Even that had been greatly impaired, first by the *Jugurthine*, and much more by the *Cesarean Ravages*; and AFRICA, the richest Province of the *Roman Dominion*, was absolutely exhausted, when the Government of it was put into those Hands that would quickly have redressed it and the whole Commonwealth.

H 2

QUINTUS

\* This affords the genuine Explication of that beautiful Encomium upon ROME, put into HANNIBAL's mouth by *Horace*, which, without attending to this Singularity, appears an *empty Rant*.

Duris ut illex tonsa bipennibus  
 Nigrae seraci frondis in Algido,  
 Per damna—per caedes—ab ipso  
 Ducit opes animumque ferro—  
 Merces profundo—pulchrior evenit:  
 Luctère—multa prouet integrum  
 Cum laude VICTOREM, geretque  
 Proelia conjugibus loquenda.

HORAT. Carm. Lib. IV. Ode 4.

QUINTUS CORNIFICIUS, of noble Blood \*, and nobler Manners, joined the Talents rarely found together, that fit for shining either in the Cabinet, or the Field. He made early a figure in the *Forum*, and appeared not only an elegant Speaker, but extremely learned both in Law and History. He was one of the FIVE great Scholars who illustrated the last Period of the once glorious Republic; *T. Pomponius Atticus*, *P. Nigidius Figulus*, *M. Tullius Cicero*, *M. Terentius Varro*, and this rising Nobleman *Q. Cornificius*. In Eloquence (on which he wrote several Pieces †), he seems to have preferred the *chaste Attic Stile*, followed by *Brutus* and *Messalla*, to the *full rapid Flow*, described by *Cicero* as the Perfection of Oratory ‡; and consequently to have spoke with more Correctness than Fire. But his curious Treatise of the Origin of Words, or Etymology of the Names of Things in Heaven and in Earth, discovered his superior Knowledge both in Roman Antiquity, and the most abstruse Grecian Literature ||. To this Work the learned *Macrobius* seems to have been indebted for the Idea of the UNITY of all the antient Divinities, whom he makes to center in the SUN. I should imagine, that *M. Varro's* celebrated Treatise OF THE LATIN TONGUE, which has happily reached

\* I do not mean *Patrician*; but of an antient rich *Plebeian* Family, such as *Octavius* (afterwards *Augustus*) said he was of himself, and such as had access to Pretorships, Consulships, and the highest Honours of their Country ever since the noted *VARRO*, who had the Senate's Thanks for surviving the Battle of *CANNAE*; *quod de Rep. non desperasset.*

† *QUINTIL. Inst. Lib. iii. cap. i.*

‡ *Scripti De optimo genere dicendi; in quo saepe suspicatus sum TE a judicio nostro paullulum dissentire.*

*CICER. ad Cornif. Ep. XVII.*

|| See his Explication of *HOMER's* dark Fable, where *Jupiter* and all the Gods are said to be gone to the feast for twelve days in *Ethiopia*, and then to return. *Saturnal. Lib. I. Cap. 23.* (written while *Cesar* was in *Spain* the last time U. C. 709.)

reached us, had not been published when *Cornificius* wrote \*; or that he thought it capable of great Improvements, as indeed it is. Two eminent Men, Leaders of great Armies, and Commanders of Kingdoms, writing together upon the *same* Subject, render it worthy of a little Attention.

M. TER. VARRO was by Nature extremely acute; and by indefatigable Study a great Master in *Greek* and *Roman* Antiquity. But, understanding only these two Languages, with a Smattering of the antient *Tuscan*, his ingenious Work addressed to CICERO, of the *Appellations of Things* in *Latin*, is faulty in two respects. First, in hunting for the Rise of *Latin* Words, from Metaphors, Allusions, and far-fetch'd Figures in the *same* Language, when they are plainly and simply derived from the *Eolic* and *Doric* Dialect of their Fore-fathers, in *Greek*. But its chief Failure proceeds from Ignorance of the *Eastern* and *Western* Tongues; I mean the *Aramean* and the *Celtic*: the one of which had given Names to the greater Part of the *Gods* and their Rites; and the other, to *War* and things occurring in *rustic Life*. Yet even *here*, his Sagacity in the Use he has made of the little Scraps then remaining of the antient *Tuscan* and *Sabine* Tongues is surprising: of which I will give two pretty remarkable Proofs.

HE

\* It appears from the Letter to ATTICUS (Lib. XIII. Ep. 22.) that *M. Varro* had intended for two Years to address some one of his Productions to *Cicero*. VARRO *mibi denunciaverat magnam sane et gravem προσφώνησιν*: *Bicennium praeteriit, cum ille καλλιπιδης assiduo cursu cubitum nullum procefferit*. But, both from it and the 28th Letter of the same Book, it appears, that he had not then (that is the Winter before *Cesar's* Death) addressed any Treatise to *Cicero*. VARRO, homo πολυγλωσσιστος nunquam me lacessivit.) The same Date of VARRO's Work is confirmed, tho' not so precisely ascertained by his telling, *that he had addressed his first three Books concerning the Science of Etymology* to SEPTIMUS, who had been Pay-Master of the Army under him, I suppose when he commanded in *Spain*, the second Year of the Civil War. After *Cesar's* Death, VARRO had little time to write, and CORNIFICIUS less to read such Productions, being plunged in Business of the highest nature: So that CORNIFICIUS's Work has been prior to VARRO's.

HE affirms, that THEBES in *Beotia* was the first Town that was built in the World ; having been founded by *Cadmus* before the grand Déluge under *Ogyges* ; and stood, as he reckoned, *one and twenty hundred years*. To confirm his Opinion, he says, ‘ That, in the antient Dialect spoken by the *Eolic-Beotians*, ‘ *TEBES* (without the *h*) signifies *Hills*; and that the *Pelasgi* ‘ settling in *Italy*, their Posterity, the *Sabines*, continued to call ‘ them so; a Trace of which was to be yet found in their Coun- ‘ try, not far from *Reate*, where the Mile-hill, on the *Salarian* ‘ Way, was still called *TEBES*.’

THIS Etymology is exploded by the *first-rate* Scholar of his Age, JOSEPH SCALIGER. He calls *Varro's* Conjecture *perfect trifling* (*merae nugae*) ‘ which is no wonder, says he, in that Au- ‘ thor, whose Works are stuffed with many such ill-founded Fic- ‘ tions. He observes; that *Thebes* was undoubtedly a *Syrian Co- ‘ lony*; all the names of the noted Persons being purely *Aramean*: ‘ *Cadmus*, the Ancient (or the Eastern), *Labdac*, the Learned, ‘ *Citheron*, Odoriferous, *Ismenus*, the Oily, or Anointed; and ‘ therefore concludes, that as *Theba* in Syriac signifies a *Boat*, ‘ the Town was denominated from the SHIP in which *Cadmus* ‘ passed over from *Asia*, and that *Varro* is a Dreamer.’

BUT the widest Learning may at times mistake, and ought to be therefore modestly used. That the most ingenious *Varro* has often indulged *Conjecture* too far, and followed an Illusion thro’ ignorance of *Eastern* Language, is past dispute: yet *here* he may still be right; for tho’, in *modern* Syriac, *Theba* means a small Boat, in the *old Eastern* Dialect תְּבָא THEBA signifies a *Seat* or *Settlement*; and the *Arabs*, near to *Syria*, of the Tribe of *Hamyar*, keep the Term in the same sense. In their Language, תְּבָא *Wathba* is a Place of Meeting, a Settlement, as תְּבַת *Tobath* signifies an Assembly of Men, a Crowd; and (with the Servile כִּי to be thrown away at pleasure) מִיתְבָּא *Mithba* a Level, a Hollow; or (according to Eastern use) its contrary, that is, a *Hill*, or *Rising Ground*. THEBES was an Inland Town, never famed for *Ship- ‘ ping*;

ping; as were many more of the same Name in different Countries, *Egypt, Thessaly, Phocis, Cilicia*; which make it much more probable the Word should signify a *Settlement*, or a *Hill*, than a *Ship*. One less acquainted with the Oriental Usage should wonder at the same Term's expressing *Contraries*, as a *Hollow* and a *Hill*: the following Accident will satisfy him, that the *very Word*, from which *THEBES* is formed, did so. One day, when the King of *Hamyar* was taking the air on the Top of a Terrace in his Capital *Dafar*, a Messenger was introduced to him from a bordering Prince. After hearing his Message, the King said to him תב תהב. Upon which he immediately leaped over the Terrace, and was taken up miserably bruised. The astonished Prince asked the Meaning of that rash Action; and was informed, that the Word *THEB*, which in his Dialect signified to *sit down*, in that of the Southern People meant to *mount* or *leap*. That Language, said the King is *unknown to me*: and added (what has passed into a Proverb), *Mán dachal Dhafár bom'nro. Whoever comes to Dafar, let him Hamyarize, i. e. speak the Language of the Kingdom of Hamyar* \*.

THE other Instance of M. VARRO's Sagacity is the Account he gives of the Name of the *TIBER*. 'The Source of this River, says he, is not in ancient *Latium*; and if its Name came likewise from *thence* into our Language, it cannot be *Latin*.—' The Account given of it is dubious. The *Tuscan* Tongue claims it, and so does the *Latin*. Some pretend it was so called from a King of the *Veientes*, *DEHEBRIS*: Others have writ, that the ancient Name of the *Tiber* was *Albula*, which was afterwards changed upon account of *Tiberinus* King of the *Latins*, who died there, and was buried on its Banks.' The latter of these Opinions is preposterous; as the Name of that Prince must have come from the River, not the Name of the River from the Prince: and therefore *Varro's* acute Observation must be

\* ED. Pocock's Specim. Hist. Arab.



be true; and will be found so in effect whether the *Tuscans* spoke the *Lydian*, that is the *Phenician* Dialect; or whether the Name was given by the *Gauls* or *Celts* originally inhabiting the Country. In the former בֵּאֵר *Beer*; or, as the *Arabs* pronounce it, בִּיר *Biir* signifies a *Fountain* or *Well* אֵת בֵּאֵר *Eth Biir the Fountain*\*; which by the tritest Transposition, runs into *Tebbir*, or, as the candid Mr. *Tournboeuf* says, he found it in an old Manuscript *Thebir*. Thence the *Tiber*; and with the Latin Termination, *Tiberinus*. But if the Spring out of which the *Tiber* flows was named by the *Gauls* or *Celts*, you need only ask a *Breton*, a *Biscainer*, a *Scots* or *Irish* Highlander (their undoubted Descendants) what they call a *Fountain*, and you will instantly be answered *Tou-bir*, which they pronounce with an Aspiration *Toubbir*, that may have given rise to the *Tehebri*. So that here too *Varro's* Judgment is sagacious and sound. I could recount many a River both in Europe and Asia, whose Name deemed to be *proper*, signifies originally no more than, *The Water*, or *The River*. Such is the נָאֵל *NAAL* or *Nile* in *Egypt*, the *Naar-Malcha* or King's Stream in *Babylon*, the *Niger* in *Africa*, the *Rba* in *Russia*, the ancient *Tanais* or deep Water, and the modern *Don* in *Tartary*; such the *Gualdalguir* (or great Water) in *Spain*; such the *Esks*, the *Avons*, the *Devons*, the *Dubris*, the *Doures*, the *Oures*, the *Eures*, the *Aires*, the *Eyres*, the *Uries*, the *Wares*, the *Ouses*, the *Oyses*, &c. in *Britain*, *Ireland*, and *France*; and such, lastly, the *Sabine NAR* itself, which flows into *this* River, whose Name *M. Varro* suspects not to be *Roman*. This way of tracing Truth to its Source was in great esteem among the curious Antients. *PLATO* had authorised it in his *Cratylus*: *CICERO* had employed it in his *Laws*; and even *Julius Cesar*, amid the Broils of Ambition, had found leisure to write to that great Orator two Books concerning *Analogy*:  
in

\* Thence the Name of the most antient *Phenician* Town *BERYTUS*, בֵּרְיָט: so that *Puteoli*, now *Pozziccolo*, near *Naples*, ΚΡΗΝΙΑΕΣ, afterwards *Philippi* in *Thessaly*, *AUCHS* the famed Spaw in *Germany*, and *Bath* and *WELLS*, in *Brittani*, have all the same Meaning.

in the same manner *Cornificius* and *Varro* endeavoured to investigate the Origin of the Names of the Gods, of religious Rites, of the Terms of Polity, and all the subservient Arts, in order to lead them to their respective Natures, or at least to the Idea of their Inventors, when first imposed. A slippery and difficult Attempt! in which the Author of a Series of LETTERS lately published, concerning MYTHOLOGY, has had partly the Honour to tread in the Steps of these two ingenious Men; with this difference, that instead of confining himself to *Etymologies*, he has only adduced them as *collateral Proofs*; resting his Accounts of early *Mythology*, and of the various Shapes which it has assumed in the Religions of different Countries, upon HISTORY and HUMAN NATURE\*.

BUT an Attachment to Learning, however strong, had not diverted the young *Cornificius* from the Exercise of Arms: for like *M. Varro* too, he shone in both Professions, tho' they learned under very different Masters. *Varro* had commanded under *Pompey*; *Cornificius* made his first Campaigns under *Cesar*. That restless Man, finding he could never blind the Nobility and Senate, nor climb by *their* means to the illegal Power that was the Aim of his Life, took the pretence of a distant Consanguinity to C. MARIUS, to make himself gracious with the Populace and their Patrons. He openly declared himself a *Marian*; and to spite the Patricians, with great pomp replaced the Statues and Trophies of that bold bloody Plebeian, which SYLLA had overturned. It was this that brought into his Camp the Sons of the eminent plebeian Families, that had suffered under the latter's Dictatorship. The abandoned and indigent, the desperate and lawless, noble or ignoble, went thither of course; but to this Colour of Party *Cesar* owed his best and bravest Officers. It was this brought the gallant and active *T. Labienus* (his prime Lieutenant), and *C. Trebonius* (whose Pen kept pace with his Sword) to fight under his

VOL. II. I Banners.

\* POETAE, cum de DIIS fabulantur, ab Adytis plerumque *Philosophiae* semina mutant.

Banners. This gave him the high-spirited *Hirtius* and *Pansa*; this put *C. Cilnius Meccenas* so early about the Person of his Grand Nephew, and this carried the young *CORNIFICIUS* to serve under him at first; as the Lot of the Division of the Provinces made him afterwards succeed *M. Antony* as his *Questor*. In this important Station he demeaned himself so as to be intrusted with the Government of *Illyricum* (the Province that lay just between *Italy* and *Greece*) during the height of the civil War. Here he gave Proof of high military Capacity; not only maintaining his ground under great straits and disadvantages; but gaining a Superiority by Conduct and Vigilance, that procured him the Salutation from the Legions, of *IMPERATOR* or Commander in chief. *ILLYRIA* has no general Name that corresponds to it in modern Geography. It comprehended all the hardy Tribes from the south Bank of the *Danube* down to *Dalmatia*; *Hungarians*, *Servians*, *Rascians*, *Bosnians*, *Bulgarians*; in a word, most of the Nations that speak the *Sclavonic* Tongue. They afforded Materials for many a Triumph in ancient *Rome*; and are famous in modern Story for baffling the haughty *AMURATH*, under *Huniades*, and the brave *Albanian* *GEORGE CASTRIOT*, (better known by his Turkish Name *SCANDERBEG\**), and for their Atchievements under *John Zizca*, the Scourge of Monk'ry, and Terror of the *German* Empire. After *Cornificius's* Command in *Illyria* was expired, *Julius Cesar*, who was willing to recommend the Beginnings of his Power by employing some worthy Men among his Captains, made him Governor of *Syria*; after which he was sent in the same Capacity to *Afric*. In these splendid Posts he maintained his Character with so much Dignity, that tho' but a youngish Man†, he had the honour of being elected into the *COLLEGE* of *AUGURS*, the most venerable

Body

\* *ALEXANDER*-Prince or Chieftian.

† *Tuam vicem saepe doleo, quod nullam partem, per ætatem, SANÆ ET SALVÆ REIP. gustare potuisti. Ep. xxiii.* He means the Roman State, before the *first* Triumvirate.

Body in the Empire. Yet he did not assume such State as to hinder him from indulging a pleasing Vein of Poetry, or from living in the utmost Familiarity \* with *Valerius Catullus*, a Man of a lively Wit, whose short Sketches upon two or three serious Subjects †, seem to authorize the Opinion, 'that had he ' passed the giddy Age of Pleasure, (to which he was excessively ' addicted) he might have fairly rivalled it with *Lucretius* and ' *Virgil*.' Such then was *Q. Cornificius* both in the more important and pleasurable Parts of Life ;—while untainted Probity and a sincere Love of his Country gave a Lustre to all his other Accomplishments.

SIMILITUDE of Manners combined with Family-friendship ‡ to create a strict Union between this real *Roman* and *Tullius Cicero* ; and we have a lively Picture of their perfect Harmony in a Suite of elegant Letters written by that Statesman to *Cornificius*, who, after the Removal of *Cesar*, zealously embarked in the Cause of Liberty, and thoroughly approved himself worthy of the high Hopes which so able a Judge of Men had conceived of him||. He was busy raising Men, and regulating a disordered Province at the ancient *Utica*, which was then a splendid and very beautiful City, when *Titus Sextius*, a Creature of the late *Cesar*, and now attached to his Heirs the Triumvirs, arrived in the new Province of *Numidia*. From thence, with *Cæsarean* confidence, he sent a Herald to *Cornificius*, requiring him to quit his Command, and evacuate the Province ; as *Africa* had fallen to the young *Cesar's* Share in the late Division

I 2

made

\* See the Epigram. Malè est, CORNIFICI, tuo CATULLO.

† ATYS, COMA BERENICES, ELEGY on his Brother to MANLIUS ; but especially the EPITHALAMIUM of Peleus and Thetis.

‡ Quod societatem Reip. conservandæ tibi mecum a PATRE acceptam renovas, gratum est : quæ Societas inter nos semper, mi CORNIFICI ! manebit.

CICER. Ep. xxv.

|| Una NAVIS est bonorum omnium : quamobrem mi Quinte ! ascende nobiscum, et quidem ad PUPPIM. Idem, Ep. xxviii.

made by the *Triumvirs*. CORNIFICIUS answered, that he knew no power those Men had to divide the Roman Empire; That he held the Command of *Africa* by a Decree of the SENATE, which he would quit to no man without their express Order. Upon this Answer both Parties prepared for War. *Sextius* had but a light *Moorish Militia*, principally levied in the Dominions of *Bogud* and *Bocchus*: With these he scoured the high Country, and took a few little Towns on the Skirts of the Province; but for some time durst not look the *Legions* in the face. At last the old *Cesarean Auxiliaries* daily swelling his Numbers, and *Cornificius*, the Governor, being employed in modelling his new-raised Army; in providing Treasure from an exhausted Province\*; in sending Recruits to *S. Pompey* in *Sicily*, and laying the Foundations of a Power that should be able to rescue his Country from its new Oppressors†, *Sextius* ascribed his Inaction to Pusillanimity, and with his light-armed Troops made a sudden IncurSION into the Province, sitting so unexpectedly down before *Hercla*, that he mastered the Town before Relief could come from UTICA.

AFTER the Demolition of *Carthage* by the younger *Scipio*, UTICA (eternized by joining its Name to M. CATO's‡), became the Head of the Province, and the usual Residence of the Roman Governor. It stood, as was observed, on the west Cape of the Bay

\* AFRICAM provinciam petire, funditusque everti. a suis inimicis: quod nisi celeriter sociis foret subventum, praeter ipsam *Africanam terram*, nihil, ne rectum quidem, reliquum futurum. A. HIRT. de B. A.

† About this time, I suppose, the Gold Coin has been struck, which is now one of the chief Curiosities in the *French King's* Cabinet. A Hoard of ancient Money was dug up in the *Modenese* in 1715; among which was this Medal, having a *horned Faunus* on one side without an Inscription: and on the Reverse a female Figure crowns a Man holding a *Lituus* or Augural Staff, round which we read Q. CORNIFICI. AUGUR. IMP. The CORNIFICIAN Family ascribed their Origin to the horned God FAUNUS.

‡ CATO UTICENSIS.

Bay now of *Tunis*, formerly of *Carthage*, about eleven leagues from the eastern Cape, called the Promontory of *Mercury*. Between these Capes lies the Island *Zoramoore* (the *EGIMURUS* of the Ancients) and locks up the noble Bason so artfully painted in its wild State by *Virgil*, as the Place where *Æneas* sheltered his Fleet after the Storm. Our ingenious Mr. *Addison* conjectures, that the Poet took this Description from a View of the Bay of *Naples*, where he wrote a part of the *Æneid*; as the old Commentators pretend it answers to that of *Cartagena* in *Spain*. But besides that many a Bay is formed by the Shelter of an Island; that of *Carthage* was too commonly known at *Rome*, and *Virgil* might be too well informed of the minutest Particulars by his great Friend *Quintilius Varus*, who was acquainted with it to his cost, not to take his Picture from the Reality \*.

*SEXTIUS* elated with this Success against *Hercula*, and with some Prodigies, says *DION CASSIUS*, about a *Bull's Head*, marched thro' the Country with full security and contempt of his Adversary. *CORNIFICIUS*, attended by his *Questor Ventidius* (not *Antony's* Friend), marched against him with the better part of his Cavalry and light-armed Foot; and, watching his unguarded Motions, fell upon him at unawares, and entirely routed him †. The greater Part of his Army was cut off; and to complete the Victory, *Ventidius* was ordered to pursue and besiege him in one of the *Mau-*

*ritanian*.

\* *Est in scæssu longe licus; insula pertum*  
*Efficit eljectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto*  
*Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reclusos.*  
*Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes; geminique minuantur*  
*In cælum scopuli.*

*ÆNEID. Lib. I.*

† *Q. CORNICIUS* in *Africa T. Sextium Cassianarum partium ducem* praelio vicit. *T. LIVII. Epit. Lib. cxxiii.* It should be *Antuianarum*; except he meant to say, that *T. Sextius* had been one of the Generals who commanded in *Spain* under the cruel and oppressive *Cassius Longinus*: The same that perished, with all his ill-got Wealth, in the Mouth of the *Elbro*, the ancient *Iberus*; which is not at all probable. But *Sextius* being a Friend to *Antony*, in good terms with *Fulvia*, and ordered soon after this by the young *Cæsar* to deliver the Province to his Freedman *Fufius Pango*, makes the Correction plausible.

ritanian Towns. Mean while, *Decimus Lelius*, the Lieutenant-General, had penetrated into *Numidia* with a large Body of Foot, and was besieging the old Capital *CONSTANTINA*, the famed *Massinissa's* Royal Seat, but so enlarged by *Micipsa* (who invited *Greeks* and *Romans* to come and settle in it), that it was once able to send twenty thousand Foot, and ten thousand Horse into the field. It had been surprized and taken three years before by *Bogud* and *Sittius*, the Captain of Banditti, when *JUBA* had drawn out the Garrison to reinforce the Army which he was leading to the Assistance of *SCIPIO* and the *REPUBLIC*; and the Siege was now thought no very difficult Enterprize. For *JUBA*, the *Numidian* King, whose Lieutenant *Sabura* defeated *Curio*, and cut his Army to pieces, had chose *ZAMA*, a more inland City and Castle, for his Residence; whose ungrateful Citizens, after his and *Scipio's* Defeat at *Thapsus*, having perfidiously refused him Entrance, or even to let out his Queen and their Family; drove him and *Petrcius* to the desperate resolution of fighting together; or rather of running on each other's Swords, to make a military Exit.

*CORNIFICIUS*, therefore, seemed to be in a fair way of becoming quickly Master of all *Africa*; I mean the northern Tract of it; for the inland Parts and southern Shore were Countries then unknown\*. But the treacherous *ARABIO*, with the known Perfidy of his Nation†, forgetting his Father *Massinissa's* Maxims and his own Obligations, gave Matters an unexpected Turn. Tho' he had recovered his whole Kingdom divided by *J. CESAR* between the Brothers *Bogud* and *Bocchus* and the Out-  
law

\* *LIBYAE REX HYARBAS:*

*Hic Ammone satus, raptâ Garamantide nymphâ,  
Templa Jovi centum, latis immania Regnis,  
Centum aras posuit—*

*VIRG. Æn. iv.*

\* *Punic Faith* passed into a Proverb. *Hannibal* in *Horace* is *perfidus*; and the *Punic War* is called by *Martial*, *Perjuria barbari furoris*; *Hannibal's Wiles*, *perfidusque Astus Hannibalis*; and the slippery *Carthaginians*, *levesque Poenos*.  
*Lib. iv. Epig. 14.*

law *Sittius*, by the Assistance of the *young Pompeys*; yet their Misfortunes in *Spain*, and the News of the Triumvirs, *Cesar's* Captains, being again all-powerfull in *Italy*, made the *false Numidian* think of *changing Sides*, and of abandoning a Party frowned on by Fortune, and destined, as he imagined, to be always depressed. For this, no Conjunction so proper, to shew the Sincerity of his Conversion, as when the young *Cesar's* Lieutenant *Sextius* was hard beset, and their Affairs in distress in the Province. Wherefore, collecting his whole Force, as if in obedience to the Governor's Call, he suddenly marched westward, and not only relieved *Sextius* from his Blockade, but enabled him to face *Ventidius* on equal Terms. They fought for some time with great Fierceness; but while the *Questor* was pressing upon the Enemy with more Bravery than Caution, a *Moorish Trooper* ran him thro' with his Lance. He tumbled from his Horse; his Army lost heart, fell into disorder, and were generally killed or taken Prisoners. The news of this Disaster made *Lelius* raise the Siege of *Constantina*, and march down to *CORNIFICIUS* to *Utica* \*.

By the desertion of the *faithless Numidian* and the consequent defeat of the *Questor*, the *Cesarean Party* under *Sextius* became the Object of the Governor's chief Attention. He drew his whole Army together, and marched in person towards *Numidia*; but had not gone far, until his Scouts brought him word, that he would be saved the trouble of a tedious March; for that *Sextius* and his new Ally, with their whole Force, were within a few miles

\* I have retained the old Name, as the Ruins of this City lie buried under the Soil accumulated by the *ME-JERDA* (the winding Water or Meander) formerly the *Ba-grada*, famous for the enormous Snake killed on his Banks by *Atilius Regulus*; and that the Village standing near it, called *BOO-SHATTER* (the Father of Coverlets, I suppose from a Manufactory) is become like *Ravenna*, *Mycene*, and other, formerly Sea towns, now near seven Miles from the Shore. This exact Information we owe to the very learned and accurate *Dr. THOMAS SHAW*, who in his Travels thro' *Barbary*, has corrected many Errors committed by the French Geographers, particularly *Sanfon*, *Marmol*, and the *Abbé du Fresnoy*, in misnaming and misplacing antient and modern Towns.



Roman Army under *Q. Cornificius*, that befell the *Lacedemonian* under *Teleutias*, at the battle of *Olynthus*, so beautifully painted by *Xenophon*. There, to retrieve *one false Step*, and save a small Party, a greater Body was still risked; until Indignation and Shame brought on a general Battle, under the greatest disadvantages\*. *Cornificius*, from his high Camp, saw his Lieutenant in hazard of being cut to pieces; and unable to bear the Sight, hastily led out the Legions to disengage him. *Sextus* stood aloof; let him pass by unmolested, until he had got behind him, and then sharply charged his Rear. *Cornificius* was now under the cruel necessity of marching on, and of turning at every step to beat off the Enemy; which is not to be done but at great expence of Time and Blood†. The Battle continued long, during a tedious and harrassed March; when *Arabio* spying his Opportunity, pick'd out a Body of *Mountaineers*, accustomed to clamber among the *Zalacian Rocks*‡,—bid them take a small Circuit, and attack the Back of *Cornificius's* Camp. His new *Questor Roscius*, who commanded the Troops left to guard it, had his Eyes, I suppose; fixed upon the bloody Scene transacting in the Plain below, and never thought of an Enemy's Approach, until he saw the *Moors* Masters of his Camp, and cutting down every thing that stood between them and the *Pretorium* or General's Tent. He then betook himself to the last and lamentable remedy, of holding out his Neck to one of his Guards, who struck off his Head.

CORNIFICUS,

\* Εξ. μέλλοιτε τῶν τοιούτων παθεῖν, ἐγὼ φημι ἀνθρώπους μάλιστα παθεῖν οὕτως ὡς μὲν ἀδ' οὐκίτας; καὶ οὐ γὰρ χολάζειν. ——— ἀτὰρ ἀνθρώποις τὸ μετ' ὀργῆς, ἀλλὰ μὴ γνώμῃ προσφύγειν, Q40N AMARTHMA. A grand Lesson both in War and Peace!

XENOPHON. ΕΛΛΗΝ. ΒΙΒ. 1.

† A. HIRTIVS says that Cesar's *Veteran Army*, attacked on a March by the same Numidians, could scarcely advance one hundred paces in four Hours: non totus C. passus horis IV est progressus. De Bello Africano.

‡ Now the Ridge of Hills called by the Arabs *Wan-nash-reefe*.

CORNIFICIUS, in the mean time, without a Thought of his Camp, was minding nothing but to push on toward *Lelius*, and secure both their Men by a Conjunction. The Legions, heavy armed after the Roman manner, were terribly harried; if they kept their Ranks, they were gauled with Darts from a distance; if they made a Sally, the *Numidians* gave way, and immediately facing about, attacked them in the Rear, or on the Openings as they retreated. The *Numidians* were hardy experienced Troops, bred in severe Warfare, first under *Maffianiffa* in *Afric*, and then under the young *Pompeys* in *Spain*: they were flushed with their late Victory over a Body of *Romans* under *Ventilius*: they had to do with *new-levied* Legions, and had them at a disadvantage. The Governor eager to gain the Hill, called together his *Prætorian-Cohorts*, or Life-guards; and commanding the Legions to follow, with that Body of noble Volunteers, he fiercely advanced, to break thro' the Line of *Numidian Horse* that surrounded it. They saw him coming a great pace, and picked out a chosen Squadron to receive him. The Battle joined with furious Shock, and was maintained with equal Obstinacy, until this great and good Man, doing his Duty to his Country, received a mortal Wound, and glorious fell in the Cause of *Rome*. May his Memory be dear to all the Lovers of Liberty, Learning, and Humanity! To consecrate it, we need only remember, that after *M. BRUTUS*, there is not any *Roman* has left a fairer Character for Probity, Eloquence\*, Courage, and Temperance†, than the last Governor sent to *Africa* by the SENATE; and that among all the great Men produced under the Republic, the brave and mild Emperor *TRAJAN* could find no Pattern of Virtue more to his Taste than *QUINTUS CORNICIUS*: and, by recoinng his Medals with all its Titles, took proportionable Care to transmit his Character to Posterity.

K 2

THIS

\* Animadverti enim, Vos MAGNOS ORATORES hoc nonnunquam facere.

CICER. Ep. xviii.

† Visique sunt CORNICIUS et GALBA *señrii ac sanñi viri*.

ASCON. PEDIAN.

THIS unhappy Turn which Things took in *Afric*, was in some measure compensated by their favourable footing in the Neighbourhood. In a clear day, you can see from *Cape Bon* (the *Raf-addir*) or great Cape of the *Moors*, lying to the east of *Carthage*, the Tops of the Mountains of *SICILY*; that fertile Island which proved the Apple of Discord thrown between the *Carthaginians* and *Romans*, as lying so conveniently for both. It was now wholly possessed by the young *SEXTUS POMPEY*. He was coming from *Marseilles*, as was said, well satisfied with the Equivalent allowed by the Senate for his paternal Estate, and with the Commission of *Lord High Admiral*, when he heard that his remaining Fortune was seized by the Triumvirs, himself condemned to death, and a Price set upon his Head as one of *Cesar's Murderers* (that was become the Stile at *Rome*) tho' he was at that time in the *farther Spain*. Wherefore finding no measures were to be kept with the Usurpers, having increased his Fleet and manned it, from the *Morea* and the Islands, he sailed to *Sicily*, and first seized upon *Milazzo* and *Santa Maria*, two Sea-port Towns to the west of *Cape Faro*, and blocked up the Pretor of his own name, *Pompeius Bithynicus*, who refused to join him, in *Messina*. All Avenues being stop'd, Convoys intercepted, and the Paymaster with his Treasure fallen into *Pompey's* hand, Scarcity was beginning to be felt in *Messina*, when two noble Men, escaped thro' their own bravery from the bloody Proscription, *C. Hirtius* and *Fannius Cépion*, came to take refuge in *Sicily*. They persuaded the Pretor to listen to Terms, and to admit *Pompey* to an equal share of Authority in the Government of the Island. Concord reigned for some time, between the Chiefs: but whether *Bithynicus* were a *Cesarean* at bottom, and had laid a Plot to seize *Sextus* and deliver him to the Triumvirs; it is certain, that as *such* he was put to death by *Pompey's* Order; who soon after receiving *Syracuse* by Surrender, became Lord of *Sicily*, and by means of his Fleet, Master of all the *Italian Shore*. It was then he performed the glorious

Service





Service to his Country, that merited many a *Civic Crown*. His Province was the Sanctuary, and his Fleet the Protection of the harrassed and hunted Citizens of *Rome*. Small Squadrons were stationed all along the Coast, whose armed Boats, were perpetually sailing from Creek to Creek to receive the flying Remains of the slaughtered Nobility and Friends to the Commonwealth: Cloaths, and all manner of Refreshments were ready waiting those who in the Habit of Slaves had hardly escaped the Triumviral Cut-throats, and had lurked in Tombs, Morasses or Mountains all day, to avoid their Researches; and travelled towards the Coast all night: so that the utter Desolation of the *Roman State* and the *final Extinction* of many a *Patrician Family* was chiefly prevented by *SEXTUS POMPEY*. But what exalted him in the eyes of all good Men was the memorable Proclamation, which he issued, and caused to be published as far as his Influence could reach thro' all the Coast-towns of *Italy*, "*That whereas ibree wicked and lawless Men had*  
"*usurped the Government of the Roman Empire, and with in-*  
"*human Barbarity had both assassinated the Magistrates, Senators,*  
"*and all Friends of Liberty they could lay hands on, and likewise*  
"*set a Price upon the Heads of those who were lurking or had*  
"*escaped: that therefore no Man might be tempted, by the base*  
"*Price, to betray his Friend, or Servant to betray his Master:*  
"*SEXTUS POMPEY the Son of CNEIUS, Lord High Admiral,*  
"*faithfully engaged to pay to the Person or Persons, who should*  
"*save the Life of a Roman Citizen condemned to death by the*  
"*Triumvirs, and conduct him in safety to Sicily, DOUBLE THE*  
"*SUM proffered by the Tyrants, besides Liberty if a Slave, and*  
"*Increase of Dignity if a free Man.*" This Proclamation and Promise, which ought for ever to embalm his Memory, *POMPEY* sacredly fulfilled; and to direct the unhappy Wanderers, and their Guides, he had Signals erected near the stationed Ships, at the Landing-places along the Shore, where they could easily get on board. His Vicinity to *Rome*,  
and

and the Facility of escaping the blood-thirsty Ruffians *by Sea*, made the greater Number of Senators, and of good Men of all Ranks take refuge in *Sicily*; tho' the Persons of highest *Spirit* and *Character* chose to repair to the Camps of CASSIUS and BRUTUS. But the young *Pompey's* Power encreased in proportion to his Generosity. His very *Name* procured him many Volunteer-Seamen, who had twice served under his Father; and his own Character and former Commands brought him Soldiers from *Spain* and *Afric*, from whence the lamented CORNICIUS had likewise sent him over a considerable Body of Recruits. But his grand Resource was the Detestation in which the *Italian* Towns held the Triumvirs and their Government. It was no longer a Secret, that they intended to expel the Inhabitants of five and twenty Cities, and divide their Houses and Lands among their *Soldiers*: The Purfes therefore and Persons of these Citizens were at the disposal of *S. Pompey* their Protector; who by their means soon came to have a formidable Fleet, no contemptible Army, and a Resemblance of a ROMAN SENATE to direct their Operations.

AND NOW the Connexion of Affairs imposes the disagreeable Necessity of returning to view an Object which no Man of Humanity would chuse to dwell on. *UNHAPPY ROME!* once the *Head of the World*, become a Scene of Barbarity and Violence! Among the many Miseries attending *War*, a great Town taken by Storm, and perhaps razed by a foreign Army, is justly deemed the last and worst of human Ills. Here the *Queen of Nations* was torn by no foreign Invader. *ROME* fell a Sacrifice to her own Sons, and was ravaged by her unnatural Offspring. All the *great* Men in the State, all the *good*, all the *holy*, were openly murdered by the wickedest and worst. The Massacre continued to rage until the chief of the *Nobility*, the *Knights*, and the rich *Anti-cesarean* Commons within Reach of the Triumvirs were cut off; and when the Ministers of Slaughter were tolerably glutted with Carnage and its cruel Price, tho' Murder did  
not

not cease, yet the *Heat* of it abated ; and the Soldiery turned to Drinking and Debauch. The Seat of Empire was then a mixed and miserable Spectacle : Riot and Rapine on one hand ; Dejection, Despair, and unavailing Moan on the other. The *Cæsarean* Chieftains were wallowing in Luxury and Blood ; their general Officers were seizing Houses, Villas and Estates ; and their Soldiers, partly by their express Command, partly under pretence of it, were committing all sorts of Outrage and Villainy : while the ROMAN PEOPLE, once the highest-spirited of Nations, appeared sunk, abject and helpless,—Its imperial Seat, its Sacred Temples, its awful Courts, and a Citizen's Sanctuary, his *House* and *Home*, profaned and rifled with Impunity.

To GIVE a Sketch of the public Procedure of the Triumvirs ; and of the Forms they devised to give some sort of Colour to their horrid Deeds ; as soon as the young *Cæsar* was vested with the supreme Power, of *resettling the Commonwealth*\* (which he used, as we are told) he resigned his extorted Consulship ; and his Colleague *Q. Pedius* having died of Fatigue and Fright the second Day of the Massacre, *C. Carrinas* the late *Cæsar's* Lieutenant in *Spain*, succeeded him for the rest of the Year ; and *Antony's* great Friend, *Ventidius* from keeping hackney-Mules, now mounted, in *Cæsar's* place, to the highest Magistracy. It was an illegal Step, as he was then *Pretor* ; but the Triumvirs ; superseding the Law, of their own plenary Authority, abrogated all the Offices and Jurisdictions then subsisting ; and, according as they could agree among themselves to share *Places* and *Power*, filled them with their own Creatures for five Years to come, which was the pretended Term of their Triumvirate. Two Circumstances, tho' of little moment in themselves, shewed the *Intenseness* of their Tyranny. Not contented with no Man's daring to oppose their Usurpation ; they would needs be *entreated* to undertake the Government, and, as it was phrased, *cure the Wounds*

\* III. VIR. REIP. CONSTITUENDAE.



wounds of the Commonwealth. Nor was it enough that their *Rapine* and *Murders* went unpunished, or even unreprieved; they must be publicly *praised*, and receive *solemn Thanks* for their Abstinence and Moderation. They had the face to walk to the *Forum*, and amid the disfigured Heads and mangled Trunks of their Fellow-citizens, to tell the *Roman People*, *That in their public Conduct, they had observed the golden Mean between Cesar's Remissness and Sylla's Cruelty; and therefore hoped they would neither be despised and plotted against like the one, for his too great Mildness, nor hated for spilling too much Blood, like the other.* Accordingly, tho' gross, and almost incredible, the most honourable Reward of Virtue which the Public had to bestow, the civic CROWN, only given to the *Preserver* of a *Roman Citizen*, was now decreed to those who were destroying the first and best of Men. Nay, to perpetuate the Memory of their meritorious Conduct, they ordered a silver Medal to be struck, which I have seen, having the young Consul's Head on one side, and round it C. CAESAR. III. VIR. R. P. C. C. Cesar, Triumvir for resettling the Commonwealth: an Altar on the Reverse, with a Victory, holding out a Crown to three Figures, representing the Triumvirs sacrificing, and the most impudent of Inscriptions, SALUS GENERIS HUMANI, *The Saviours of the human Race!*

THE other Insult upon Humanity was a Prohibition, under pain of Proscription, to lament *Father, Brother, Son or Husband* put to death by the Triumvirs: and this Prohibition was actually executed; many worthy Persons who, upon the sight of their murdered Friends, could not command the Emotions of their Heart, having had their Throats cut upon their Corpse, and both thrown together to the Dogs. The End of the old Year too, a Season dedicated to Mirth and Jollity\*, still enhanced the Triumvir's Cruelty; for they published an Edict, solemnly enjoining every *Roman*, in the present happy State of the

\* *Age, Libertate decembri—utere; narra.*

the Republic, TO BE MERRY ; and threatened Death in case of disobedience ; which produced the deepest Hypocrisy that ever took place in a Nation.

MEAN time, with all their public and private Rapine, with all the Spoils of the murdered Nobility, they were cruelly disappointed in finding the Amount of their Plunder come so far short of their Necessities. The three veteran Armies, that enabled them to destroy the Laws of their Country, and to cut off their Friends, were an *insatiable Abyss*, that would have swallowed up half the Empire. The Swords-men well knew both their own Importance, and their Masters absolute Dependency upon them, and behaved with suitable Insolence. They kept neither measure nor sense in their Demands. Some of them came and asked such a Nobleman's Palace in Town,—another his Country-seat, —a third demanded the entire Estate,—and a fourth, not only the Succession to his Wealth, but likewise to be his *Heir at Law*, and adopted into his *Name and Family*. But, in the Rage of the Massacre, the most hardened Romans spared themselves the trouble of *asking*. Under pretence of Orders from the Triumvirs, they committed all manner of Violence. They killed persons not proscribed, pillaged their Houses, and rifled their *Villas*.

THE Man against whom they had the least Pique was fore to perish ; and they ran all about the Country, where they knew either of a rich House to rob, a fine Woman to ravish, or the means of satiating any brutal Passion. In *Rome*, under the very Eye of their Generals, they carried their Barbarities to such a height, that tho' deeply dipt in Blood, and fearful of giving the least offence to their Armies, they were at last constrained to direct the CONSULS to *curb such heinous Doings*. The Consuls durst no more meddle with the *Soldiery* than their Superiors : but having discovered, that in the public Calamity, some *City-Slaves* had thought fit to put themselves in military Habit, and go about plundering like their Betters, they eagerly laid hold of that Handle, and had them seized and hung up in their warlike Ac-

coutrements, for a terror to those whom they only copied. It must have been an enormous pitch of Villainy that gave umbrage to the TRIUMVIRS : for it was not only their *Enemies* (as they called the friends of Liberty) whom they hunted to death, but they seemed to play with Murder, and kill thro' Wantonness. An antient Man, one *Fidustius*, was proscribed by *Antony*, for no other reason, but that he had been put into *Sylla's* List six and thirty years before. *ATILIUS*, in the Bloom of Youth, was, according to custom, going in Ceremony to the *Capitol*, to take the *manly Gown*, attended as became his high Quality, (being a Nephew of *Cato's* first Wife), when, upon the news of his being among the *proscribed*, he was all of a sudden deserted by his Retinue. The forlorn Youth repaired to his Mother as his Refuge : But she not having courage to receive him, nor he to apply to any other Friend after being repulsed by her that bore him, getting out of Town, he fled to the Mountains.—Hunger soon forced him down into the Plain, where he was kidnapped by a Man-stealer, and put to work in Irons. The poor Youth, delicately brought up, and unable to bear such Cruelty, crawled out of his Work-house, with his Chains at his Leg, to the Highway, where meeting with a *Centurion* on his bloody Patrol, he told his Name, and was soon delivered of Life and Sorrow. Another Son of a noble Family was going to School accompanied by his Tutor, who, upon the Ruffians attempting to murder his Pupil, embraced him close in his Arms, and refusing to let go his hold, they were both killed at one Stab.

IN the midst of this public Misery, two of the Triumvirs were taking their full Swing in Lewdness ; for *Lepidus* had scarce spirit enough even to play the Rake ; being more set upon amassing Money, than indulging in Sensuality. *ANTONY* was always debauched, and now knew no bounds. Women of Honour and fair Fame, whose Husbands were proscribed, had no way of saving

ving their Lives, but *by prostituting themselves* to the Triumvir\*. As for the youngest of the three, had he kept to the usual Strain of Gallantry, his Youth and the depraved Manners of these Times would have procured him an easy Pardon : But he gave his Disorders a deeper Dye, by abusing his ill-gotten Power, and *forcing* Ladies of the first Families, and married to the best Men in *Rome*, to attend his Pleasures†. This Infamy was heightened by his pushing the Proscription with more *Eagerness* than either of his Collegues. Interest, Entreaties, or Money, sometimes prevailed with them (and the last especially with *Antony's* Spouse, *Fulvia*) to revoke their Sentence against many of the condemned : But the *young Cesar* could scarce be prevailed with to pardon one proscribed Person. When some Spark of Humanity reviving in the breast of *Lepidus*, made him condescend, one day that the miserable Remains of the Senate were assembled, to make a kind of Apology for past Cruelties—saying, ‘ the Necessity of their Affairs, and Obstinacy of their Enemies, ‘ had forced them upon harsher measures than they inclined : ‘ but now, that they had provided for their own Security and ‘ the Commonwealth’s, the FATHERS might be assured that a ‘ milder Conduct would be pursued for the future ;’ the *young Cesar* got up, and openly declared, *that he would set no other bounds to his future Conduct, than such as left him at full liberty still to condemn whom he thought fit.*

So WILD and wicked a Career was not to be checked by any little Incident like the *Death of a Mother*. ATIA, a Lady of fair Character, and married to one great Man after another, (first to *Octavius*, then to *Philip*) had bestowed great pains upon her Son’s Education ; and the Quickness of his Parts seemed to promise

L 2

Fruits

\* Κοτάνιος δὲ τὸ γυναικὸς ἦντο παρὰ ΑΝΤΩΝΙΟΥ, σφόδρὰ μὲν εὖσα τίως, ἀποσχματὶ δὲ τὸ ἀποσχματὶ ἰσχυρῶς.

ΑΠΠ. βίβ. δ.

† ADULTERIA (*CAESAREM*) exercuisse haud amici quidem negant.

SUETON, in AUGUSTO.

Fruits worthy of her Care. But Precepts and Schooling, are weak Restraints upon a head-strong Youth, void of Mercy and Truth. At his Return from *Apollonia*, immediately after her Uncle's Death, she had many doubts of the *Expediency* of her Son's accepting *Julius Cesar's* Adoption and Inheritance; tho' we are sure that his ensuing Conduct, in opposition to *M. Antony*, was highly agreeable to her Husband *L. Philip*, and may therefore presume it must have likeways been so to *Atia* herself: in which case, her Son's first *extorting* the Consulship, and then dipping so deep in the *bloody Proscription*, must have cut her to the heart; and tho' not quite so sudden, seems to have had the same effect upon her, as it had on *Q. Pedius* her Cousin, whom she did not long survive.

FROM the time of the *young Cesar's* Return from the sanguinary Convention of *Bologna*, the CAUSE he avowed was no longer the *public Good*, nor the *Privileges* of any part of the Body-politic: the professed Aim of his Arms and Conduct, was now *to avenge the Death of JULIUS CESAR*. This was the *Colour*, while his own Grandeur was the real Spring. It was *plausible*, as seeming to flow from natural Affection to a Parent, and extremely popular in the worst Sense of the Word; *Cesar's* Name being still a Charm to the Soldiery (now the Instruments of public Ruin), and his Memory dear to his former Favourites, that is, to all the *dissolute*, all the *desperate*, all the *Criminals*, in the Commonwealth\*.

Wherefore

\* *In hac discordia, video omnes, qui cum timore, aut mala spe vivant, ad CAESAREM accessuros.* In this Contest, I foresee, that all those who dread Punishment, or of desperate Fortunes, will join themselves to CESAR—Says a true Cesarean, *M. COELIUS*, in his xiv. Letter to *CICERO*. *Si animo complecti vultueris illius imaginem temporis; videbis illuc (a CAESARE) Plebem, et omnem creatum ad res novas Vulgum: hinc (a POMPEIO) Optimates, et Equestrem ordinem, et quicquid erat in Civitate SANCTI et LECTI.* If you want to form to yourself a compleat Idea of those times, imagine you see upon *Cesar's* Side the Commonalty, and the whole Populace agog after Novelties: on *Pompey's*, the Nobility, the Gentry, all the sound, all the uncorrupt, all the choice Men in the State; says a disinterested Judge, *SENECA*, at near a hundred years distance. *Epist. 104.*

Wherefore CAESARIS ULTOR, the *Avenger of Cesar*, and CAESAR DIVI F. *Cesar the Son of the deified (Julius)* were the usual Titles assumed by the young Triumvir. They afforded him a specious Pretence for his several Expeditions against *Sextus Pompey*, and against *Brutus* and *Cassius*; and being the Style approved at Court, likewise furnished the complacent Poets with Materials for some elegant Compliments, which we will reconsider in their own place.

WITH the new year, \* *M. Emilius Lepidus* and *L. Munatius Plancus* entered upon their Consulate; *Lepidus* for the second time, and *Plancus* in virtue of his former Designation, now confirmed by the Triumvirs. They had both great merit with *Antony*, (by far the most powerful of the three), and proportionable guilt with their Country. They had in effect saved her Destroyer, tho' in a covered shuffling manner, and contrary to their repeated Professions of Patriotism. For this Treachery they were both duly chastised in the issue; the one being soon totally stripped of his ill-acquired Power, and the other forced to jump from Party to Party, and at last devoted to Contempt and Slavery. It had been pity for *Plancus*. He was a Man of Wit and Genius, which his love of Pleasure had not hindered him from cultivating. No Man spoke or wrote with more Neatness, or was better fitted for living in a Court: Talents that only wanted more Integrity and better Times to have procured him a distinguished Reputation. But in the mean while, *Lepidus* and he received two Favours as the Reward of their deserting the SENATE,——the Consulship and a Triumph; and had likewise Interest enough with the Tyrants, to procure, each the Forfeiture of his Brother; *Lepidus* of *EMILIUS PAULUS*, a truly good Man, and *Plancus* of such another, *L. PLOTIUS*, his Lieutenant in *Gaul*, who had left him upon his conjunction with *M. Antony*. This unnatural Conduct towards their Brothers gave rise to the celebrated *Pun*, sung by the Soldiers that followed their triumphal Chariot;

*De Germanis, non de Gallis, duo triumphant CONSULES* ; importing, ' that this Pair of Consuls did not triumph over the *Gauls*—but over the *Germans*,—meaning their *Brothers-german*'. Then another List was published, of Persons condemned, not to death, but to pay most exorbitant Sums to the Triumvirs ; some the *half*, some the *whole* of what they were worth. They were forced upon this measure by the Deficiency of all they had sold and plundered to answer the Demands of the Soldiery, which arose principally from these Causes. First the base *Price of the Heads* of the proscribed Nobility and Friends to the Republic, amounted to a very great Sum. Then they did not sell their Houses, Lands or Moveables at one *fiftieth* part of the real value : for as it was to glut the Veterans (the Props of their Power) that these Violences were committed, when the fatal SPEAR was erected for the Sale of the Forfeitures, they at the same time prohibited any Person, under pain of Death, to come to the *Forum*, who did not intend to be a Bidder. Those who went, in order to serve their distressed Relations, the Soldiers maltreated, or by Cabals forced them when once begun, to bid above the Value ; so that after the first day or two nobody came to the Auction but themselves. By this means the Triumvirs and their Minions had Opportunities to carry off whatever Houses and Estates they coveted for a mere Trifle : many a fine Villa they gave to their trusty Assassins, *for nothing* ; while the Dignities, Priesthoods, and public Offices of the murdered Patricians were distributed as Bribes among their General Officers. But tho' these Methods soothed the Veterans for the present, they nevertheless left their Masters without Money ; who beside the Guilt of so much innocent Blood, received not the hundredth penny of the Mischief and Damage occasioned by the horrid Proscription.

THE new Ordinance therefore, after a short Preamble, importing that the public Service, and the Burden of the impending War still required a Sum not less than *twenty thousand Myriads*, that is, than *Six Millions*, and almost a *half Sterl.*—

first

first reviewed all public Taxes upon *Lands, Houses, Servants*, or whatever had at any time been taxed, and that Tax paid by a *Roman Citizen*. In the next place, it commanded the Persons whose Names were underwritten, to give a faithful account of the *Value* of their Estates, and to pay in the *tenth* Part of it to the *Triumvirs*. No Sum was ascertained; but the Receivers, under pretence of false Estimates, assumed a discretionary Power, to demand whatever they pleased. This was the Source of infinite Confusion, and the Handle of cruel Exaction in the levying it. The List contained the Names of all the *Men of Substance* they could hear of, without distinction of Age, Rank, or Party, *Soldiers* only excepted. Not only *Patricians* and those of *Equestrian* Dignity, but the meanest of the People; *Tradesmen*, *Freed-men*, *Artificers*, if they had acquired any small Fortune, were subject to this Tax; but what made it particularly invidious was the Names of *fourteen hundred* Ladies annexed to the oppressive Roll, who were to make faith of the Amount of their Fortunes, and to be taxed *at the Triumvir's pleasure*. High Penalties were imposed on those who gave in *deficient Estimates*, or secreted any Part of their Effects; and a premium was promised to the Informer, let him be a Citizen or Slave. At the same time this strange *Alternative* was proposed; *That whoever would willingly strip himself of his entire Estate, should have a Right to redemand the third Part of it*; which was in effect to lose the whole, and then go to Law with the *Triumvirs* for the *third*. Nor did they fare much better, who, in obedience to the general Edict, rated themselves at such a Sum, as the *tenth* of their Capitals; for under various pretences, the *Triumviral Harpies*, ravens like their Masters, seized upon their whole Possessions; and even those who escaped *their* rapacious hands, but were subjected to *other* taxes, not being able to raise the requisite Sums by reason of the vast scarcity of money (when every body tried to conceal the little they had left), had their Goods likewise distrained for Insolvency.



AS FOR the LADIES, they held several Meetings, and resolved to apply for Relief to the Wives and other female Relations of their Oppressors; and they found *Julia Antony's* Mother, and *Octavia*, *Cesar's* Sister, very well disposed to protect them: But going in a Body, to wait upon *Fulvia*, (who played the *Triumvir* at least as much as her Husband), she ordered the Guards to drive them by force from her Gate. This so raised their Indignation and Spirits, that in a rage they took their way to the Forum, where the *Triumvirs* were sitting in Judgment.— But as they approached the Court, a Question arose, which of them would venture to speak in public, and plead a cause where the Judges themselves were Parties. It was a task they well knew no Counsel, and much less any Person in Office would dare to undertake; and happy was it for them that they found one among themselves capable of discharging it.

NATURE had never formed a Man with greater Talents, for *Persuasion* than *QUINTUS HORTENTIUS*. With a peculiar Dignity of Aspect and Sweetness of Voice, he had the most tenacious Memory and the greatest Fluency of Language that ever distinguished a Speaker. Yet these were but his inferior Qualities: For his Perception was quick and clear, his Judgment sagacious and sound, with so shrewd an Invention, that *no side of the Question* came amiss to him. Distinctions, Dilemmas, and unforeseen Objections were ever at hand, when a Judge was to be hoodwinked; or an Adversary confounded. But when the Passions were to be played off, when Pity was to be moved, or Indignation raised, he could assume *any* Shape; and his Periods either softly melted into Sorrow, or swelled like a growing Torrent. These Powers were wonderfully heightened by his ACTION. It was so graceful, yet so animated and striking, that *Esop* and *Roscius* \*, the most celebrated Players in *Rome*, used to attend his Pleading, to *steal a Gesture* from him for the Stage. With these Endowments, *Q. Hortentius* reigned almost

\* HOR, Epist. ad AUGUST. lin. 82. VAL. MAX. Lib. viii. §. 10.

*most absolute* in the sovereign Courts,—had the Lives and Fortunes of the *Greatest* in his power—acquired immense Wealth and Influence, and continued unrivalled in his way, until TULLIUS CICERO began to shine in the *Forum*: Nor would he, possibly, have *then* lost his Superiority, had not Indolence and an extravagant Passion for *Trees* and *Fish-ponds* so grown upon him in the decline of life, that neglecting his Clients and Study, after a strong but vain Effort to overbare *Cicero* in a great Cause, he fairly yielded the *first* place, not so much to the *Parts*, as to the Temperance and Industry of his younger Rival.

This able Pleader had three Children, two Sons and a Daughter. The eldest Son turned out a worthless Rake, and begot another, (*Hortensius Corbio*) still more worthless than himself: the second, whom we have often mentioned as Governor of *Macedon*, took to the Army; but *Hortensia* the Daughter inherited, or shall we say, *intercepted*\* the Graces of the Orator's Person, and the Strength of his Genius. At her Appearance, attended by a thousand Ladies of fashion, the Crowd about the Triumvirs opened, the Lictors gave way, when *Hortensia*, addressing herself to these new Governors, said undaunted, *As Decency required, My Lords, in a matter that concerned Women of our Rank, we had first recourse to our own Sex, and made our humble Application to your Ladies in their own Houses: But having been treated with Indecency by Fulvia, we are by her driven hither, and forced to appear in this public manner.—Indignities and Oppression give a Privilege to complain.—You, My Lords, have already deprived the greater part of us, of our Parents and Children,—of our Brothers and Husbands, by whom you say you were previously injured;—if,*

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after

\* Revixit tum muliebri stirpe HORTENSIVS, verbisque filiae adspiravit: cujus virilis sexus *Posterì* si vim sequi voluissent, Hortensianae eloquentiae tanta hereditas una foeminae actione abscissa non esset. VALER. MAX. Lib. viii. cap. 3. § 3.  
—This Reflection seems to point at the noble but depressed HORTALUS, whom Augustus encouraged to marry, and whom Tiberius let starve with his Family.

See TACITUS Histor. Lib. ii.

*after this, you likewise strip us of our Fortunes, consider to what a wretched State you will reduce so many Women of noble Birth—how unworthy of their Education! how unbecoming their Sex! If you pretend that you have been injured by us, as well as by the Men, why don't you avenge your Wrongs, and proscribe and put US to death likewise? But if WE neither voted any one of you an Enemy to the State, nor pulled down your Houses, nor seduced your Troops, nor led others against you, nor opposed your obtaining Honours and Power; why do WE participate in the Punishment, who had no part in the Crime? Are WE Women struggling with you for any Dignity or Office, or for the sole Management of the State. (for which such a Tragedy has been acted) that WE should be harrassed and reduced to Beggary? As for the Reason assigned, that it is to defray the Expence of the War,—when, pray, was the Roman State without War, and when did ever the Roman Matrons contribute to support it?—or in what Country or Nation is it that the Women are loaded with such burdens? Once indeed our Grandmothers, acting above their Sphere, contributed voluntarily to the Necessity of the State:—But it was when HANNIBAL was at the Gates of Rome, and in the highest public Distress. Nor did they give up their Dowry or jointure-lands, the Fund of their Subsistence, without which Life is intolerable to a Woman of Honour: but they only gave such a Part of their Jewels and domestic Trinkets as they themselves thought fit. Let there come such another Necessity,—let the Parthians or Gauls come pouring into Italy; and we will shew ourselves nothing inferior to our Grandmothers: But what is the Danger that now threatens the Roman State, or what Enemy is there to swallow up the Empire? In civil Broils the Women were never burdened, nor required to list themselves in either Party. WE were neither taxed by Pompey nor Cesar, nor distressed by Marius or Cinna; nor did Sylla in the height of his Power aggrieve US, tho' he domineered with a high hand over that Commonwealth, which You, My Lords, pretend to establish and reform.*

THE TRIUMVIRS could not hear so much Truth, without being stung to the heart : In great passion, they commanded the *Liētors* to push the Women from the Tribunal : thinking it hard in the general Submission of the Men, if the *Females* should dare to harangue in the *Forum*, and publicly arraign their Conduct ; or if, in the universal Assessment of the Empire, they alone should contribute nothing to the Support of their Government. But, upon a *Liētor's* offering to lay hands on *Hortensia*, such a Cry of Indignation broke from the Assembly of the People, as stopt farther Rudeness, made the Triumvirs recollect themselves, and at last promise to *reconsider the Ladies Request against next day*. When it came, they would not entirely abandon their Design ; but by a new Draught of their Edict, exempted *a full thousand* of them from the Tax ; commanding only *four hundred* Women to be rated, who have, no doubt, been the Wives and Daughters of *the best and bravest Roman Citizens*. But to compensate this large Deduction from the *Ladies Tax*, they farther commanded all Persons living in *hired Houses*, to pay *one full Year's Rent* to *them* ; and those living in their *own Houses*, to pay *half a Year's Rent* ; with this weighty Addition, ' That every Man, *Roman* ' or *Foreigner*, Priest or Layman, bond or free, of what Nation ' or Country soever, that was worth *ten Myriads (thirty-two* ' *thousand Pounds)* or above, should forthwith exhibit a true ' State of his Effects, should pay one Year's compleat Rent into ' the Treasury, and *lend* to the Triumvirs one *fiftieth* part of ' his whole Substance : and this Order to take place over all ' *Italy*, under the same Penalties to Transgressors, and Rewards ' to Informers, as in former Edicts.'

THESE were some of the Fruits which the *Roman* People reaped of their own Vices, of their being caught by Shows, Donatives, and a Party-cry : but particularly of their public Prostitution, and of their consequent Profusion of dangerous Power to *Julius Cesar* : For, besides the Massacre and military Insult, what by open Robbery, what by violent Sales and gross Ex-

tortion, the Triumvirate in a few weeks proved *the total Subversion of Property in and about Rome*. Even Circumstances of a slighter nature, in comparison of these substantial Evils, served to irritate Men's Minds against their Authors. It raised the Indignation of the *better Sort*, to see the Palace of POMPEY the GREAT possessed by *Mark Antony*, and that noble and orderly Habitation, once the Resort of the greatest Men on Earth, now converted into a Brothel; and *great* and *small* were provoked out of measure, to see the Sums extorted with so much Cruelty and Blood, lavished upon Tumblers, Buffoons, singing Wenches, and such like low Creatures. To these, but especially to Gamesters and hard Drinkers, *Antony's* House stood always open, and rang at all hours with the Noise they raised; while the Entry was refused by his Porter to Magistrates, Senators, and the best People he and his murdering Colleagues had left alive. Yet had he not so absolutely divested himself of Humanity, but that he remembered some Favours done to himself and his Family.

T. POMPONIUS ATTICUS, *Cicero's* great Friend, and immortalized, not by his own numerous Works, (which have all perished) but by the Letters that passed in that Friendship, cannot be properly said to have *trimmed*, as he meddled not with public Affairs; but was at great pains in *private Life* to keep well with the chief Men of *both* Parties. Tho' he selfishly refused to lead the way in subscribing towards a Fund for the Support of Liberty, yet when the Champion of that Cause, M. BRUTUS, was about to leave oppressed *Italy*, *Atticus* sent him a present of eight hundred Pounds; and remitted to him afterwards, when raising Troops in *Epirus*, *triple* that Sum. This same Man lived in great Intimacy with *P. Volumnius*, *Antony's* Favourite, and Gentleman-Usher to his Mistress\*, whose Manners had procured him a *Greek* Sirname too, *Eutrapelus*†. After the Defeat at  
Modena,

\* See VOL. I. p. 233.

† No one Word, that I know, renders this Epithet in English or French: A Spaniard would call him *el gracioso*: the nearest Character in our Language is a Man of Humour; but the *Greek* term implies Politeness and Complaisance.

*Modena*, when *Antony* and all his Followers were attainted, he was in no small danger, being then at *Rome* attending *Fulvia*, (or *Cytheris*), and conducting their Affairs in the City. No Parent could do more for a Child than *Atticus* did for this Gentleman on that occasion. He hid him in his own House, furnished him with all Necessaries, and procured his Escape in safety to his Master at *Modena*. His Generosity, or interested Prudence, carried him so far, that he openly supported *Fulvia* herself, whose Avarice and violent Cruelty had like to have drawn Vengeance upon her and her Children. In confidence of their ill-got Wealth in her Husband's Consulate, she had bargained for an Estate, the Price of which she was not able to pay on the Turn of Fortune, and was grievously vexed by Law-suits, having neither Credit nor Friends. Here *Atticus* interposed, and not only gave Bail for her other Debts, but advanced the Money for this Purchase, without Bond or Stipulation. But his Intimacy with *Cicero* and *Brutus* was so notorious, and his Fortune so tempting, (having besides an opulent paternal Estate, which he well knew how to improve, had lately an Accession of (centies H-S) above eighty thousand Pounds, by *Cecilius* his Uncle) that he made little doubt of being proscribed and put to death, according to his Friend's Prediction\*. He therefore appeared no more in public after the Arrival of the Triumvirs, but lay hid in his turn in the House of *Volumnius-Eutrapelus*, with an old inseparable School fellow, *Q. Gellius Canus*, both expecting the same Fate. They were happily disappointed: *Volumnius*, and many others, put the Triumvir in mind of the good Offices done by *Atticus* to *Fulvia* in her distress. He asked where he was; and being informed, that he lay concealed with his Master of Artillery, he not only forgave *Volumnius*, but condescended to write to *Atticus* with his own hand, 'To fear nothing, but come to him directly;—that he had dashed both his, and his Friend *Gellius's* Name out of  
' the

\* Itaque mi ATTICE! sortiter hoc velim accipias, ut ego, scribo: Genus illud Interitus quo casurus es fœdum duces, et quasi denunciatum nobis ab ANTONIO.

the dead List, and had sent a Guard to escorte him, as it was dark. The worst of Men throw in some Act of Generosity or Mercy in the midst of their Villainies, which serves as a sort of Atonement to their own Conscience, and is the Foundation of the Maxim, That there is no Character *quite complet* either in good or Evil. ANTONY, at the noble Resistance made by his Mother *Julia*, against the Russians who came to murder her Brother, the good *Lucius Cesar* (his proscribed-Uncle), at last gave way, and suffered him to sail off in safety: and at the pressing Instances of good Friends of *his own Faction*, he graciously condescended to let the celebrated *M. Varro* live, whose fine Villa he had seized the year before. This great and learned Man having been condemned to death as a Friend to Law and Liberty, and consequently an Enemy to the Triumvirs, raised a Contest among his *Cesarean* Acquaintances, which of them should have the honour of hiding him until the Fury of the Massacre abated. *Fufius Calenus* carried it, and concealed him at his Country-seat, without any one either of his, or *Varro's* Domestics being tempted by the infamous Reward to betray him. There was another VARRO, of the *Terentian* Family too, a Tribune at that time, who was under mortal apprehensions lest the Likeness of his Name should draw the same Disaster upon him as had befallen the unhappy Poet *Helvius Cinna*, whom the *Cesarean* Mob had tore in pieces at *Cesar's* Funerals, instead of *Cornelius Cinna* the Pretor, who had publicly renounced that Dignity, as having come from the Usurper. To avoid the same Destiny, the Tribune took care to affix his Name and Designation at full length under the black List of the Proscribed, differing only from the great VARRO's in the *first* Name, (which they called the *Prenom*), *Caius*, or *Publius*, perhaps, instead of *Marcus*; and drew much Derision upon himself, both by his Fright, and by imagining there was any chance of mistaking so obscure a Man for the brave Soldier, the experienced General, the deep Philosopher, and universal Scholar, all united in the

Person

Person of TERENTIUS VARRO. The high Rank likewise, and higher Spirit of the young *Valerius Messala*\*, and his close Connexions with the most illustrious *Patrician* Families, made the Triumvirs wish to detach him from *Cassius* and *Brutus*; and therefore the polite PLANCUS, now Consul, was directed to procure an Absolution for him and *M. Varro*, to be passed into an Act, as it were by the voice of the Roman PEOPLE. The Form of it was, “*Seeing it appears by the Evidence of concurring Witnesses that neither M. Valerius Messala Corvinus, nor M. Ter. Varro, were so much as in Rome, when Cesar the Dictator was murdered: let their Names be erased from the Roll of the proscribed.*” *Messala* disdained a Pardon for doing the highest Duty to his Country; and *Varro*, now advanced in years, withdrew to a rural Retirement, and wrote the admirable Treatise OF HUSBANDRY addressed to *Fundania* his last Wife. He was then past eighty; and protracted his Life and Studies till past a hundred.

BUT tho’ the three Tyrants, at their arrival in *Rome*, carried on every thing with great Violence, and seemed to act as if taking Vengeance for two of them having been voted ENEMIES by the Senate, and the third for the death of his Uncle; yet Time and Satiety blunt the edge of the keenest Passions, and make Men with Things to go back nearly into their old Channel. They therefore wanted to sanctify some Steps of their Conduct, by colouring them over at least with the legal Forms: And for that end, applied to *Aulus Cascellius* (the most eminent Civilian in *Rome*, after the Death of *Servius*); to make out Draughts in proper stile, of several Grants they were to bestow upon their Creatures. *Cascellius* was in Years, and of much such a Turn and Spirit as the old lively *Mainard*, an eminent Serjeant at Law, who on the Prince of *Orange* complimenting him as the oldest Lawyer in *Britain*, replied with a Bow, *that he had like to have outlived*

\* See his Character above, drawn by *Cicero* in his Letter to BRUTUS.



outlived the LAW itself, if his Highness had not come over to its Rescue. He waved the first Address, made to him, by Gentlemen of his Acquaintance: But when some Tools of the *Triumvirs* came, and in a threatening strain pressed him to a Compliance; he told them, *that neither his Character, nor Skill in Conveyancing* \* *were to be employed in varnishing over glaring Injustice.* His Friends, astonished and terrified at the Boldness of his Answer, asked him, what could give him Confidence to talk at that rate to Men who could take away his Life with a Nod? He answered briskly,—‘Two things, that serve to dispirit other People, *old Age* and *Want of Children.*’ A certain kind of Merit in Men of *Wit*, who not being Men of *Action*, are inconsequential in Government, is not only born with, but indulged in great freedoms even by Tyrants. *Cascellius* was just of this Turn. At the time the Public was full of Indignation † at *Vatinius’s* Promotion to the Consulship by *Julius Cesar*, being asked as a point of Law, ‘Whether the Fruit of the Pine were an Apple or Nut?’ *If you be to throw it at VATINIUS’s Head*, said he, *it is plainly an Apple*—alluding to the Liberty taken by Spectators to throw Oranges and Fruits at Players: His refusal to make out the least Conveyance or Right in virtue of the Grants of the *Triumvirs*, was a deliberate Condemnation of their whole Government, as contrary to Law and Justice. Yet it was connived at; and *Cascellius* lived to be given by *Horace*, as the Instance of the *most knowing Lawyer in Rome*; as *Messala* of the *most eloquent* ‡; and to compose, or rather furnish, Materials for a Treatise *de BENEDICTIS*, of witty Sayings: such I suppose, as that just related concerning

\* This was his Fort: So much that when the Oracle of the *Roman Law*, *Q. Scevola* was consulted concerning a Title to an Estate, (*de jure praedictoria*;) he constantly remitted his Clients to *Furius* and *Cascellius*, VALER. MAX. lib. viii. c. 12.

† CATULL. Odifsem te odio VATINIANO.

‡——Consultus juris, et Actor  
Causarum mediocris, abest virtute disert  
MESSALAE; nec scit quantum CASCELLIUS AULUS.

DE ARTE POET.

concerning *Vatinus* \*. These were some Appearances of Humanity in the Conduct of *Marc Antony*. The Truth was, give him but Materials to indulge his favourite Passions, (to debauch and to domineer), he little cared whether he were cruel or merciful : for the same Man who spared his Uncle and *M. Varro*, and who bore with *Aulus Cascellius*, when *Fulvia* had, without his knowledge, put a Senator *Cesetius Rufus*, to death ; (because, living just in the next House, he refused to part with a spacious Court she coveted), and his Head was sent in during a sumptuous Dinner ; the same Man, I say, to the horror of his Guests, could order the disfigured Head to be brought forward ; and having long and curiously considered it, when all were expecting in silence, *This Person*, said he, *whoever he be, was not of my Acquaintance*.—A Saying full of Pride and Licentiousness, that could only flow from a Heart *steeled* against Humanity ! †

WHEN the TRIUMPHS therefore had thus gorged themselves and their Associates with the Spoils of their Country, and even of their nearest Relations ; the approaching Spring, and unwelcome Accounts of the quick Progress made by the Assertors of Liberty, obliged them to think of the Plan of their next Campaign. They had reckoned that the subduing the hardy *Lycians*, and the Reduction of *Rhodes*, in which they heard *Brutus* and *Cassius* were engaged, would prove the Work of some Months : and indeed the Spirit and Situation of the former, and unbroken naval Strength of the latter, gave ground for the Supposition. But hearing that *Xanthus* was razed,—that all the strong Towns in *Lycia* had fallen one after another into *BRUTUS*'s hands,—that *CASSIUS* with an astonishing Rapidity, had chastized the perverse *Rhodians*, they were forced to let alone their

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Proscriptions

\* MACROBIUS relates another. A Trader intending to give up his Partnership, consulted him how the Law directed *a Ship to be divided* ? Why, Sir, said *Cascellius*, the Law directs in that case, *that neither you nor your Partner shall have a Ship*.

*Proscriptions and Plunder*, and prepare for entering upon *Action*. They therefore resolved, that *Antony* and *Cesar* should pass the *Adriatic* with a vast Army of twenty Legions (near one hundred and twenty thousand Men) to encounter the Champions of the Republic, and extinguish the Remains of the *Roman State*; and that *Lepidus* (no doughty Warrior) should abide in *Italy* with three Legions, to overawe the Capital, and prevent Insurrections against their detested Government. But, in the mean while, the young *Cesar*, alarmed at the growing Power of *Sextus Pompey*, who was just in the Neighbourhood, thought he could crush him with his veteran Army, as it were *by the bye*: and for that purpose he dispatched *Salvidienus Rufus*, a bold forward Man, with a powerful Body to invade *Sicily*.

*SALVIDIENUS* held the young *Pompey* and his Forces in such contempt that having neither Ships of War, nor Transports, he resolved to pass his Men over from *Rheggio* to *Sicily* in Boats of Leather, such as the *Irish Curraghs*, made of a raw Hide stretched over three short Sticks laid across a long one: and he actually gave orders for equipping with all speed a sufficient number of that sort of small Craft. But upon second Thoughts and better Information, he found it proper to moderate his Impatience—countermand his *Curraghs*, and set about gathering a real Fleet; by seizing all the Ships he could find in the Harbours on both hands of *Rheggio*. The young Triumvir went down himself to the Coast to forward the Armament; where finding the Friendship of the two Sea-port Towns over against *Sicily*, *Rheggio* and *Monte Leone*, to be absolutely necessary for his intended Descent, he solemnly swore to them that they and their Territories should be exempted from the TRIUMVIRAL DECREE, ordaining, ‘*the Inhabitants of five and twenty of the chief Cities of Italy, to evacuate their Houses and Lands, in order to make way for their trusty Veterans.*’

No sooner was a sufficient Number of Ships assembled, than *Salvidienus* putting his Legions hastily on board, stood directly over

over for *Sicily*; and *Sextus Pompey* at the same instant sailed out of the Bay of *Messina* to give him Battle. The Passage between that City and *Rheggio* is scarce *seven* miles broad: from a nearer Cape (to which a Pillar, erected, I judge, as a Sea-mark) still gives the Name of *Colonna*) it is but *five*. The Fleets quickly met, and having drawn up in the Line of Battle, began a furious Engagement in the very *same* Bay where the *British* Admiral, Sir *George Byng* beat the Fleet of *Spain* in 1719. SALVIDIENUS fought under no small disadvantage: his Ships were heavy and high built; many of them mercantile Vessels transformed into Gallies, but filled with Legions far superior to the Enemy's Marines. POMPEY'S Squadron consisted of light agile Frigates, manned with expert Seamen from *Spain*, *Afric* and the *Morea*. Nor were his Soldiers contemptible, tho' no Match for old Troops: But, on the unstable Element, Address got the better of Strength; and fighting in a *Streight*, where the Current and immense Caverns on either Coast occasion Swirls and a Rowl\*, (the Ground of many a Fable) made the heavy ill-wrought Ships quite ingovernable, and gave *Pompey* in end a fair Superiority. *Cesar* himself stood Spectator of the Fight from the nearest Promontory; and had the severe Mortification, to see his Fleet fall into confusion, and towards Sun-Sett, fly before his hereditary Foe. However, Want of Sea-Room shortening the Pursuit, saved many of *Salvidienus*'s Ships (who took refuge in the antient *Balarus*, now *Bagnaro*) and enabled *Cesar* to make two or three Attempts to get over to *Sicily* by *surprize*; making no doubt, if the Legions were but once on firm Ground, he should trample upon *Pompey*'s collectitious Troops, and soon besiege him in *Messina*. But the sharp Out-look kept by the Admiral, and the strong Guard disposed along the Coast, made all his Attempts prove abortive. It must have been *humbling* to an ambitious Youth, who thought himself irresistible at the head of his Father's Veterans, to be thus baffled in the *Dawn* of his *Captainship*, and foiled in the *first* Essay where he had the sole Com-

mand. Nor did the young *Pompey* fail to carry it very high after his Victory. In a triumphant manner he appeared with his Fleet before *Reggio*, and in the Mouth of the Harbour, just under their Eye, had a mock Sea-fight represented, where *Boats of Wood* encountered a *Leather Squadron*, in derision of the *Currahs* ordered by *Salvidienus*.

IN midst of *Cesar's* Vexation, he received Letters from *M. Antony* who was at *Brindisi*, acquainting him, That he was blocked up in that Port by *Statius Murcus* with a great Fleet; that *Brutus* and *Cassius* were in motion;—and had passed the *Hellepont* from *Asia* with two powerful Armies, on their march for *Macedon*;—that if he did not mean to see them next passing over from thence to *Italy*, there was a necessity to find means to meet them beyond Sea, and strike the decisive Blow for Life and Empire. *Cesar* was in ill health, thro' Excesses of Youth and Rage at his Defeat; yet he obeyed his Colleague's Call; and having cantoned a Part of his Army at proper places along the Coast, to prevent *Pompey's* getting footing in *Italy*, he sailed with the Flower of his Legions round *Sicily* (to avoid the *Faro of Messina*), and thro' the Gulf of *Tarento* took the nearest way to *Brindisi*.

AFTER the Conquest of *RHODES*, the brave and vigilant *Statius Murcus*, who had commanded the victorious Fleet, sailed with a strong Squadron of it to the *Morea*, to watch the *Egyptian* Succours which *CLEOPATRA* was bringing in person to the *Triumvirs*. He had not been long there when he received intelligence, that soon after She had sailed from the *Nile*, a violent Storm at north-east had dashed her Fleet against the Coast of *Barca*; that the Queen herself in poor plight and ill health had with great difficulty got back to *Egypt*:—and as a Confirmation of the News, he saw Pieces of the Wreck floating along the *Spartan* Shore. He then thought the best service he could do his Country was to sail to the Coasts of *Italy*; and prevent if possible Troops or Store-Ships from passing over to her Enemies; and accordingly had come, as *Antony* said, and cast Anchor

Anchor under one of the little Islands that cover the Harbour of *Brindisi*, and form the narrow Out-let from the numerous Creeks that compose its capacious Port. But while he was lying in wait for *Cleopatra*, *Norbanus Flaccus* and *Decidius Saxa*, Soldiers of Fortune, raised by *Cesar*, and now attached to *Antony*, had passed over with eight Legions to *Macedon*, before the Fleet of the Republic could arrive on the Coast. They were Lieutenant-Generals under *Antony*, and just of his Character;—bold, soldiery Men, without other Wishes than *Spoil* and *Pleasure*, and therefore proper Tools for lawless Power. *Norbanus* was a *Roman*; *Saxa* a *Spaniard*, born in *Biscay*, but naturalized and made Tribune by *Julius Cesar*. He had a turn for Fortification, and managed the important Province of pitching upon and measuring out the proper Ground for Encampments on a March. They had advanced as far as the Confines of *Thrace*, near two hundred miles; and had sat down in the Mouth of the *Turpilian* Streights, between the antient *Pangean* Hills (now *Monte Malaca*) that commanded the Passage to and from the *Hellepont*. But now their Masters, *Antony* and *Cesar*, tho' eager to follow them, were stopped, and lying rather War, than Wind-bound at *Brindisi*.

THE Republican Admiral kept close in his Station, wishing for nothing so much as an Opportunity to fall upon them. They, on the other hand, durst not face him with the few Gallies and Transports they had got together, being scarce the Number sufficient to contain their Men. But at this pinch, (as Necessity is ingenious) they fell upon the following Stratagem. Having trimmed their Ships of War as for an Engagement, they ordered them on a clear Morning to sail out in great Parade, and bear away directly, but slowly, for the Island, as if to attack *Murcus* in his Station. They followed with the Transports, which they had dressed up with Turrets, and showy Machines, huzzaeing and laying about them, as tho' they had been immediately to offer him Battle. The Admiral thought he had now obtained

his Wish, to deal with the Veterans at Sea; but to avoid the disadvantage of fighting in the narrow Mouth of the Harbour, he took an *Offing*, that he might have room to extend his Front, and envelop the Enemy: and upon his so doing, *Antony* and *Cesar*, instead of bearing up to join Battle, sailed directly into the Station which he had left, and occupied it with all their Forces. It is the only safe Road near *Brindisi*; and the winds that blow in early Spring, and sometimes in Summer, which our Seamen call *Levanders* (very violent while they last) not permitting him to keep the Sea, he was even forced to stand over for *Cape Passaro* in *Epirus*, and leave the Passage open to the Enemy. If this piece of military Art were really contrived by the young *Cesar*, to whom it is ascribed by *POLYENUS* \*, it does no small honour to his Capacity as a General; having thereby outwitted a Man of great Reputation, and who then commanded the victorious Fleet that had just humbled the first maritime Power in the world.

BUT *Murcus*, extremely vexed at the Triumvir's Escape, and perhaps more incensed at having been so over-reached, tried to wreck his Vengeance upon the *Transports*; and both catch as many stragglers as he could, and likewise distress those already passed, by intercepting their Provisions, shipp'd from *Italy*. He did both very effectually, having been quickly joined by *Brutus's* Lieutenant, *Domitius Enobarbus*, with a Squadron of fifty Ships, and a compleat Legion, besides a Body of Archers, the best Marines in the old manner of fighting at Sea. Their Conjunction made them absolute Masters of the Passage between *Italy* and *Greece*, and so overawed the Coasts on either side the *Adriatic*, that no considerable Convoy durst follow the *Triumvirs*. Yet, spite of their utmost Vigilance, the high Premium promised by *Antony* and *Cesar* made single Ship-masters run the risque of sailing thro' the combined Fleet; and the Winds shifting, as usual

\* HOAYAIN *Stratag.* lib. II. cap. 23.

usual at that Season, they took the opportunity of dark Nights and a rough Sea to transport several Parties of the *Cesarean* Army. It is a Run of about fifty *Roman* miles between *Brindisi* and the *Thunder-Hills* \*, with so many Rocks and Shallows interspersed, that first *Pyrrhus* Prince of *Epirus* (who looked upon *ITALY* as a conquered Province), and then a Man whose Views were as wide in Life, as in Letters, *M. Varro*, while *Pompey's* Admiral, had thoughts of joining it by a Bridge of Boats, and changing the Voyage across the *Adriatic* into a Journey by Land. But other more necessary Cares prevented both from executing that grand Design †.

\* *Infames scopulos*, *Acroceraunia*.

HORAT.

† *PLIN. Hist. Nat. LIB. iii. Cap. II.*



## B O O K VII.

THE EFFECTS of *GENIUS*, the Gift of Heaven, are visible all over the World. While devouring *TIME*, according to ancient Fable, obliterates common Productions, and swallows up the Succession of ordinary Beings; this celestial Spark defies his Power, and stamps Immortality upon its genuine Offspring. The Names of the Nations that inhabited ancient *THRACE*, from the Mouth of *Strymon* to the *Hellefont*, had all been buried in oblivion, with the other unknown *Tartar* Tribes, if *one* great Man had not recommended them to the *Muses*, and, by *their* means, to everlasting Fame. It is true, that Heaven, who gave that Genius, likewise over-ruled its Cultivation; and directed the future Lawgiver and Priest, who was to civilize Barbarians, and make Cannibals humane, to *EGYPT*, the Seat of Wisdom for his Education. There *ORPHEUS*, the great Parent of Philosophy and religious Rites, was formed; and, on his all-soothing Lyre, struck to listening Savages the Lessons of a happy Life, and a happier Immortality. Who would have heard of the Snakes of the *Bistones*, of the Shouts of the *Edones*, of the *Sithonian* Snows, if their religious BARD had not made them first his own, and then the *Theme* of succeeding Poets \*. Even their *first* Names had sunk many Ages before their *later* Denominations were either changed by the *Grecian* Empire, or finally effaced by the *Turkish* Invasion.

THRO' these Countries we left M. BRUTUS leading his great Army,—tracing the Rivers, and treading the Mountains famed in Song †: Countries now so obscure, that the Retinue of an Ambassador

\* HORAT. Lib. ii. ode 19. Ibid. Ode 8. Id. Lib. iii. ode 26.

† *Hebra, Strymon, Nessus, Haemus, Ismarus Rhodope, Pangaea.* See VIRGIL.

Ambassador of *Venice* or *Vienna*, going to the *PORTE*, can scarce mark the Stages, tho' formerly among the most frequented and known. For not only *Orpheus*, and *Homer* had published the Praises of fertile *THRACE*, but the numberless *Grecian*, and particularly *Athenian* Colonies, had made it almost another *ATICA*, and rendered the Names of its Cities and Provinces as familiar as those at home. It became afterwards the Thorowfare of the *Romans* in their way to *Asia*, thro' which their Governors were passing and repassing every year; and lastly, *THRACE* came to rival it with *Italy* itself, by being the Seat of the *Byzantine* Empire, and taking the Name of *Romania*, which it still bears.

ITS being so much frequented by the *Romans* after the Defeat of *Antiochus* (ill-firnamed the *Great*), and still more after *Pompey's* glorious Expedition to the East, settled a great Intercourse between them and the little *Thracian* Princes, whose Territories lay contiguous to their Route. While the *Romans* continued *temperate* and *just*, these Virtues, joined to their wonderful civil and military Policy, commanded the *Admiration* of their Allies: some of whom were so struck with their Superiority over the rest of Mankind, that at their death they left their Kingdoms to the *SENATE* and *PEOPLE* of *ROME*, as thinking that they made the best provision for their future happiness, by putting them immediately under the *Roman* Government. *Attalus* had thus given them possession of *Pergamus*; *Nicomedes*, of *Bithynia*; *Ptolomy* the Musician, of *Cyrene*; and *SADAEI* Prince of the *MAEDIANS*, dying without Heirs, had bequeathed his Territories to the *Romans*. He was the Son of *COTYS*, who had been one of *Pompey's* Confederates during the civil War. But the Confusions with which that Calamity, and the horrid subsequent Proscriptions, filled the whole Empire, having prevented their entering upon the new Legacy, or putting the Government of it on a proper footing; that opportunity of Plunder was not missed by their unquiet Neighbours the *Bessians*, a numerous Tribe

on the west Bank of the *Strymon*, and spread, under many Names, among the Skirts and Vallies of Mount *Hemus*. The *Thracian Mountaineers*, like those of other Countries, were generally addicted to pilfering: but the *Bessians* were such egregious Rogues, that *Strabo* tells us they were called THE THIEVES by those who kept not the cleanest hands themselves \*.—It agreed every way with BRUTUS's Views and Inclinations, to vindicate the bequeathed Territory, as a new and convenient *Province* to the *Roman Empire*; and to chastise a disorderly Race, that were a Curse to all their Neighbours.—He marched across the *Silver Hills* †, and penetrated among the Rocks and Fastnesses, where they boldly faced and gave him Battle. But it was to their cost—they were routed—their Retreats searched out and destroyed, and they reduced so low, that there was little hazard of their giving disturbance to their more peaceful Neighbours for some years to come ‡. After the Victory, BRUTUS was saluted IMPERATOR, or *Commander in chief* by his Army, the Title of supreme military Power; and having settled *Sadael's Country* upon the *Roman Establishment*, and quashed the *Cesarean* Factions in the adjacent *Macedonian Towns*, he again turned eastward, repassed the *Hellefpont*, and called in the great Detachments he had left at *Natolia*, and down to the rich Country about *SARDIS*. Here he had desired the other General of the Commonwealth, C. CASSIUS, to meet him, that joining Armies, they might proceed in their great Undertaking, of restoring Liberty to their enslaved Country. But tho' they were embarked in the same Cause, and

\* Ὅτι τῶν Ἀνδρῶν ΑΗΕΤΑΙ πικρὸς ἡγεμόνων. Βιβ. ζ.

† *Rhodope*, now *Monte Argentaro*.

‡ The EPILOGUE of *Livy* agrees not here with other Historians; M. BRUTUS adversus Thracas parum prospere rem gessit. Lib. cxxii. *Dion* says he, proposed to chastise the Bessians, and raise his Reputation, εἰς ἀπέρριξιν δυνάμεως. Βιβ. μζ. It is probable that the Word parum has crept into these incorrect Abridgments; as it immediately follows, omnibusque transmarinis Provinciis Exercitibusque in potestatem suam et C. Cassi redactis, &c.

and were both aiming at the same end ; yet it was scarce possible amid so great Affairs, and each surrounded with persons of different Views, but some little Misunderstandings must fall in between two Commanders in chief, while at a distance. So perfect a Harmony in the supreme Command as subsisted between *John Churchill* Duke of *Marlborough*, and Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy*, is a singularity in History. On such occasions, there are never wanting busy Instruments to blow the Coals, raise ugly Suspicions, and exaggerate the most trivial Omission or innocent Inattention into a heinous Breach of Friendship.

BUT before *Cassius* had left the Coast to march toward *Lydia*, he was in great danger from the same wicked Hand that had attempted the Life of *Brutus*. *L. GELLIUS POPLICOLA*, a worthy and eminent Man, had married the Widow of *Valerius Messala*, an amiable Lady of the *Emilian* Family, and Sister or Cousin to *Decimus Brutus's* Wife. She bore him a Son, very unlike Father or Mother ; but very like his Uncle *Gellius Publicola*, a notorious Profligate, who run out his Estate, and then headed Mobs in the *Forum* for Money \*. Whether *Catullus* the Poet lashes the Uncle or the Nephew, is hard to determine ; I presume it is the latter, because his Father had been forced by Surmises of the worst of Crimes to sit in Judgment upon him in presence of the better part of the Senate. The Youth, among other things, was accused of criminal Conversation with his Mother-in-law †, and of having plotted his Father's Death. But upon a full and fair Hearing, he was absolved both by his Parent and the Council of assisting Senators. Yet his After-life affords no Presumption in favour of the Equity of this Sentence : for he certainly formed a Design to cut off *Cassius* in the midst of his Army ; and that Design was discovered to the General by *PAULLA Gellius's*

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\* See his Character drawn by *CICERO* in his Pleading for *SEXTIUS*.

† If it were so, the Consul and Cenfor *L. Gellius* has probably divorced *Polla*, and married a younger Wife.

own Mother. The foolish Traitor has been tampering, it would seem, with some Family Servants to perpetrate the Deed, who have let their Mistrefs know his bafe Intention ; and ſhe, both from a deep Regard to *Caffius* (whom, ſay *Dion*, ſhe extremely loved) and to ſave her unhappy Child's Life, made haſte to inform him from *Rome* of his Danger, in his own Camp. What Anguiſh and Shame would the noble *Meffala* feel at this new Diſcovery ? He, who held the firſt place in *Caffius's* Friendſhip, and who by his eminent Virtues ſo well deſerved it ? The Lady, however, did not miſs her Aim : the Information came in time to prevent the execrable Attempt, and the Traitor *Publicola* was again pardoned by *Caffius*, as he had been by *Brutus*.

THESE two Chiefs now met at *Sardis* \*, the ancient Capital of *Lydia* ſtanding at the foot of Mount *Imolus*, between the two celebrated Rivers the *Pactolus* and *Cayſter*. At the Approach of *Caffius*, *Brutus* drew out his whole Army, both to do him honour, and to encourage the Legions by the ſight of their united Power. The Armies met with tranſport, and now conjunctly repeated the Salutation of IMPERATORES, *Commanders in chief*, to their Generals. But they, before they entered upon any other Buſineſs, retired by themſelves to diſcuſs their mutual Suſpicions, and give and take the *Eclairciſſements* neceſſary for their future Harmony. With Doors ſhut, and without Witneſſes, they began each to expoſe his Complaint ; Apologies followed ; then Proofs and plain dealing. They turned warm ; their Voices roſe—Paſſion ſwelled up, and Friendſhip hurt tho' but in Imagination, made them both burſt into manly Tears—The Senators and General Officers ſtanding without, were ſtartled at the high Tone in which they ſpoke ; but the Orders to the Guards, to keep the Doors ſhut, were expreſs, and without Exception. The Conference continued long with great Emotion. Their Friends were on the rack for the Conſequences ; when a Man of a very particular Character happened to enter, who quickly relieved them.

M. Favo-

\* ——— Quid Croci Regia—SARDIS. HORAT. Ep. ad Bullat:

M. FAVONIUS little valued his being a noble *Roman*, and of senatorial Dignity; to be *above* Titles, and like *M. Cato* to depend upon himself, was the supreme Ambition of his Soul. CATO he admired, and set him up for his Pattern in every part of his Life. But instead of the *calm Steadiness* of that Patriot, *Favonius* was *impetuous* in Virtue, and seemed to be *hurried headlong* to his Duty by a kind of Enthusiasm. He was strong in person, boisterous in his Nature, and that turn was not softened by the addition of *cynical* Manners to the Principles of rigid *Stoicism*. In the civil War he stuck close by CN. POMPEY; and was one of the few Senators who attended him after the disastrous Day of *Pharsalia*. But in his high Prosperity, during the first unhappy Triumvirate, *Favonius* was his declared Adversary. POMPEY had his Leg bound up, for some slight hurt, with a *white* Bandage, (which the *Romans* had no Stockings to hide), and in that Habit appeared in public.—‘*It is all one, Sir, said Favonius looking to his Leg, on what part of your Body you were a Diadem* \*.’ Yet this very person, when POMPEY, stript of every thing, and without a Servant was flying towards *Egypt*, would not forsake him; but seeing him, one Evening before bath, attempt to use the Flesh-brush himself, (an Office usually performed by Freed-men or Slaves) *Favonius*, I say, seeing this, forgot his senatorial Dignity; but assumed a much higher, and ran to do the necessary Duties about *Pompey’s* Person, which he repeated while permitted to attend his Fortunes. Happening now to come into the Antichamber, and hearing the two Generals so loud, he wanted to rush in between them. The Door-keepers tried to keep him out by force; but it was no easy matter to stop *Favonius* when his Career was once begun. He shoved the Servants aside, burst open the Door, and, in a *theatrical* Tone, advanced, repeating a Line of *Nestor’s* Speech to *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*.

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\* See the ancient DIADEM described Vol. I. pag. 256. in the Notes.

———But You, my Sons ! *comply*———  
*Since both are left advanced in years than I.*

CASSIUS at this fell a laughing ; but the serious BRUTUS rose and thrust him out of the Room, calling him a *false Philosopher*, and a *real Cur*. His Drollery, however, had a good effect : The Generals put an end to their Dispute ; and whatever the grounds of their Differences might be, they absolutely vanished. And indeed, when I attentively consider the Dissimilitude of their Tempers and Manners, it appears rather surprising that their Liking and Confidence should have suffered so little Interruption.

C. CASSIUS had all the Qualities that compose a *great Man* ; Capacity, Courage, Learning, Industry, and Love of Liberty to the highest pitch. In the earlier times of the Republic, that *keen Spirit* which marked all his Conduct, which made him give a Blow to *Faustus Sylla*, the Dictator's Son, in his Youth, which made him strike the Tyrant in his riper Years, and bear down all Obstacles in his way to Freedom, would perhaps have procured him a *Surname*, like that of *Titus Manlius* ; whose *Tone of Voice* in giving Orders, and Resolution to see them punctually executed, added IMPERIOSUS to his Name. But now, that same Quality so requisite in a Chief, and especially in a *Struggle for Life and Liberty*, had most unjustly hurt his Character, by a comparison with the excessive Mildness of M. BRUTUS. In this Parallel, our Hearts betray our Judgment,—a secret liking to the humane sweet-tempered Man, makes us overlook the great General, the high-spirited Hero, formed for such a mighty Struggle as the rescuing an oppressed Empire. Had CASSIUS been believed, *M. Antony* had accompanied his guilty Master on the Ides of *March*, and the public Tranquility, sacrificed to his lawless Ambition, had been probably resettled on a lasting Basis ! Had CASSIUS been believed, the Friends of Liberty had immediately taken arms at the *first* inlisting the Veterans, and the flagrant Forgery of *Cesar's Tablets* ! and in fine, had CASSIUS's Plan in conducting the War been steadily followed, it is more  
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than probable, that *LIBERTY* would have again triumphed, ten thousand Miseries been prevented, and that *exalted Race* of Men formed by the *Roman* Constitution, continued for some Ages the Blessing and Ornament of the western World !

ON the other hand, the Softness of *Brutus's* Temper, and his rigid Adherence to the *old Forms* of the Republic, led him to take steps highly prejudicial to the common Interest. Every Man has his peculiar *Way*. *Brutus*, in risking his All for the Restoration of Liberty, yet loved to indulge his Humanity, his Generosity and Abstinence, in conducting the great Enterprize. *Cassius*, as an old Writer has happily expressed it, when once embarked in the glorious Cause, *kept his Eye constantly fixed upon the Issue, as a Gladiator upon his Antagonist*. But their unfeigned Love to their Country, and that Roman Passion, *public Spirit*, overcame every smaller Dislike, and joined them in the truest Esteem and sincerest Friendship. They had now both modelled their Armies, and exercised them to their Liking ; and had likewise made ample Provision, especially *Cassius*, for their Support. He knew that the *Cesarean* Legions were hired to fight against their Country by Plunder and Profusion ; and took early care to have it in his Power to prevent his Army's being seduced by Prospects of greater Gain ; and to make it as much their *Interest* to stand by the Cause of *Law* and *Liberty*, as to assist in overturning them. In this he had far outstripped his Friend ; and I make no question, but the Demand made by *Brutus* of a Supply to his military Chest, was one of the weighty Articles of their warm Conversation. The Fortunes of many young Volunteers, and the hopes of a Number of Attendants, depended upon the *General's* Success and Generosity. No *Roman* Governor went abroad without a hungry Train of these Expectants \*, as we see daily happens in our own Country. Those about *Cassius* represented to him, ' That it would be very hard, if ' he, raising Money with so much *Odium* to himself, and saving it ' with

\* Compare *CATULLUS's* X. Epigr. De *VARIIS SCORTO*, with *PROPERTIUS's* XVI Elegy. Book II. *PRAETOR ab Illyricis*, &c.

‘with such Management, should share it with *Brutus*, who lavished it on the Troops for Popularity.’ *Cassius* did not listen to the interested Advice; but ordered *one third part* of all the Treasure he had amassed to be paid over to *P. Sextius*, *Brutus*’s Paymaster. The Armies were in great Affluence: they were possessed of all the rich and moneyed Provinces of the Empire, *Italy* excepted, whose Blood had been so cruelly sucked by the Triumvirs; Luxury and Magnificence in Dress crept in among the young Officers; and *Brutus*, in his Letters written from *Asia*, made heavy Complaints of the *sumptuous Habits* of his Tribunes, who disdained to have the Buckles and Clasps of their *Sagum* or military Robe of any baser Metal than Gold.

THE first Evening of the Junction of the Armies, *Cassius* entertained; and according to the Politeness of these Times, *Brutus* named the Company. They were set at Table, and Supper served, when *Favonius* entered the Dining-room fresh from the Bath. *Brutus* immediately declared that he came *uninvited*; and ordered him to take his Place at the lowest end of the Table: but he, instead of being in the least abashed, or obeying the Landlord, pushed forcibly in between two Guests, and sat down in the Middle. There was a Humour, not to say a Buffoonry, about *Favonius*, that made many of his Improprieties pass without offence. The very next Day an Accident happened that nicely displayed the Character of either Chief. A General Officer under *Brutus*, *Lucius Pella*, had seized upon some pretty Trifles at *Sardis*, as thinking the civil War a Season of Impunity. The *Sardians* laid their Wrongs before *Brutus*, who heard them openly in a Court-martial, and condemned and broke *L. Pella* in the face of the whole Army. The Affair made great Impression, and particularly stung *Cassius* to the quick. A few Days before, two of his Officers had been accused and convicted of the same Crime, whom he took indeed to Task *in private*, and gave them a severe Reprimand; but neither deprived them of their Rank, nor withdrew his Friendship. As this was known  
in

in the Army, *Brutus's* Procedure was a sort of Reproach to his Remissness. He took his Friend aside, and told him, 'this was not the proper Time for Severity—that it was possible to be too legal and too righteous; that the present *Conjuncture* required mild Management to secure those Friends that would stand by them against their Enemies,—and that *L. Pella* was a Man of too much consequence (having exercised the Office of *PRETOR* at *Rome*), to be publicly disgraced and driven over to the *Triumvirs*.' *BRUTUS*, whose favorite Passion, *the Love of Justice*, was touched, bid his Collegue, with some edge, recollect the *Ide's of March*—when *Cesar*, tho' a notorious Robber, drew Vengeance upon himself, not so much for what he plundered in his own Person, as for empowering and abetting the Rapine of others: so that if any *Conjuncture* or *Necessity* of Affairs were a good Reason for conniving at *Injustice*, it would have been better for us, *CASSIUS*! to have allowed *CESAR's* Gang to go on plundering, than to wink at it in our own Creatures: as what was only sordid and mean in them, when Masters of every thing, would be most base and inconsistent in us, amid the Dangers and Toils undertaken to reform such Enormities. Let me take hence occasion to do justice to this good Man by shewing his Heart in several various, but all of them amiable Lights.

*M. BRUTUS* in his youth had not been insensible to Love; and if we can believe one of the later Authors, he could but ill defend himself from the Charms of *Cytheris* the celebrated Actress\*. He was a Man, tho' a virtuous one, and no pretended Monk. His Fondness for this Girl, or some unknown Lady, took, it should seem, the usual Vent, and broke out in *Love-Verses*, mentioned by the younger *Pliny*†. *Cornelius Gallus*, now about the young *Cesar*, was deeply struck with *Cytheris*, and loved her to extravagance. He was a Man of great Spirit;

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but

\* CYTHERIDEM Mimam cum Antonio et Gallo amavit, S. AUREL. VICTOR.

† Facio nonnunquam versiculos severos parum—an ego verear ne me non satis deceat quod decuit—*M. BRUTUM*—?

PLIN. LIB. V. Ep. 3.

but unhappy both in Love and Friendship, excepting the Protection he gave a Poet; who has repaid him with Immortality \*. But *Brutus* probably has not pursued his Amour; as finding her a coquettish Creature, and pre-engaged to another: and soon after being married, first to *Glodia*, and then to *Porcia*, his Thoughts and Passions have taken another Turn, and we hear no more of his Love. Could we figure to ourselves a Person of no Desires—of no Pride, no Ambition, no Curiosity, it would make a cold unamiable Character. Real Virtue lies not in wanting the Affections and Feelings of other Men; *but in commanding them, and especially in directing their Operations to some fixed laudable Purpose.*

In conducting their Lives, the greater Part ly at the mercy of *Accidents*. The Run of Affairs, or Company;—succeeding Passions or Pleasures *overbear* them; and according to *these*, they are worthy or wicked; trifling or important in their several Spheres. But the real *good* Man, who has a fixed Resolution to do his duty; and the truly *great* Man, whom no Prospects of Danger or Death can deter from the incessant Pursuit of his Purpose *to do good*; make the ordinary Affairs of Life *subservient* to that unalterable Point of View, and are thereby *Masters* of themselves, and *above* the Incidents that rule and ruffle ordinary Men. If we look attentively around us, we will find that this is the grand Division that ranges Mankind into two Classes. Those either in very *low* or very *high* Stations are the *least* their own Masters. The former, to supply the Necessities of Nature, live, as we say, from hand to mouth: the latter, besides the *Whirl of Accidents* and Amusements, which is their Element, are blown hither and thither by their *own* Passions, and by those of both Friends and Enemies. He is truly a *great* and perhaps a *rare* Man, who can be calm amidst the Storm, and *serenely* pilot his tossed Vessel thro' Shelves and Rocks to the destined Port. But such was MARCUS BRUTUS. The Night before

before the Battle of *Pharsalia*, we found him abridging *Polybius*; and now, amidst the *Din* of civil War, and the Cares of a tottering Empire, he was scanning the various Connections of Life, and left a Treatise then composed upon that important Subject. I apprehend it is not every Reader that will enter into the *Grandeur* of this Conduct. The *vulgar* Notion of a Hero, is a Man *eager and undaunted in the pursuit of Glory*. How vague the Idea! how illusive the Object!—Well-founded Fame is only *due*, and in end is only *given*, to Wisdom and Goodness. They are inseparable in their Natures; and vain are the Efforts of the unhappy Person who tries to tear them asunder. Good Affections, animated with a noble Spirit, and breaking forth in that disinterested Conduct which naturally results from them, *ennoble* their Possessor both in private and public Stations. The Revival of the LAWS, the Restoration of LIBERTY, the Exaltation of the GOOD and WISE, and the consequent WELFARE of MANKIND, were the Objects that first put a Sword in *Brutus's* hand to strike the Tyrant, and now kept it unsheathed at the head of an Army. The Accomplishment of *these* great Purposes filled his Breast with the Cares of a Hero. Yet these Cares did not so wholly possess him, as to prevent his Views running calmly over the *different Scenes of Life*, and prescribing the *Duties* required in the several Relations that constitute and bless Society\*. Let us go farther, and tell, that these heroic Qualities were even *polished*, and made more amiable by a *high Taste* for the elegant Arts; of which I will the more willingly give a remarkable Instance, as it affords an opportunity of wiping off a Reflection with which an ambiguous Expression has stained his Memory.

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BESIDES

\* M. BRUTUS in eo Libro quem ΠΕΡΙ ΚΑΘΗΚΟΝΤΟΣ inscripsit dat multa Præcepta, et Parentibus, et Liberis, et Fratribus: hæc nemo faciet quemadmodum debet, nisi habuerit QUO REFERAT: Vita sine PROPOSITO vaga est.

SENEC. Ep. XCV.

BESIDES the Love of *Cytheris*, they pretend that he had a *favourite Boy*; and impute a Passion to him, which, notwithstanding the Corruption of the *Roman* Manners, must have been a grievous Blot in his Character. Were there any very promising Youth among *Brutus's* Relations or Servants, a Man of his Humanity and Learning could not avoid cherishing his Genius, and taking particular, perhaps *personal* Care of his Education: But that his Virtue and Temperance could stoop to any infamous Commerce with the Boy, is an absurd and monstrous Supposition. It is only *left dubious* by a complacent Poet, in an abandoned Age, when they sought the Cover of *great Patterns*, to sanctify shameful Vices\*, and to sooth the ulcerated Mind of a Tyrant, a pretended *Reformer* of Manners†; but who had fallen from his scenical Censorship, and was living in the open practice of an unnatural Crime‡. The Poet MARTIAL, in speaking

\* JUPITER and GANYMEDE is the trite Comparison to which every loose Writer has recourse on such occasions: But the most flagrant Instance of this Condescension is the grave and philosophic ARRIAN. In his admirable ΠΕΡΙΠΛΟΥΣ or Voyage round the *Euxin*, addressed to the Emperor HADRIAN, he enlarges upon the Description of the *Ile of Achilles* near Oczakou, where divine Honours were paid not only to the Hero *Achilles*, but to his Favourite *Patroclus*. This he does to flatter the Emperor's extravagant Passion for *Antinous*, whom he attempted to deify. To what Meanness will not a Lust of Power make even great Men stoop?

† MARTIAL. Lib. VI. Ep. ii. and iii.

‡ It would be want of Taste to detract from the Merit of a great part of *Martial's* Poetry. He was an acute and ingenious Man, of a very elegant Turn, and not without a Sense of genuine Worth. VIRTUE,—*real* VIRTUE was never more happily described than by him in the Character of *DECIANUS*: LIB. I. Ep. 39. But at the same time, never was there a more abject Flatterer of Vice. Among a thousand Instances, his three Epigrams upon the Name of *EARINUS*, *Domitian's* Catamite, LIB. IX. Ep. 11, 12, 13. and as many upon the young Man's *Curls*; particularly the Dialogue where he introduces *Jupiter* and *Ganymede* canvassing that weighty Subject, Ibid. Ep. 36. shews that *great Ingenuity*, *noble Sentiments*, and a very *inconsistent* Practice made the real Character of the Poet. It does him Honour to compare him to Monsieur *Malherbe*, who flattered

speaking of little elegant Pieces of Poetry like his own short Compositions, *affects* to compare them to *Brutus's Little Boy*\*: and has used an Expression in describing the Statue (which the Antiquarians would call *Putto*) that admits of a *double meaning*.

ΒΡΟΥΤΟΥ ΠΑΙΔΙΟΝ †.

*Gloria tam parvi haud est obscura Sigilli;  
Istius Pueri BRUTUS Amator erat.*

“ Tho’ small the Statue, far-spread is it’s Fame;  
“ This lovely Youth was *M. Brutus*’ Flame.”

IN reading this, one is apt to conclude, that the Deliverer of his Country had been fond of the beautiful Boy whom the Statue represented: whereas the strict Truth is, that *Brutus* was

flattered HENRY IV. it is true; and soothed his unreasonable passion for the Princess of *Conti*: nay, from whom it happened to drop, *That a Gentleman's Religion was always the same with the King's*. But neither his Flattery nor Complacency were so profligate as *Martial's*, which justly drew on him the Displeasure of two good and great Men, *Nerva* and *Trajan*; and made the admired *Italian*, *ANDREA NAUGERIO*, on a day dedicated to the MUSES, humorously offer up some of his *immoral Pieces*, in an annual Sacrifice to *VULCAN*.

\* *Hæc tu credideris lugum ratione Colossum.*

*Et PUERUM BRUTI dixeris esse brevem.*

Lib. II. Ep. 77.

IN GAURUM.

*Ingenium mihi, Gaure, probas sic esse pusillum,*

*Carmina quod faciam, quæ brevitæ placeant.*

*Confiteor: Sed tu bis denis grandia Libris*

*Qui scribis Priami Praelia, magnus. homo es.*

*Nos facimus BRUTI PUERUM, nos Langona vivum.*

*Tu magnus Puerum, Gaure, Giganta facis.*

Lib. IX. Ep. 50.

† The learned ISAAK VOSSIUS, after observing that Words beginning with *Χολος* not only denote a thing mutilated or maimed, but little or dwarfish, all together; gives this Inscription for an example. MARTIAL, says he, calls BRUTUS's BOY ΚΟΛΟΠΑΙΔΙΟΝ: for where we read in the common Editions of the *Αντίφρασις* ΒΡΟΥΤΟΥ ΠΑΙΔΙΟΝ, I found in M. de Thou's excellent Manuscript writ on Vellum:



was only fond of THE STATUE of a Boy, *because of its elegant Workmanship*. This the elder *Pliny* puts out of doubt, by letting us know 'that *Strongylus* the celebrated Statuary had cast the 'AMAZON called *Fine-Limbs*, which *Nero* used to carry about 'with him; (as *Hortensius* did the wonderful SPHINX, his Bribe 'from *Verres*) and that he likewise cast THE BOY, *made famous 'by bearing the Name of BRUTUS of PHILIPPI, because of this 'Fondness for it* \*.' This Fondness must have been very remarkable, to have affixed his Name to the Statue; and shews a high and declared Relish for Sculpture and the *plastic Arts*.

UNDER two Chiefs, so accomplished, was the whole Strength of the *Roman Republic* now collected. Not only the Representatives of the ancient *Patrician Families*, whose Greatness almost surpasses our Comprehension, graced their Camps, being the Sons of those who had frequently Crowns and Kingdoms at their Disposal; but all the most powerful Allies of the ancient Commonwealth now took Arms in its defence: and as a great Part of the *Roman Power* depended upon them, it will contribute not a little towards understanding this History to look into the Origin of that Branch of their Militia.

THE first Allies of *Rome* were commonly *discontented great Men* in the several hostile Countries that envied her growing Power. These failed not to join with an undaunted conquering People, in hopes of a *Change at home*; and seldom missed their Aim.

*Vellum* BROVTOUCVLOPEDIONTCHILE, no doubt for ΕΡΟΥΤΟΡ ΚΟΛΟΠΑΙΔΙΟΝ, FICTILE. The blundered Inscription, in *Roman Letters*, has been writ by some Monk ignorant of *Greek*; who has clapped to FICTILE, as if it had been *Potter's Ware*, of his own. By the Epigram on *Gaurus*, it should seem that either *Strongylus* had some favourite Boy called LANGO in his Eye, whom he copied in the admirable little Statue; or that there was a Youth remarkably handsome of that same Name, living under DOMITIAN.

\* *Strongylion fecit Amazonem, quam ab excellentia crurum ΕΥΚΝΙΜΟΝ appellavit: item fecit Puerum quem amando BRUTUS PHILIPPENSIS cognomine suus illustravit.*

C. PLINII Nat. Hist. Lib. xxxiv. Cap. 8.

Aim. For the *Romans*, who were not often baffled in their Attempts, too well understood their own interest to neglect their fast Friends. They left either a great part or the whole of the Management of the conquered Country in *their* hands, and by this means made sure of an Ally, whose best Security for Life and Grandeur was the honourable Title he received from the Senate, of *Friend* and *Confederate* of the ROMAN PEOPLE.— When their Inclination or Interest called upon them to carry their Arms again into these Parts, either to protect their own, or make war on the adjacent Provinces, they received the most important Assistance from these royal Dependants. It was *they* who procured them Intelligence, victualled their Armies, directed their Marches, took the field with them in person, and mounted the better part of their Cavalry. These Services are of such consequence that the ALLIES seem to have had a greater hand in the *Roman* Success, and therefore to *claim* a greater share in the Glory of their Conquests than they are generally allowed by the *Roman* Writers. It was the impetuous Attack made by a Battalion of *German Foot* upon POMPEY's Cavalry, that, when Victory hung long in suspense, *first* began the fatal Break at the *Pharsalian* Field \*. And in the rashly undertaken War of *Alexandria*, JULIUS had been again undone, but for the Courage and Conduct of the brave *Idumean*, ANTIPATER, Father of *Herod the Great*. When *Marc. Antony* in the beginning of his Usurpation intended to garble the SENATE, he beset it with *Itbyrean Bow-men* †; *Jewish* Barbarians, whom *Cesar* had probably

\* NAM cum diu æquo Marte contenderent; jussuque POMPEII effusus a cornu erupisset Equitatus, repente hinc, signo dato Germanorum Cohortes tantum in effusos equites fecere impetum, ut illi esse pedites, hi venire in equis viderentur.

LI. FLORI Lib. iv § 2.

† See LUKE's Gospel, Ch. III. v. 1. STRABO ranks them with the Mountain-Arabs, and says they were all mischievous. Τὰ μὲν οὖν ἐγὼν ἔχοντι πᾶσι τοῖς ἸΟΥΔΑΙΟΙΣ τε καὶ ΑΠΑΒΕΣ, κακοῦργοι πάντες. Certum agminis locum tenebant Barbari Sagittarii.

CICER. PHILIPP. V.

probably got from that same *Antipater*, and who were retained in *Antony's* Service after his Master's Death. In a word, the *Romans* had among their Auxiliaries, Bodies of Troops of all the warlike Countries in the Empire, armed with the Weapons at which each Nation excelled. They had Slingers from *Minorca*, Bowmen from *Crete*, light Horse from *Numidia*, heavier armed from *Gaul* and *Spain*, Ingeneers from *Greece*, and both Ship-Carpenters and Ship-Captains from *Cilicia*, *Epirus* and *Rhodes*. Amidst these, a few *Roman* Legions were what the *BRITISH* REGIMENTS are now in an allied army—the *Soul* and *Confidence* of the Expedition. But inferior Names, be their Services ever so great, are commonly effaced by the superior Splendor of those who have the chief Command.

THE first rank among the Confederates in *BRUTUS's* Camp was held by the old venerable Warrior, *DEIOTARUS*, attended by all the Forces of his Kingdom. Then a great Body of *Thracian* Cavalry\*; being the Troops of three several Princes: first *SADAEI's* Subjects, now under the dominion of the *Romans*; then the young *COTYS's* Squadrons, who was educating at *Ghizico*, and three thousand Horse commanded by *Rhaseupolis* in person, a Man we will have soon occasion to mention. He and his Brother *Rhase* were *Salapian* Princes, who with a Politic common to many Countries, had divided their Troops and taken opposite Sides, tho' in perfect amity between themselves. *Rhaseupolis* had joined *Brutus*; and *Rhase* had gone over to *Norbanus* and *Saxa* Lieutenants under *Antony*. There were besides, serving for Pay in the same manner as our modern *Swiss*, Bodies of *Gallic* and *Portuguese* Cavalry, which I suppose had been brought from *Marseilles* by *SEXTUS POMPEY*, who having no use for them as Admiral had sent them by sea to join the Land-Army under *BRUTUS*. The Allies of *CASSIUS* were generally from the  
Eastern

\* THRACIA sequitur, inter validissimas Europae gentes, in strategias L. divisa.

*Eastern* Countries. Among these four thousand Horsemen, armed with Bows from *Parthia*, *Media*, and *Iberia*, made the chief figure. *Al GAUD* too, an *Arabian* Chief\*, the same who at the Siege of *Apamea* had sold himself to *Cecilius Bassus*, the highest Bidder, and whose Archers had chiefly contributed to his Victory, now followed *Cassius* to the War: as did *Tarcondimot*, the *Cilician* King, formerly *Pompey's* Friend: he who encreased their naval Power with a Squadron of Ships, and probably led the Land-Forces both of his own Principality, and those of his unhappy Neighbour *Ariobarzanes*, who had paid for plotting with his Head.

WITH this additional Strength to their own Legions, *Brutus* and *Cassius* marched to meet the Enemies of their Country, from *Sardis* to *Abydus*, on the east side of the *Hellefpont*. By this time the Eyes of the World were turned upon them; and all Men's Thoughts fixed on the mighty Event: for never was any War entered upon with a blacker Aspect. The atrocious Cruelties which the Triumvirs had committed upon the greatest and best in *Rome*, could scarce allow them to hope for Mercy if they were vanquished: and what Quarter could the Friends of Liberty expect from those who had perpetrated such horrid Deeds in cold blood? The worthy, and the wise, in all the States and Towns of the Empire were day and night making Vows to the Gods for *Cassius* and *Brutus's* Prosperity: while the wild and wicked, were praying for Success to *Antony* and *Cesar*: for the Methods with the Triumvirs had taken to ascend to lawless Power, and the dreadful Use they

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\* *DION* calls him *ALCHAUDONIUS*. I take his Name to have been *CHAUDON*, or *GHAUD*: the first Syllable being the *Arabic Article*. If written with *ج*, it signifies a yellow Flower *NENUPHAR*; answering to *ξανθός*; *MENEΛΑΟΣ*, from his yellow Hair: But if pronounced deep in the Throat with *ي*, it is the Name of the Prince of the old *Arabian* Tribe to which the Prophet *HUD* was sent. Among the Medals of the *Numidian* Kings, the Name of *GAUD* appears in the Series of *Juba's* Ancestors.

had made of it, left them no Friends, but their *Associates* in Rapine and Blood. They had no Strength but *J. Cesar's* Veterans; nor any Fund for their Pay, but downright *Robbery* and *Violence*. They were accordingly hated, and held in Execration wherever they marched, getting nothing but what they extorted by the Sword; while the Army of the Commonwealth was received with Blessings; and plentifully supplied to the last. From it there was no Desertion from the time that *Brutus* first took Arms in *Macedon* to the Engagement at *Philippi*; but great Bodies of *Auxiliaries*, compelled to follow the Triumvirs, deserted on their March; and still more, the nearer they came to the two Armies raised to rescue unhappy ROME.

AT *Abydos*, when all was ready to embark for *Europe*, BRUTUS is said to have seen the Vision of his EVIL GENIUS, which *Plutarch* tells in this manner:

‘BRUTUS, says he, was of a wakeful Constitution, and by long habit, had reduced his Sleep to a very few Hours: But now the Weight of Affairs filled his mind with so much Anxiety, that without going to any other Bed than the Couch on which he supped, a short Nap after Meat was all the Rest he took. As soon as he waked, he applied to the Dispatch of Business for the remaining part of the Night; writing or deliberating by himself, until the general Officers came at day-break to take Orders at his Tent. The very Night before they were to pass the *Hellepont*, when every body was retired, Brutus was lying awake:—a dim Taper burning before him, and according to his custom, canvassing something very seriously with himself. He continued in this exercise, till about the Dead of the Night—when he imagined some body had entered the Room; and casting his eye towards the Door, he saw a most dreadful and uncouth Spectacle, as it were a monstrous Corpse, hideous and ghastly, standing by him in profound silence. He ask it, nothing dismayed, *What Demon or Mortal it might be!* and why it had come there? *I am,* said the

‘ the Spectre, *thy* EVIL GENIUS; and thou shalt see me again at  
 ‘ PHILIPPI. Well, replied the fearless Brutus, *I shall meet thee*  
 ‘ *there*: and immediately the Fantom, (as usually happens)  
 ‘ vanished from his Sight.’

GREAT Struggles of States when eminent Men head the Parties, seldom fail to produce *wondrous Tales*, which Credulity and Superstition carefully transmit to Posterity. Such Commotions begat eager *Hopes* and dismal *Fears*;—Passions that blind the Judgment, and introduce a *Taste for Miracles*. Two Rebellions have been raised in BRITAIN within my memory, by Men insensible of their public Happiness, and fond of Slavery,—(make them but Bashaws under a Sultan). In the Course of both, *Prophecies* and *Prodigies* sprang like Mushrooms: every Day had its Prediction, and Sightings were seen every Night in the Sky—all portending a Change of Government. This Weakness of the human Mind, strongly painted by our great Lord *Verulam*, as the Foundation of *Pannics*, well accounts for *P. Pomponazius*’s curious Observation——‘ That he could not recollect  
 ‘ to have read the History of any great *Revolution* of Affairs,  
 ‘ nor even the *Life* of any memorable Man, famous either for  
 ‘ Virtue or Vice, without some great *Portent from Heaven* always attending his Birth or foretelling his Death\*.’

IN believing and recording such Legends, PLUTARCH has been just an *old Priest*; much in the Character, which the *French* by an Abuse of Words call *un bon Homme*. ‘BRUTUS,  
 ‘ continues he, called his Servants, who all affirmed, they had  
 ‘ neither heard a Voice, nor seen any Apparition that night.  
 ‘ In the morning, he told his Friend *Cassius* what had happened,  
 ‘ and received from him a Solution of all Dreams and Visions,’ which I think it no more necessary to insert, than I would to account for the Death of the *Great God Pan*, or the Return of a Person from *Hell*, two Stories told by the same credulous Author. Not that I think it impossible that *Brutus*’s Fancy should offer

him between sleeping and waking some *ugly Form*, according to the State of Body and Mind he was then in; \* but am apt to put the *Reality* of the Apparition upon a footing with *Caſſor* and *Pollux* bringing the News of a Victory, or of *Julius Ceſar's* Gholt fighting againſt *Caffius* in the approaching Battle at *Pbilippi*. The Notoriety of the Story, and the general Opinion entertained by the Ancients, that every Man had a GENIUS (or two) preſiding over his Fortunes †, which we will have frequent occaſion to mention, induced me to take notice of it at this time.

THE HELLESPONT is now known by the Name of the *Straits of Gallipoli*; and the two Towns on the oppoſite Shores, *Seſtos* and *Abydos* (famed for *Hero* and *Leander's* Loves) by the Caſtles of the *Dardanelles*. The combined Army had no ſooner paſſed to the *European* Side, then they reſolved to march toward *Hexamili*, the ancient *Lyſimachia* (built by *Alexander's* northern Lieutenant upon the Neck of the *Thracian* Peninſula), and from thence by the *Long Wall* to push on to the *Sapean Paſſ*. But being informed that *Norbanus* had taken poſſeſſion of it with eighteen thouſand Men, they halted to conſider, whether they ſhould proceed as they firſt intended, or take ſome other Route to *Macedon*. This was the firſt Rub *Brutus* and *Caffius* met with in their progreſs from the heart of *Aſia*, of which they were now Maſters. In the Council of War held on that occaſion, RHASCUPOLIS, in whoſe Dominions the Paſſ lay, told them that the direct Road to *Macedon* thro' *Enos* and *Mærogna* led thro' the *Sapean Streights*: but that if it was occupied by an Enemy, it would be vain to attempt to force it: That there was indeed another, which took a Circuit over the Mountains; but thrice as long, and ſo rugged, that it was *almost impaſſible*. After deliberating, it was however the opinion of the Generals, ſtill to keep the neareſt way by the Coaſt—the rather that they imagined *Norbanus* had not left *Macedon* ſo much to oppoſe their paſſage, as to lead his Legions out of a barren exhausted Country,

\* See the great Phyſician HIPPOCRATES, ΠΕΡΙ ΕΝΤΥΝΙΩΝ.

† Scit GENIUS natale Comes, qui dirigit aſtrum.

HORAT. Ep. ad. FLOR.

Country, where they could scarce subsist, to a very fertile one. They therefore kept the road to *Hexamili* and the Long-Wall, and the second day arrived at the *Black-Bay*, that takes its name from the River *Melas* running into it. Thickets hanging over a Stream make it look gloomy and dark; and have thereby given Names to many Rivers, particularly those called *DEE* wherever the old *Gallic* prevailed\*. Being now arrive on the Banks of the *Archipelago*, and drawing near to the Enemy, it was resolved to review their Troops, and make a general Muster of the whole Army. It there appeared, that they had seventeen full Legions, that is to say, upwards of *eighty thousand effective Men*. Their other Forces were either left in Garrison under the Governors of the Provinces, or on board the several Squadrons commanded by *Lentulus*, *Murcus* and *Domitius Enobarbus*. But these were the Nerve of their Army, being *Roman Legionary Soldiers*. What Numbers of Infantry followed their Allies, I know not; but they had full twelve thousand Horse, of the several Nations above described. After the Muster, the solemn Ceremony of *Lustration* was performed: an expiatory Sacrifice, which (like a modern Absolution) purified the Army from all Crimes, and filled them with Confidence of the Favour of the Gods: then the Arrears of the promised Donative were largely distributed, and according to custom†, the Soldiery immediately called to the Tribunal. It was a great Theatre of Turf raised without the Camp, in a Hollow, fit for containing many thousand Men. Hither came *CASSIUS* and *BRUTUS*, attended by the noble Body of *Senators*, and young *Patricians*, that bore command in their Armies, or sought protection in their Camps. At their Appearance a Shout of Joy rent the Heavens from the surrounding Multitude. The Sight of one another inspired that pleasing Hope and mutual Trust that elevates

\* There are four of that Name in Britain, all shaded with Wood.

† *Lustratum rite exercitum ad concionem vocat*, (*CORNELIUS*). *TACITUS* Lib. xv. An.



vates the Courage and fits for Execution. For some time the Joy was tumultuous; but Silence being proclaimed by the Heralds, C. CASSIUS the elder General stepped a little forward, and addressed the Army in this manner,

\* *THE grand Bond of our Union, my Fellow-soldiers! is the COMMON CAUSE which we maintain; and that Tie is strengthened by the Faith we mutually plighted, to stand by each other to the last. On our part We have punctually fulfilled our Engagements; by making good to you more than we promised; which is the best Earnest of what you may expect in time to come. Our Confidence therefore is founded in your Fidelity and Courage; and yours, in the Virtue and Worth of those noble Persons whom you see standing with me on this Tribunal. Need I tell you of our other military Preparations; our Magazines of Corn and Arms—our Treasures and Fleets—our brave and numerous Allies from all the great States and Kingdoms of the Empire? Words would be thrown away in reciting what you perfectly know, or in exciting the Courage of Men, inflamed by the highest Motives of Interest and Duty. Nor is it necessary that I should expose the Emptiness of those Calumnies with which we are loaded by two wicked Men; because it is your Knowledge of their Injustice that puts those Weapons in your hands against the Usurpers. Let me only so far touch upon our CAUSE, as to shew you that it is the most just and glorious that ever engaged Men to draw the sword. Both YOU and WE, fighting in the Roman Armies, either as Soldiers or Commanders along with the late Cesar, assisted to raise and make him great: and We continued in such Friendship with him, as to banish all Suspicion of personal Hatred. But his illegal Conduct after the War, made him obnoxious, not to US in particular, whom he promoted and favoured, but to the LAWS and LIBERTIES of ROME. These sacred Laws, devised by the Wisdom of our Ancestors,*

\* To understand this Speech of C. CASSIUS it is necessary to be thorowly acquainted with the Constitution of the CONSULAR GOVERNMENT. See VOL. I. page 51—to—74.

cessors, this Man trampled under foot : No Decree of the Senate—no Vote of the People, was any farther valid than consisted with his arbitrary Will. CÆSAR usurped the supreme Power ; and the solemn Oath sworn by JUNIUS BRUTUS and the whole Roman State, never to endure another King, had been taken in vain—the direful Imprecations in case of failure must have fallen upon us—if We their Descendants had not expiated our Country, and prevented one Man from appropriating to himself the Treasures and Armies of the Republic,—from transferring the Election of Magistrates from the PEOPLE, and the Government of Provinces from the SENATE, to his own Person—and in one word, in all Affairs of Peace and War, making himself our LORD instead of the Laws and sovereign Courts acting by their Tender. You—Gentlemen ! while engaged in Action, were perhaps the less sensible of these Enormities, that you were only Witnesses of his military Excellence : but you came soon to feel his Encroachment, in your turn. In the Field, as Romans, you obeyed the legal Officers, nominated by the Roman People : but in the Forum it was your Votes that ratified the Nomination—; and in the weightiest Matters, (the Senate pre-consulting, to prevent Mistakes) it was You that gave the final Sanction. It was the Majority of your Voices, by Tribes or Centuries, that created the Consuls, the Pretors, the Ediles—the Tribunes, military or civil : to You, lay the last Appeal from all Courts and in all Causes—and from You, the Generals, Judges and Governors expected the Honours due to good Conduct, or dreaded the Disgrace inflicted on Malversation. Under the Influence of this happily poised Constitution, We arrived, my Fellow-Citizens, at the height of human Felicity. You selected the worthiest on whom to bestow Honours and Commands ; and they from generous Gratitude, made you the noblest Returns. It was thus, that from a Sense of his superior Worth, you pitched upon the Young Scipio to go Consul into Africa ; and annually picked out those Men to be your Tribunes, who you thought, if there were occasion, would most effectually oppose us Patricians on your Account. But why should I run over our wondrous Constitution ? Since, to

say it in a sentence, from the time of Cesar's Usurpation, you have not elected a single Magistrate, named a single General, nor so much as chosen one of your own Tribunes. It has not been in your power to honour any Man for his Merit, or punish him for his Demerit to the Commonwealth: nor, of consequence, has any Man thought himself at all obliged to You, for any Magistracy or Office,—nay nor for any Redress of Wrongs—or just Sentence in his favour. CESAR was all—YOU were Cyphers—and reduced so low, that you durst not defend your own Tribunes, tho' sacred in their Persons, and irresistible, by the Power of their Collegues—These, who went to be your Protection and Refuge, you saw stripped of their Magistracy; and because, zealous in your Interests, they had shewn proper Indignation at the wicked Attempt to make Cesar a KING; their holy Vestments were torn off their Backs, without other Trial or Accusation, than the absolute Command of the Tyrant. This flagrant Invasion of your Rights, tho' an Attack upon a popular rather than a patrician Magistracy, the SENATE considered as the final Overthrow of the Laws, and Dissolution of the State. But as they could not resent it openly, nor call the Criminal to account in the ordinary Course of Justice, by reason of the military Force which he had seduced by Bribes to support him, they had recourse to the sole Method left for the relief of their oppressed Country, to make away with the Oppressor. This Measure, approved by the GREATEST and BEST, could be properly executed only by a FEW: and that it was so approved, appeared immediately. For no sooner was the SENATE at liberty to hold a free Assembly, than the first thing they proposed, was to decree Honours and Rewards to their DELIVERERS. But Antony, then Consul, interposing, under pretence of preventing farther Disorders; and WE being willing to shew that no Views of Wealth or Power, but an unfeigned Love to our Country, was the Motive of our Conduct; the Motion was dropt, and the SENATE contented themselves with the RESTORATION OF LIBERTY without putting any Mark of Infamy upon the Usurper's Memory. An Amnesty therefore, or Act of Oblivion, was unanimously voted, and  
by

by a special Decree, a Nullity of all Prosecution for Cesar's Death. A little thereafter, when Antony was beginning to instigate the Multitude against us, the SENATE was pleased to assign to us the most honourable Governments, and invest us with high Authority; ordaining all the Provinces of the Empire, from the Adriatic to the Euphrates, to obey our Orders. Took they—do you imagine—these Steps, to punish us as sacrilegious Persons, or to honour us as the Saviours of our Country, by putting the magisterial Purple, and the Rods and Axes, Ensigns of sovereign Power, in our hands? Upon the same Principle they recalled Sextus Pompey from Banishment—ordered the Price of his paternal Estate to be paid out of the Treasury, and appointed him Lord high Admiral of the Roman Seas: Not that he had any hand in destroying the Usurper; but being Son of POMPEY the GREAT, who first took Arms for Liberty, and having harassed Cesar's Creatures in the farther Spain, they resolved he should not be without Authority in the Republic. What other Proof or Mark would you wish of the SENATE's Pleasure, except that it should signify to you its Approbation of all our Conduct in Writing? This it will do—and give you both the due Praise, and substantial Reward of your Bravery as soon as it is in their power. At present I need not acquaint you in what a dismal State Things are at ROME. The greatest Senators, unheard and without Form of Law, are doomed to destruction. Their Houses and Estates seized, without Sentence of a Judge.—They are murdered and mangled wherever found—in their Houses—in the Streets—in the Temples—by Soldiers—by Slaves—by secret Enemies.—They are searched for and hunted down like wild Beasts—dragged out of Caves and Lurking-places to the Slaughter; tho' the Roman Law allows the greatest Criminal to go into voluntary exile. But in the sacred solemn Place where you hold your high Assembly, in the ROMAN FORUM itself, where never the Head of our bitterest Enemy was brought, THERE the Heads of your Consuls, your Pretors, your Tribunes, are lying in heaps, and a Price assigned to the Russian who cuts them off. This execrable Price has revived and called

forth all the Wickedness that lay suppressed in unhappy Rome——all the various Shapes that Hate assumes, between Husband and Wife, Father and Son, Master and Servant, have broke loose with unbridled Fury, and effaced the Morals of the State: For the Leaders in these horrid Doings, that shew the way in Wickedness, are the Triumvirs themselves. They began the Proscription with their own Brothers, Uncles, and Guardians, and broke thro' all Ties of Nature and Duty: tho' we do not hear, when Rome was taken by the fiercest Barbarians, that they cut off any Senator's Head, or insulted his Corpse, or forbid their Enemies to seek Safety by Flight:——Nor did we ever so use the Inhabitants of any Town we took, or bear of any Nation that gave their Captives that inhuman Treatment which now the Mistress of Nations and Head of the World meets with, from three Men, who pretend to order and resettle the Commonwealth.——What was TARQUIN's Crime in comparison of this Carnage, who, tho' settled a King, was expelled for an Injury done thro' Passion to a single Woman? And yet, my Fellow-citizens! the Triumvirs, black with Crimes, and drenched in Blood, call US Murderers, and pretend to be revenging Cesar's Death—while they are proscribing and putting those to death who were not so much as in ITALY, when he was killed: Cast your Eyes on the honourable Company standing with me on this Tribunal—the far greater part of them are in that Class—being proscribed either for their great Estate, noble Blood, or nobler Disposition to the public Liberty. So is the young POMPEY proscribed; tho' as I said, in the farther Spain, when we were executing our great Design: But his Father's Love of legal Power, and his being honoured by the SENATE, make him criminal with the Triumvirs. What shall we say to the distressed Ladies?—Did they dip in the Plot, to be fined in exorbitant Sums—or did those of the People worth ten Myriads, who are loaded with new and intolerable Taxes, and forced to exhibit the Amount of their Possessions, under pain of Proscription? Yet with all their Rapine and Extortion, are they not able to pay the promised Donative to their Soldiers: and WE, who took no illegal Methods, have both  
acquitted

acquitted our Promises and been able to keep noble Rewards in reserve for your future Services. HEAVEN therefore smiles on our Undertaking; at the same time that it is favoured by the Best of Men—Recollect your own eminent Citizens, your Generals in War—your honoured Consuls and Pretors at home—Behold them now here, driven from Rome for their public Spirit, and taking part with Us, who proclaimed double the Reward to their Preservers, which the Triumvirs proffered to these, who should cut off their Heads. For as they could not suppose, that the Men who had killed Julius, because he wanted to play the Tyrant, would tamely suffer them to domineer, and not resettle the supreme Power according to Law, in the ROMAN SENATE and PEOPLE, therefore they doom us all to death\*: But our Views being widely different—theirs to tyrannize, of which they have given a terrible Specimen, ours to deliver our Country, that we may live free under the Laws, no wonder if the Gods promote our Cause, and all good Men pray for our Success. In all War, JUSTICE is the solid Ground of Hope; and that Justice dispels the Scruple of any of you having served under the late Cesar. You were not then Cesar's Soldiers—but your Country's:—nor did you receive your Pay or Premium from Cesar—but from the public Treasury:—as neither now, are you Brutus or Cassius's Men—but the State's: and We, tho' Leaders, are your Fellow-Soldiers, and still Servants of the Common-Wealth. Were the Triumvirs of this mind, both Parties might securely quit their Arms, and give up their Legions to be disposed off by the Republic—a Condition on which WE would cordially receive them. But since they disdain it, and that their Rapine and Murders have disabled them from accepting it—LET US MARCH, my Fellow-Citizens! LET US MARCH, and in the Name of the SENATE and PEOPLE of ROME, fight for the Liberty to which we were born.—————At this the Air rang with a Shout from the whole Camp—LET US MARCH, followed by eager Cries from the Soldiery to be led instantly against the Enemy.

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\* The Sense requires we should read in APPIAN, who has preserved this Speech, *πρωγάφουσι*—not *πρωγαφισθαι*, which makes none.

The Generals, tho' delighted with their Ardour, again commanded Silence : when CASSIUS resumed ; *THE GODS, that govern human Affairs, and preside over just Wars, will not fail to reward such brave Men according to their Merit : But for your present Encouragement, let me tell you, as far as human Foresight can go, how superior we are to the Enemy. Our Numbers are equal ; tho' we have made great Detachments to answer the exigencies of the War : but in Cavalry and Shipping we far surpass them : having Bodies of Auxiliaries, all the way from the Parthians and Medes. We have no Enemy in front but the Triumvirs : They have us before them, Sextus Pompey behind them ; and are beset with our Fleets under Murcus and Domitius, that intercept their Convoys, and command the Coasts. In all the Country behind us, there is not a hostile Spot—but Provisions and Treasure, the Sinews of War, are flowing upon us from the richest Provinces. They are in want of both ; being shamefully in arrear to their Troops, and frustrated in their Expectation from their Sales and Forfeitures. For no honest Man would meddle with the odious Purchase ; and the Revenues of Italy, exhausted by the deplorable civil War, are totally ruined by Rapine and Confiscations. Magazines and Stores they have none—: nor can they be supplied but from the barren Hills of Macedon, or the narrow Tract of Thessaly, and that by long and laborious Land-Carriage ; for should they attempt to bring Corn from Afric or the Gulf of Tarento, S. POMPEY, or STATIUS MURCUS, must seize it in the passage—Whereas our attending Fleets furnish us plentifully from the Isles, and the vast Continent from Thrace to the Euphrates lies open to our Convoys. This happy Situation puts it in our power either to push the War, or to reduce our Adversaries by Famine, and this is what human Prudence and the Care of your Generals could perform—the rest we expect from propitious Heaven, and from your Bravery—Mean time, for the Spirit you have shewn on this occasion, and the noble Ardor you testify in the best of Causes, We order twelve Pounds to be immediately paid down to every Soldier ; sixty Pounds to the Centurion,*

and

and to the superior Officers in proportion\*. So saying, the Sign was given for dismissing the Assembly—but the Legions remained about the Tribunal, expressing their Pleasure by loud Acclamations of Prosperity to their Leaders, and detesting the Triumvirs Cruelty. They were directly called to receive the Donative; and proper Reasons were found to give those who had distinguished themselves on former occasions an Addition to the promised Sum. As every Cohort was cleared, they filed off towards *Derisco*, a large Hollow, capable of holding just ten thousand Men. XERXES made it famous, having there easily numbered his enormous Army, whose Names 'twould scarce have been possible to range in a Muster-Roll. It cost them two days hard marching, to trace the winding Shore of the Gulf of *Megarissa* †, and four more, e're passing thro' *Enos*, and crossing the *Hebro*, now *Mariza*, they reached their Rendezvous; it being one hundred and twenty miles from the *Long-Wall* to *Derisco*. Here they were joined by their Generals, and marched down thro' the Coast-towns to the *Serrian* Promontory over against *Samandrachi* ‡. They then quitted the Coast to avoid the Circuit; having first concerted a Measure that bid fair to make *Decidius Saxa* disencumber the Pass without Stroke of a Sword.

AFTER the Departure of *Domitius* for the *Italian* Seas, the Squadron which attended the main Army was commanded by *TULLIUS CIMBER*. He was a very brave Man, a sincere Lover of his Country, and, in some People's Opinion, would not be less qualified for a *Commodore*, that he loved Drinking, and had a Flow of rude Mirth in his Liquor: yet no Excess in Wine ever made him blab a Secret; and he was equally trusted with the grand Design upon *Cesar*, as those who drank nothing but

\* ANTHIAN. ΕΜΦΥΑ. Bib. A.

† The modern Name of the *Black Bay*.

‡ Turkish Corruption of *Samothrace*.



but Water like *Cassius* \*.—Could I bear a haughty Lord, said he once, jesting on his own Frolics, *who cannot bear Bacchus himself*. He was now ordered to sail round the lofty Promontory with his whole Fleet, having one Legion and a Body of Archers on board, and to send large Parties on Shore to survey the Country, and mark out Places fit for a great Encampment. A little higher up, the Chains of the *Silver* and *Chestnut* Mountains intersect one another; the former (*Rhodope*) running east and west, and the latter (*Pangea*) north and south, with the *Nessus* gliding at the foot of it. Where they cross, two Passes are left, made by diverging Skirts of the Hills, and named from the neighbouring Tribes, one the *Sapean*, and the other the *Torpilian* Streights: The *Greeks*, when Masters of the Country, called the Place ΣΥΜΒΟΛΟΝ, the MEETING, viz. of the Mountains. The nearest to the Shore had been occupied by *Norbanus*, and that farther within Land by *Saxa*. But *Cimber* having turned the Promontory, quickly fell to measuring the Ground, and laying out the Bounds of a Camp; and the News of his doing so, as quickly reached *Norbanus*—who concluding that the whole Army under *Brutus* had clambered over the Promontory, called upon *Saxa* to come in all haste and join their Forces, lest they should be overpowered, and their Retreat to *Macedon* cut off. *Saxa* obeyed, having left a small Body to guard the Pass, whom *Brutus* attacked and broke, and led the whole Army thro' the *Torpilian* Streight. *Norbanus* then found he had been caught by Stratagem, and fell a fortifying the *Sapean* Pass with greater care; it was impracticable to force it, and the Republican Army was once more at a Stand. The Season was advancing, they had still a long March to *Italy*, the end of their Hopes; and nothing is more irksome to Troops than to tramp back again the Road they have already come. In the general Damp of the Army,

and

\* TULLIUS CIMBER et nimius erat in vino, et scordalus: in hanc rem jecatus est ipse; Ego, inquit, quemquam feram, qui vinum ferre non possum?

and Suspence of the Generals, *Rhascupolis* being questioned about the Country, told them, that there was a *Possibility* indeed to evite that Pass; but it would be by taking a Compass over the *Sapean-Mountains*, and marching for three days among Rocks and dry Defarts untrod by mortal Foot: That if they would provide Water and Ammunition-Bread for these three days, on the fourth they might reach the *Harpeffus* which falls into the *Hebro*, from whence they had but sixteen miles to *Philippi*: that these Mountains were covered with such Forrests as the Birds would scarce see them passing, and therefore they might surprize their Enemies so as they could hardly escape. This last Consideration chiefly prevailed with the Generals to undertake so daring an Expedition. A great Detachment was sent off under *Brutus's* Son-in-law the young L. BIBULUS, with *Rhascupolis* for their Guide. They struggled up the Steeps with great patience and alacrity; and the rather that some of their Scouts affirmed they had from a high Top discovered the *Glance* of a Stream. But the fourth day about Noon, being fatigued and spent, and their Provision of Water beginning to fail, the Men began to lose patience; they were told, they said, the dry Defart was to last but for three Days—here was almost a fourth.—Their Scouts, it was true, had seen Water; but that *Thracian Traitor* was bewildering them on purpose to give them up a Prey to the Enemy. This notion spread—a Panic and Despair seized them—they cursed *Rhascupolis*, and threw Darts at him, when he was running about to encourage them—and after all, would have turned back, if *Bibulus* had not gone among the Mutineers, and mildly entreated them to remember *they had been picked out as the bravest Men to lead the way to the whole Army; and that a little Patience would make out the remaining Road, which he hoped they would perform in Silence and good Order.* They listened to the young Patrician; and at last, towards evening, the Vanguard spyed the wished-for River. They set up a Shout of Joy.

Joy at the Sight, which being always caught by the next in order, it ran thro' the long-extended Line in which they marched, until it reached the Rear. The News of their Passage being brought to *Cassius* and *Brutus*, they made an amazing Stretch over the same Mountains, in hopes of environing *Norbanus* and *Saxa*, and lopping off a Limb of the Triumvir's Power: and thro' that wild and unfrequented Route they would have certainly got behind them; if the too sagacious *RHASC*, being out on an advanced Party, had not perceived the re-echoed Shout, and suspecting what had happened; gone to view the Hills. When he saw them coming down to *Philippi*, he was astonished—how such an Army could pass a Desert he thought impervious to wild Beasts; and made haste to acquaint *Norbanus* of his danger, who that same Night decamped in the dark, and marched a great pace back to *Chrysopoli* upon the *Strymon*. Both Armies upon this Event talked of nothing but the Address of the *Thracian* Brothers.

THE COASTS of *Macedon* and *Thrace*, tho' a good Soil, lay uncultivated in the early Ages of *Greece*; the Inhabitants being no Seamen, and the Shore unsafe because of frequent Pyracies: But the *Grecians* becoming more civilized, particularly the *Chalcideans*, and having made many Settlements up and down, it flourished extremely in Trade and Agriculture; until the Ambition of *Philip*, (a Man better deserving the Title of GREAT than his hot-headed Son,) had its usual Effect.—The *Turks* say, no Grass can grow on the Spot where the Grand Signior's Horse has once trod: So *Philip* drove out the free commercial *Greeks* to make way for his Garrisons and Miners, and reduced it to its former Desolation. Near the Mines there was a Town called *Datus* or *Wells*, which he found conveniently situated for bridling the *Thracians*, and protecting the Workers of those Silver-Mines, that enabled him to pay the Mercenaries, and bribe the leading Men in the *Grecian* Republics \*. He fortified

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\* HORAT. Ode xvi. Lib. iii.

it, and call it PHILIPPOLI or PHILIPSBURGH, which was contracted into PHILIPPI.

To prevent a puzzling Mistake, it is necessary to observe that there are two Towns of this Name; one in the Province of *Pthiotis* in *Theffaly*, the Country of *Achilles*, not far from *Phar-jalus*, where the fatal Battle was fought between *Pompey* and *Cesar*; and another in the Confines of *Thrace*, on the north-east of *Macedon*, over against the Island *THASO*. The whole Breadth of the Kingdom of *Macedon* intervenes—but as these Countries were anciently comprehended under the general Name of *EMATHIA*, the Poets, who are fond of similar Images, have play'd with the two Names \*, and given rise to an Imagination that *Brutus* and *Cassius* pitched upon the self same Field of Battle which *Pompey* had chosen before†. The Tract of Mount *HÆMUS*, now *Cumoniza*, (but variously named as it runs across from the *Archipelago* to the Gulf of *Venice*) sends out many Branches; on one of whose projecting Skirts stood the lofty *Philippi* ‡. It occupied the Top of a steep Hill; with a Tract of Woody-Mountains, thro' which *Brutus* and *Cassius* had passed, to the north; a Morass towards the Sea on the south: the two Streights bounded it to the east; and to the west a vast Plain declines gently for many miles to the Banks of the *Strymon*. It is not unusual at the Termination of a Ridge of Mountains to see a

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broken

\* POETAE locorum nominibus quasi suo quodam jure abutentes, ponunt *Emathiam* pro *Theffalia*. *Julius Cesar Pompeium ad Pharsalum Theffaliae devicit: Augustus autem Brutum et Cassium ad Haemum et Philippis Thraciae, quae quidem Urbes, tota interjacente Macedonia dissitae sunt.* Poetae tamen, duce uti videtur VIRGILIO, utramque pugnam narrant quasi eodem loco pugnatam. LIPSIUS.

† Ergo inter sese paribus concurrere telis,  
Romanas acies iterum videre PHILIPPI;  
Nec fuit indignum Superis bis sanguine nostro  
*Emathiam*, et latos *Haemi* pinguescere campos. VIRG. GEORG. I.

‡ Eandem illam, quae fatalis CN. POMPEIO fuit, arenam infederunt, says a foppish Writer FLORUS; who has given a very inaccurate and immoral Account of this War.

—————*Video PANGAEA nivosis*  
*Cana jugis, latosque AEMI sub rupe Philippos.*

LUCAN. Lib. i.

broken rocky Hill rise abrupt out of the Plain, especially if the Declivity lean toward the Sea\*. About two miles from *Philippi*, and scarce *one* asunder, rose two such Heights; and these the two Generals of the Commonwealth seized on, *Cassius* the southern, and *Brutus* the northern Hill. It was a happy Situation for a great Camp, and for their chief Design of starving the Enemy. The steep Ascent rendered the Post inaccessible, a deep Morass on this side, and Rocks and Woods on that; while the Pass between the Hills was fortified by a Ditch and Rampart leading from one Camp to the other. The island *Thaso*, within an hour's Run, was their Store-house; and the Harbour of *Naples*†, at seven miles distance, their Ship-Station: and to complete their conveniency, the little Brook *Ganga* watered the hollow between the Camps. For tho' they were enclosed with one common Trench and Wall, and had easy communication by open Gate-ways, yet each Army possessed a Camp apart. No Situation could bid fairer to keep them in affluence, and starve their Enemies, which was the prime Point of their military Plan. Wherefore, instead of pursuing *Norbanus* and *Saxa*, who had sent message after message to the *Triumvirs*, they fell a fortifying their own Camp with great alacrity; having received intelligence, that *M. Antony* was marching thro' *Macedonia*, with incredible rapidity, leading six more Legions to support his Lieutenants.

WHEN he and the young *Cesar* had outwitted *Murcus*, and got over to *Greece*, the Youth was in so bad a way that he was left

\* Such we see about *Stirling* in *North-Britain*, being Excrescencies from the *Grampian* Ridge; and some to the west of *Edinburgh*, where the *Pentland Hills* are discontinued. I have met with them frequently in *Wales*, and even at *Matlock* in *Derbyshire*, tho' an Inland Country. But the greatest number of them, and in the greatest perfection, are described by *M. BOUGUER* in the Account of his Voyage to *Quito* and from thence to the West of *Peru*, where the vast Tract of the *Cordilleros* subside into a Plain.

† Not in Italy but in Thrace: this Name, signifying the NEW TOWN, is spread all over the World.

left sick at *Durazzo*; while his Colleague advanced by forced Marches, if possible to prevent *Chrysopoli* being pro-occupied, in order to make it the Resource of Provision for his Army. He was agreeably surprized to find the Place fortified by *Norbanus*,—gave the Government of it to *Pinarius Scarpus* a Kinsman of the late *Cesar*, and with his usual confidence, pushed on within a mile of the Enemy, and encamped in the Plain. Before his Arrival, the Troops under the Lieutenant-Generals had been drooping; as it generally dispirits Men to give ground before an Enemy: But now their Courage was roused, and they talked of nothing but Victory. *CASSIUS* had sent a strong Party down to the Shore to escort a Convoy from *Thaso*; *ANTONY*, having information of it, planted a superior Party in ambush to intercept their Return. They were discovered, and attacked with such advantage, that few of them escaped to carry news of the Disaster. This unlooked for Check renewed their former Dejection, and made even *Antony* himself doubtful of the Event. His Uneasiness daily increased thro' the growing Inconveniences felt in his Camp: for the Difference of their Posts and the great Superiority of that occupied by *Cassius* and *Brutus* was not long of appearing. They sat dry and healthful on a Hill—their Enemies low and damp in a Hollow: they brought their Fuel with ease from the Wood—the other scarcely scraped together a few Shrubs out of the Fens—these drank from the Brook—those from a Pit—these had Vivres from *Thaso* in their Neighbourhood—those by Land-carriage of two and forty miles from *Chrysopoli*. The sense of this Superiority made the experienced General *Cassius* spare no pains to strengthen his Works; he drove a new Ditch and Wall from his Trenches to the Marsh or Lake, which completed the Circumvallation of the Camps (except where on *Brutus's* Side a Precipice secured them to the North) and looked upon *Antony's* encamping under their nose, as the Attempt of a mad-man, which he must quickly repent.

THE young *Cesar* mean while was passing a bad Time at *Durazzo*, between Sicknefs and Anxiety. If *Antony* conquered without him, he must bow to him as his Master—but if vanquished by *Brutus* and *Cassius*, the whole Weight of the War must fall at last upon himself. He lay eight or ten days under these Apprehensions; and then, tho' very weak, and scarce able to bear the motion of a Chaise, set out for the Camp. His Arrival revived the flagging Spirits of the Soldiers, (which have many ebbs and flows in a Campaign) and made them for a while forget the unhappy Ambuscade, and the Inconveniences of their Situation. But these last increased so fast, that *Antony* saw there was a necessity either to decamp with disgrace, perhaps with loss, or to fall upon some means of forcing the Enemy to an Engagement. In vain did he draw out every day both his own and *Cesar's* Men, and march up to the very Trenches of the Enemy, offering them Battle: The Generals would not be tempted from their Concert, nor bring their Legions down to the Plain, but kept close within their Works or upon the high Grounds; permitting only their Horsemen to skirmish, who for the most part came off superior; happy—had they been able to persevere!

It was while things were in this suspense that *BRUTUS* painted the Temper of his own Mind, in a Letter addressed to *Atticus* at *Rome*. In the immediate View of the grand Decision, he was kept serene by Philosophy; and full of that divine Enthusiasm, which a conscious Rectitude pours into the human Soul. He therefore wrote, "*That his Affairs were in the happiest of all Situations; for he would either restore LIBERTY to his Country, or be himself WITHOUT CARE for the future.*" These Sentiments are philosophical upon *Roman* Principles, and could not but be genuine in this Patriot, because of a piece with his former Maxims and Conduct. Besides the Collection of his LETTERS and SPEECHES; and besides the Treatise already mentioned *Of moral Duties*, he wrote other two; One concerning

cerning VIRTUE, and the *other* a practical *Pattern* of it, in the Character of his Uncle M. CATO. In the first, he affirms, *that it is sufficient Consolation to a good Man banished from his Country by the Spite of a Faction or Power of a Tyrant, that he can carry all his good Qualities along with him.* ‘In my Return to Italy, says he, after our public Calamities, I paid a Visit to the noble M. MARCELLUS, then in exile at Lesbos. I found this illustrious Person, not only living as happily as human Nature admits, but more intent upon improving his Knowledge and advancing in Virtue than in his most flourishing Estate. His Behaviour filled me with such Admiration, that when about to take leave of him, it seemed to me that I was rather going into Banishment at Rome than leaving him in that condition at Mitylene.’ HAPPY MARCELLUS! (says Seneca, who tells the Story) happier in the Admiration of M. Brutus than in the Applause given to thy Consulate by the Roman People! What Greatness of Mind must it have been, that commanded the Admiration of the Man, who was himself admired by the all-accomplished CATO? Cesar, tho’ drunk with Power and hardened in Crimes, could not bear to see Marcellus in a State unworthy of him, and therefore gave Orders to the Ship-Master, who was carrying him to Rome, not to touch at the Island. This was a piece of *Homage* paid to Virtue by an Enemy: and it was scarcely to be thought that the Man struck with such Virtue, would either bear the Yoke of its Foe, or live under the Tyranny of his Successors——“In all respects, continued BRUTUS, we are prepared; having a great Power of Men and Money; but the Chances of War make it still uncertain whether we shall live in Liberty, or die with Honour. Whatever happens, Antony must pay for his wicked Folly, who having had it in his power to be reckoned among the CASSI and the CATOS, has chosen to be a Retainer to the Boy OCTAVIUS!”

FOR many days both Armies continued in a state of Inactivity; not only military Reasons having weight with the Republican  
Generals,



Generals, but Considerations of Humanity and their Duty as *Romans*: they remembered their Enemies, however virulent, were their Countrymen; that if they engaged, Brother must fight against Brother, and Father against Son—and that whoever fell, or whatever Party were worsted, *ROME* must be the Loser in the issue. Both the Safety of their own Men, and Commiseration of their Adversaries, made them therefore earnestly wish to conquer without Blood. But neither the Restlessness of their Rival-Chiefs, nor the Temper of their own Troops, permitted them to follow their moderate Inclinations. And first *Brutus's* People, with whom he lived liker a Companion than a Commander, began to murmur,—‘What had their General seen amiss about them, or where had they turned their Backs, that he should thus distrust their Bravery and give the preference to their Enemies? They were *Soldiers*, and had come there to *fight*, and not to keep guard in a Ditch, nor to peep at their Foes thro’ Port-Holes, and Palissadoes——Some of them dared to say, ‘That if they were to be kept at this dull Duty all the Campaign, and not allowed to strike a Blow for Liberty, they would leave the Camp and return home.’ They made their Generals so uneasy, that either this Impatience of the soldiery, or a Return of his former way of thinking, brought *Brutus* himself to wish for a decisive Battle. This naturally produced a Council of War; in which that Chieftain gave his Opinion, ‘that they could not expect their Army to be in better plight, nor greater Ardor to fight among the Men next year than now; that in all the Skirmishes hitherto they had evidently the advantage, which was no small Presumption in favour of a general Battle; that the World had for many years been groaning under the Miseries of War; both the *Romans* and their Subjects being exhausted with Contributions, and harrassed with quartering Soldiers, and Party-Fury;—that he thought it was full time to put an end to these Calamities, and either restore Liberty to *Rome* by their Victory, or  
‘let

‘ let the World remain in some sort of peace by their Defeat.’  
 CASSIUS, on the other hand, firmly adhered to the former

Concert—‘ the Advantages of it, he said, were already visible

‘ in their Enemies’ Eagerness to fight—that their wants would

‘ encrease every day until downright Famine came to force them

‘ to a voluntary Surrender, or make them decamp in such a way

‘ as to afford the fairest Opportunity to crush them in their Re-

‘ treat—that he thought it both imprudent and cruel to venture

‘ the Lives of so many brave Men, or even the Wounds of wor-

‘ thy Citizens, when a little Patience would obtain their great

‘ Purpose in one shape or other, and most probably without

‘ effusion of *Roman Blood*.’ To this *Atilius*, one of *Brutus*’s

Friends, warmly assented, and added he could by no means think

of fighting till *next Year*. And what Advantage, pray, said

*Brutus*, will we have next Year above our present Condition?

*Why*, replied the Senator, *if none other, I shall at least live so*

*much the longer*.—At this dastardly Saying *Cassius* stormed, and

the other general Officers were highly offended—: perhaps it

was their Indignation at this low Piece of Wit, as well as some

*Suspensions* of the hazard of Desertion among the Troops, if

they were not quickly put upon Action, that joined with their

own Impatience or fond Hopes, brought a Majority of them to

be of *Brutus*’s Opinion; and it was accordingly determined to

fight next Morning, being *Cassius*’s Birth-day. *Brutus* was de-

lighted with the Resolution; dined in public—shone in Conver-

sation, being full of the Dictates of Heroism and Maxims of

Philosophy, and, contrary to his usual custom, went early to

Bed.—CASSIUS took only the young *Messala* and one or two

Friends to his Tent, with whom he supped in private, very

thoughtful and silent, which was not his way;—and when

about to part, taking *Messala* by the hand he squeezed it hard—

and *Bear me witness*, *Messala*, said he in *Greek*, *that the same*

*thing happens to me which happened to the Great POMPEY, in being*

*forced to stake the Welfare of my Country on one Throw of the*

*Dice*——But let us keep up our Courage—Fortune may favour even the ill-advised; and remember you are to sup. with me on my Birth-night.

NEXT Morning early, the Scarlet Robe, the Sign of Battle, was seen displayed over *Brutus's* Tent. He had desired his Friend to take the Command of the Right-Wing, due to his Age and Rank: *Cassius* not only refused to take it, but gave him the choicest Legion in his Army, commanded by *Messala*, in the heat of Youth, to begin the Attack. The Generals of the Enemy had been very differently employed; and the Account given of *their* Conduct assigns the bringing on a general Battle to a different Cause.

*M. ANTONY* was now an Officer of great Experience; having served or commanded upwards of twenty Years. He saw the Danger of their Situation in its full extent: he perfectly knew with whom he had to do—a Leader not more dreadful for his Resolution and Spirit than for his military Skill; who would seize every Advantage, and give none: in a word, the Man in the world whom he dreaded most. He knew how they were beset on all hands, with Fleets by sea, and Armies by land; without any possible Resource, in case of a Miscarriage. He saw *Scarcity* beginning to appear in the Camp, and was aware how short a while *Macedon's* barren Hills<sup>in</sup> could supply an Army of one hundred thousand Men. These Views made him pass the gloomiest Days and worst Nights he had ever known, except among the *Alps* in his Flight from *Modena*. To attack a Camp so fortified by Nature and Art would be mere Madness; to *force* them out of it, or pass *by* them on either side, was equally beyond his Power: had he been supporting a *good Cause*, he would have drawn pity in so desperate a Situation—At last he bethought himself, whether it were not possible to drive a *Causeway* by a double Trench across the Morass, with such secrecy and dispatch as to *pass* that made by *Cassius* before it was discovered by the Enemy. He set about it; still drawing  
out.

out the Legions with all their Ensigns as usual, to give no Suspicion ; but having picked out the best Pioneers from every Cohort, he ordered them to work hard all night, and in the profoundest silence. Could he compleat it undiscovered, it would either cut off the communication with *Thafos* and their Magazines ; or force them to fight on equal terms. But the Work was heavy ; for besides the double Ditch, *Faggots* and *Reeds* were to be first laid to keep up the earth, Stones were to be sunk in many places to strengthen the marshy edge, and Bridges of Wood to be made over the stagnating Pools : Yet so much was he favoured by the thick growing *Reeds* then at their height, and so well obeyed by the labouring Soldiers, that in *ten* nights they reached firm Ground—The eleventh, as soon as it was dark, he commanded a certain number of Cohorts to take their way over the new made Road—seize upon some Eminencies between the Enemies Camp and the Sea, and before it was day, to fortify them in the best manner the Time permitted. When CASSIUS was told that the Heights on this side the Fen were possessed by the *Cesareans*, he could scarce credit the Information ; but having seen the cross Causeway, he was amazed at the Sagacity and Secrecy with which so great a Work had been conducted ; and set instantly about rendering it useless to *Antony* : For this purpose he began a broad Rampart, fortified on either side, which should reach from his *Camp* quite thro' the Morasses to the *Sea* ; and run so athwart the Enemy's Dyke, as to prevent all Communication between those already passed, and their main Camp. The *Roman Warfare* was frequently as much carried on by the Mattock and Spade as by the Sword and Spear ; in which they have been imitated by some eminent Moderns \*. When this Rampart was so far advanced as to approach and almost commanded the other, *Antony* could not bear to

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see

\* ALEXANDER FARNESE Prince of *Parma* ; MAURICE of NASSAU Prince of *Orange* ; HENRY DE LA TOUR Viscount of *Turenne* ; and Duke of *Villars*.

his Measures baffled, and his Detachments cut off; which must have happened, if the sole Means of their Intercourse were shut up:—and if this Approach of the Works fell out *that same Morning*, on which BRUTUS had resolved to hazard a Battle; then, what some of the old Writers say will be true, *that tho' there was no Concert, yet both Armies drew out as if by Agreement\**.

It will scarce be expected that I should describe the Prodigious and Portents that are said to have preceded this memorable Engagement. I suppress them as I did the *fiery Meteor*, in shape of a Bolt, which so grave an Author as PLINY relates to have appeared in the Heavens, and portended the Miseries at the siege of *Modena*. Let me rather observe, that of all the Battles that ever were fought, this was the greatest; not so much for the *Numbers* engaged on either side—for the *Fierceness* of the Encounter, or *Obstinacy* of the bloody Contest (tho' in all these respects it was *terrible*) but for its momentous Consequence, and what *depended* upon its Issue. It was to decide, not whether this or t'other Faction, *Sylla* or *Marius*, or even *Pompey* or *Cesar* should prevail; but THE FATE of the WORLD—whether glorious LIBERTY or universal SLAVERY should take place—whether the ROMAN REPUBLIC should recover its former Splendor—THE REPUBLIC that once *glowed sublime*,

*With the mixed Freedom of a thousand States;*

—or sink,—for ever sink, in Slavery and Meanness. If *Cassius* and *Brutus* came off Conquerors, the LAWS resumed their Majesty, the SENATE its Reverence, the PEOPLE their free independent Spirit, and all the three diffused their *salutary* Influence thro' the Empire—But if *they* were foiled, there was no hope that the Commonwealth would ever more raise its Head; that the Citizens of *Rome* would dare  
to

\* Οὐκ ἀποδεχσάμην μιν ὅποτε τῆς μάχης ποιεῖσθαι· ὡς περ δὲ ἐκτὸς συγκαταστήσαντες, οὐκ ἔλαβον ἰσημερινόν.

to claim their native Liberty; or *aim* at recovering those Privileges that had long made them the FIRST of MEN.

WHEN in such a Quarrel both Armies were drawn out, it was at once a glorious and a dreadful Sight. Never had the *Romans* brought such a military Power into the field, as the four Armies led forth in the Plains of *Philippi*. The Empire had exerted its full Force; and could go little beyond the mighty Effort it now made on either side. But among the Legions, those led by *Brutus* were distinguished by the Splendor and Richness of their Armour: tho' in other respects that General loved to keep his Troops sober, he indulged them in decking their *Arms* with Gold and Silver, and making them as splendid as they pleased. A brave fellow's Courage, he thought, was heightened by rich Accoutrements, and a Plunderer would part with his Blood, rather than his silver-plated Shield. They were at this time in high Spirits, as well as their General: their Horsemen had beat the Enemy in every Skirmish; they construed their performing the solemn Rite of Lustration in their *Lines* as a sign of Fear, and condemned the mean Allowance of a little Bread and three Shillings *per* Man, given by *Cesar* and *Antony* for the Sacrifice. When the Battalions were all under arms, the two Generals appeared in the front, and after agreeing upon the order of the Attack, and just about to repair to their Posts, *Cassius* turning to his Friend—'Now,' said he, *BRUTUS!* We enter upon Action—may Heaven give Victory—that we may live together like *Romans!* But 'as Futurity is dark, and the Event of a Battle slippery, how do you stand inclined in case of a Disaster?'—*Why*, replied the Hero, *I was once in a different way of thinking, and condemned my Uncle for giving up too soon—Experience has altered my Opinion: I cannot think, if we now miscarry, of entering upon new Preparations, and turning the World upside down upon uncertain Prospects: I devoted my Life to my Country upon the Ides of March, and will disdain to spend it in any other manner, than in the noble Freedom we*

have since enjoyed——CASSIUS answered with a smile of Pleasure, *The Resolution is worthy of my BRUTUS—so animated let us go against the Enemy.* It was now far advanced in the morning; when BRUTUS ordered the young *Tully* to lead out the Cavalry, and charge *Cesar's* Left, to uncover his Flank, before his own Legions should attack. Then he gave out the *Word*, which was LIBERTY; but before the Tablets in which it was writ could be delivered to the Officers, they saw a body of the Enemy crossing their Front, as it were in contempt, to go and attack the projecting Rampart from *Cassius's* Camp. This Sight they could not bear: the nearest Tribune gave the Signal; the Legion ran down upon their Side; and the whole right Wing was in motion in a moment.

CASSIUS, looking about, saw the disorder; and from his supreme military Skill foreboded no Good from an uncommanded Attack: when at the same instant, a Cry struck his ears from the extremity of his own Camp, as if they were come to Blows in the Morass. It was so; and had happened thus.

Tho' the young *Cesar* had been some while arrived, he was of little Significancy, partly thro' Inexperience, and partly thro' Sicknefs: the Burthen of the War both in contrivance and execution lay upon his Colleague: yet this morning, on a Dream of his Physician, *M. Artorius*, he had crawled out of his Tent, and was carried in a Chair thro' the Ranks. But *Antony*, seeing his great Work in hazard of being ruined—his excluded Detachments cut to pieces, and knowing all must be lost if they were in a Fit of Rage and Despair, commanded *Saxa* to take Hooks and grappling Irons, as if for a Scalade, and go and attack the west Side of *Cassius's* Rampart, while he made a compass and assaulted the other. It was a piece of desperate Service. The daring *Saxa* however traversed the Plain with his Veterans, on whose Flank *Brutus's* Men came furious down, and, having the advantage of Ground and Order, killed many of his Men. By this time

time *Tully* had beat off the Enemies Horse from their Left, and had the Chace of them thro' the Plain, when *Brutus* ordered *Messala* to extend his Line and out-wing them, while he himself led down the main Battle against the young *Cesar*. They met with a long and stout Resistance from the Veteran Legions; but his Men were flushed with their first Success; their loved General was at their head; their Impetuosity at last bore down the Enemy's Line, and drove them back upon their Camp. *Cesar* could do little to rally them: *Agrippa* then and *Taurus* turned their backs;—*Gallus* and *Mecenas* accompanied their Master in his flight: There was a great Carnage of no less than three Legions\*. *Messala* having broke the exposed Wing, fell in with their Works, and making a fierce Assault upon the Guard, drove them from the Trench, and mastered the Wall. Two-thousand *Lacedemonians* just arrived were cut to pieces; after which his Men, thinking themselves sure of Victory, fell to rifling the Baggage; and *Brutus*, having at length with a very great Slaughter, cleared the Field, broke likewise into the Camp at another place, and his People fell a plundering like their Fellows. This was a more fatal Error than the first: For on his Left, things were in a different situation: there was a cruel Struggle at the Rampart in the Morass: *Cassius's* main Army was drawn up in the Plain waiting the Signal to engage; there was only one Légion left under arms to guard the strong Camp, and some Cohorts disposed along the Breast-work and Turrets on either side of the Rampart. These *Antony* attacked with a Fury the effect of Despair; and tho' he saw, to his no small Joy, that *Saxa's* daring March across the Front had fairly brought on the Battle, he would not regain the Field, lest in wheeling he should break his Files †—but pushing on thro'

\* 18,000 Men..

† This explains what some Authors have written, that M. ANTONY was not present in this Battle; but only appeared to the Soldiers after it was over. Καίτοι γυμνάζοντο ἵνα μὴ παραγινώσκειν τῇ μάχῃ τοῦ ANTONION, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ παραγινώσκειν μετὰ τὴν μάχην ὅταν διαύνοι. ΠΛΟΥΤΑΡΧ. ΑΝΤΩΝ.



thro' Darts and Stones hurled from the Turrets, he forced his way up hill to the Mound between the Camp and the Morass, which he attacked with redoubled violence. Here the Legion left to guard it opposed him : But *Antony* and *Saxa* were Soldiers as well as Generals—and led the flower of *Julius Cesar's* Veterans ; Men beaten to Victory, who in the course of perhaps twenty Campaigns, did not know what it was to give ground, or turn their back to an Enemy. In spite of all Efforts from the Walls, they pulled the Palisade to pieces, filled up the Ditch, undermined the Battlements, and breaking with much Bloodshed thro' the Guard at the Gate, fairly forced their way into the Camp. This Execution was so rapid, that the first thing they met, was a Body in full March to relieve the Cohorts working on the Rampart. With the same Fury they fell upon these, and drove them headlong towards the Morass—after which *Antony* returned, and took possession of the Camp with little or no resistance. Meantime a bloody Scene was passing in the Plain below between *Cassius* and *Norbanus* : they were nearly on equal terms—excepting that the *Cesareans* were both older Troops, and knew they must *starve* or conquer. But this was ballanced by the superior Leader ; and the Battle hung for hours without advantage on either side. At first they used Art and Caution ; but threw off all guard as they warmed, if they could but wound the Enemy : No Noise or Clamour,—but a silent Rage and fierce Resolution to keep their Ground or cover it. At last disdaining distant Blows, they threw away their Shields, grappled like Wrestlers, and tumbled together with mutual Stabs : since the Battle of *Munda*, there had not been a more obstinate Contest. Two things cast the Scale, and decided the Victory. Some Runaways from the Camp spread the news of its being taken among the *eastern Bowmen*, who not being accustomed to Actions of such Continuance, turned their Horses heads, and fled in a Body towards the Sea. Then the Eagerness of *Brutus's* Men in running down first upon *Saxa*,  
and

and then upon *Cæsar*, left all the Right of *Cassius's* Battle naked. Under these disadvantages, his Legions long sustained the Fury of the Veterans; but being thinned with Slaughter and almost surrounded, towards Evening their Resistance began to slacken: *CASSIUS* did what a brave Man and great General could do to renew the Fight: he snatched the *EAGLE* out of the flying Ensign's hand, drove the Spike into the Ground, and bid them desert that and their General if they durst: But the Thought of their plundered Camp, and a Persuasion that *Brutus* was in no better condition than themselves, damped their Spirits, and by degrees brought on a fighting Retreat; and their Enemies had been so hotly handled in the Action, that they contented themselves with keeping the Field. And now the *Chance of War* (hitherto but moderately *active*,) began to display its sovereign power: for tho' the left Wings of both Armies were beaten, and the right Victors—tho' both Camps were taken and pillaged; yet, in the main, *Brutus* and *Cassius* had the superiority. There were killed on *their* side, including Baggage-men, about eight thousand; of the Enemies, above twenty thousand: They took the *EAGLES* of three Legions, besides many inferior Ensigns, and lost not one of their own: and lastly, they put the *Cæsareans* to a total and disorderly Rout on the Left; while *theirs*, tho' beaten, did not *break* and disperse. The Sun was declining, when *Brutus*, compleatly Victor, turning his eyes towards *Cassius's* Camp, was surprized he could not see the *Pretorium* or General's Tent standing so lofty as it used to appear, nor the usual Camp-Arrangement in other respects. The sharpest-sighted of his Officers said they saw the glistering of Arms in *Cassius's* Camp, and many silver Shields carrying up and down in the Trenches: but that neither their Numbers nor Armour seemed to be that of the Legion left to guard it; nor could they perceive the Field of Battle on that Side so thick strewn with Dead, as if so many Legions had been destroyed. This gave *Brutus* the first Suspicion of *things being amiss* on the

Left.:

Left: and instantly commanding a Retreat to be sounded, he left a strong Guard in the Camp, and detached the young *Cicero* with a Body of Horse to the relief of his Colleague, while he should bring up the Legions in all haste to support him. Before this, *Cassius* had been forced out of the Field by the Retreat of his shattered Army; and his Camp being occupied by the Enemy, he retired with the Remains of his Body-Guard, to the Heights of *Philippi*, from whence he had a wide view of both Camps. While intent upon his own Duty, he could mind nothing else; and now the Dust and Distance obstructing his Sight, kept him entirely ignorant of *Brutus's* Victory. In this anxious State he saw the Body of Horse sent by his Friend in quest of him advancing a great pace thro' the Plain; he then called his Aid de Camp, *Titinnius*, an old experienced Soldier, and ordered him to go and bring him word *What Body of Men that was, advancing towards them at so great a rate.* *Titinnius* went down to reconnoitre; and perceiving them to be Friends, come to seek his General after their Victory, instead of returning to deliver his Message, ran towards them in Transport; and they seeing their old Friend, and hearing that *Cassius* was safe, came all about the Officer with Joy and Shouting, and proceeded towards the Hill, surrounding *Titinnius*. They were come so near, that *Cassius* could distinctly see him go up to them, and as distinctly hear their shout when they closed upon him. He then gave up all for lost—thought that *Brutus's* Army was likewise beaten, and that this was a Detachment of the Enemies victorious Cavalry sent in pursuit of himself. *Ay*—said he, seeing the Horsemen close on *Titinnius*—*and have I prolonged Life that my Friend might be carried off in my Sight*—and turning into an empty Tent, he called his Freed-man *Pindar* to do the last Office to his Master. Then pulling his Robe over his head, he laid bare his Neck, and stretching it out, received intrepid the fatal Stroke. The Head had not been long on the Ground, when *Titinnius* entered, a Garland on his Brow, and exulting with the News of

BRUTUS'S

BRUTUS's *Victory*. But, when he saw CASSIUS laid lifeless on the Earth, first Consternation seized him—then, hearing the manner of his death, he drew his Sword, and, *I'll follow*, said he, *the glorious Man whom my Lingering has undone*,—and plunging it into his own Breast, he fell upon the dead Body of his General.

THE News of this dreadful Event soon reached *Brutus* who was advancing with the Legions:—He quitted his military pace—flew to the Tent, and in the agony of grief threw himself down on his departed Friend; with many tears embracing the dead Body, and often calling him what he really was, THE LAST of the ROMANS. This Epithet in the Mouth of *Brutus* was the highest Panegyric. He was himself by his humanity, his affability and learning, liker a polished *Grecian*, than a *Roman* Hero, being much such a one as XENOPHON, or his elegant good-natured Friend, PROXENUS the *Theban*. But that daring undaunted Temper—that indefatigable Application, that supreme Love of his Country, that Detestation of Slavery, and Contempt of Life with the least dishonour, which characterized an *old Roman*, all shone in C. CASSIUS; and with *him* that Spirit finally fled; as the antient Manners, now corrupted, could no more form a Citizen of *that Stamp*. His NAME was so terrible to Tyrants, that first *Tiberius* drove a noble Historian, *Cremutius Cordus*, to death, for having called him, as *Brutus* did, THE LAST of the ROMANS; and his successor in Barbarity, bearing his Sirname *Nero*, drove the surviving Heir of the *Cassian* Family, a grave, learned, and worthy Man, from his Estate and Friends into Banishment to unhealthy *Sardinia*, for having the Effigies of his Progenitor among his Family-statues, with an Inscription on the Pedestal, DUX PARTIUM, the CHIEF of the *PARTY*. But the mild *Vespasian*\* recalled him to *Rome*.

WHEN BRUTUS had given vent to the Bitterness of his Grief, he ordered the Body to be conveyed privately to *Thaso* to

\* COR. TACIT. Ann. Lib. xvi.

be buried. He knew the Soldiery were more led by their Eyes than Ears; and did not know what Effects the funeral Rites might produce, if performed in their Sight.

THE Death of so great a Man at this Crisis, could never be compensated either to *Brutus* or to the REPUBLIC; and as the Loss of the excellent PANSA made way for the Triumvirate, the untimely Exit of CASSIUS was the fatal Blow to the Cause of Liberty. For tho' nothing be more uncertain than the Event of a Battle, yet I cannot help thinking, that, if HE had lived, the unhappy War would probably have taken another Turn. He was a consummate Officer, vigilant and active; fit for repairing Calamities (as well appeared after the Death of CRASSUS), with an Ardor of Mind that rose by difficulties and opposition\*. The severe Check his Troops had met with, would have given him absolute Authority, and put it in his power to conduct the War as he inclined: which his surviving Friend was not able to do. But on how slender a Hinge do the Fates of Nations frequently turn——! The Slowness of an Aid de Camp—a Mistake of Cloaths or Armour—A Defect in Sight, such as *Plutarch* attributes to *Cassius*, shall baffle all Courage and Conduct†. It was this Defect made the late Marechal *Tallard* rush on his Ruin at *Blenheim*; as on the contrary, the Glance of an Eagle's Eye, in the heat of Action, gave the Prince of *Condé* the Superiority to his Rival *Turenne* in a Day of Battle, tho' far inferior in the conduct of a Campaign. But among a thousand instances, the field of PHILIPPI affords the most striking Proof of what we properly call the CHANCE of WAR. It shews a great Battle to be the greatest of Ventures—when your ALL lies at the mercy of Fortune; and a small Accident not to be foreseen by human Prudence, nor prevented by human Power, shall blast the best

\* *Fuit autem Dux Cassius, melior, quanto VIR Brutus.*

VEL. PATERC.

† *Ηρ γὰρ ἀδρανὲς τὸν ὄψιν ὁ ΚΑΕΙΟΣ.*

ΠΛΕΛΑΓΧ. ΒΡΟΥΤ.

best founded Hopes, and *break* the best-laid Scheme, ever devised by Man\*.

THE high Consequence of this General appeared from the Opinion entertained of him both by Friends and Foes, and still more by the Sequel of the War. He had a *Syrian* Valet, by name *Demetrius*, who, in hopes of a great Reward, took an opportunity, when it grew dark, to steal his Sword and *Sagum* or General's Robe; and with these Tokens deserted the same night to the Enemy. He was quickly admitted into *Antony's* Presence, who was not a little dejected upon the Result of that bloody Day: for tho' he had carried the Rampart, rifled the Camp, and forced the Enemy off the Field; yet the total Defeat of *Cesar's* Army, the terrible Battle he had fought himself, the entire Loss of his Baggage, and above all, his being driven back into his old starving Situation, left him very anxious about the Issue. In this state of Mind, when the Fellow came and told that *Cassius* was dead, he thought it a fiction to procure some money; but upon his producing the *Sword* and *General's Robe*, he viewed them eagerly, and being convinced they were genuine, cried out, *VICI—I am Victor.*

*BRUTUS* mean time, tho' o'erwhelmed with Grief, was omitting no part of his Duty. Without eating or sleeping, after a Day of such Fatigue, he spent the whole Night in taking care of *Cassius's* Men—in sending out Parties all around to bring in the wounded, and reconduct the wandering to the Camp. At the same time he ordered Detachments of his own freshest Troops to beat up the Enemies Quarters, and alarm them with Attacks in the Night. As soon as it was day, he called *Cassius's* Legions to the Tribunal, gave them the due Praise of their Bravery, comforted them for the Loss of their Baggage which, he

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said,

\* Requieron las Armas un grano de *Temeridad*, que no se enquaderna con la *Madurez*: lo muy considerado de la mayor edad, detiene el *Brio*, enfrena la *Osadía*; e nunca los muy prudentes fueron grandes *Batalladores*.

said, he would take upon himself, and order sixty Pounds\* to be paid to every Man, and proportionably to the Officers. They were charmed both with his Mildness and Magnificence, and followed him when he descended from the Tribunal with joyous acclamations, called him *The victorious—The unconquered General*. Of the Leaders on the Enemies' side, the young CÆSAR did not appear for three days after the Battle; it was believed that he was among the slain; as they had run the Chair in which he had been carried thro' and thro' with their Lances; and some Troopers came to *Brutus* holding out their bloody Swords, and affirming they had killed him. But *M. Antony* on the Death of *Cassius* had pulled up his Spirits, and tho' his Legions were much thinner, and the Men scarce able to stand with Wounds and Toil, yet he drew them out in order of Battle, to dissemble his distress—*Brutus* borrowed a little of the Enemies Art, put his People likewise under Arms, and marched out as if ready to fight. At this *Antony* thought fit to retire into his Trenches; and *Brutus*, turning to his Officers, said with a smile, *It seems those who gave the Challenge don't care to measure Swords with us*. *CASSIUS's* Camp was more commodious and better fortified than the other: *Brutus* therefore moved into it with his Troops; and calling his Army to an Allocation, addressed them thus,

*IN the Battle fought yesterday, my Fellow-Soldiers, we came off every way superior: for tho' you were guilty of great Rashness, in attacking without Orders, yet you went on like brave Men, and both cut the boasted IV LEGION in pieces, who had the Post of Honour on that Wing, and put those next in the Line to a shameful flight, driving them before you all the way to their Camp. The Camp itself you took, and became Masters of the Baggage of both their Armies—*

*Advantages*

\* This depends upon the Authority of *PLUTARCH*; and, allowing *Cassius's* Army to be 30,000 Men, will amount to 1,800,000 Pounds: an incredible Sum! the half would be great Liberality; and 900,000 Pounds, added as a Donative that same day to his own Men, would exceed two Millions *Sterling*.

Advantages far outweighing the Loss which we sustained on our Left. But when it was in your own power to have finished the Affair, and rendered your Victory compleat, you chose rather to enrich yourselves with Plunder than to put your Enemies to the sword: for most of you passed by their Battalions to fall the quicker upon the Booty in their Camps. Tho' this was very unsoldierly; yet still you kept your advantage; they having risked only one of our Camps; and you, both theirs; so that the Acquisition is just double the Loss; and thro' the whole Action, you carried off the Prize due to Courage, and gained the Honour becoming our CAUSE. How much we have the better of them in other respects, you may learn from your Prisoners. The Scarcity and Dearth of Provisions in their Camp, with their long and toilsome Conveyance, have brought them on the brink of Famine. This must encrease, of course as our Admirals, POMPEY, MURCUS, and DOMITIUS, with two hundred and sixty Ships of War, intercept all supply from the Corn-countries—as Macedon is already exhausted, and the little remaining in Thessaly must be dragged a hundred and fifty miles over land. Be assured then, when you find 'em eager to fight, that Hunger is the cause; and that of two Evils, they only chuse, rather to perish by the sword. Let us, who have Plenty, make this same Famine subservient to our great Purpose, to weaken and wear out our Enemies, untill such time as we find it proper to fall upon them—Let us not, my brave Friends, show an unseasonable Courage, nor be more forward than the Conjuncture requires. Consider that SEA—lying open behind you, and supplying you with every thing; and neither mistake Conduct for Slowness, nor Rashness for Bravery. Our happy Situation secures a cheap and easy Victory, providing you can but command yourselves, and hear their Scoffing and Insults without thinking you are affronted. You know they proceed from no superior Virtue, as You made appear by yesterday's Trial, but from downright dread of Starving. Keep down your Mettle therefore a few days—and, when it is proper to come to Blows, it shall have full Scope—then rouse your Courage—then exert your Strength, like those who are fighting for Liberty, for the Laws,



for every thing dear to Men and to ROMANS! If it shall then please the Gods, that govern the World, as I hope it will, to crown our Endeavours with compleat Success, it shall be my care that the SENATE and PEOPLE of ROME compleatly reward your Merit and Services: but in the mean time, for your noble Behaviour yesterday, receive from me thirty Pounds per Man, and the Officers in the usual Proportion\*.

BUT, for all this Conduct and Generosity, BRUTUS found his double Camp not so manageable as could have been wished. His own Men were wanton thro' Affluence, and insolent upon their Victory; *Cassius's* Soldiers were dejected as vanquished, not without a spice of hatred and envy at their new Camp-companions: for having lost their own Commander, they were become stubborn to their Officers, and afraid of the Enemy: At the same time he was encumbered with a *Multitude* of Prisoners, whom the other Leaders were pressing him to put to death, as *Antony* had massacred all their Men that had fallen into his hands with his usual barbarity. BRUTUS was pinched between Humanity and the necessity of Affairs, and fell upon this Temper to reconcile them. The Triumvirs, to fill their Legions, had enlisted all the able-bodied Fellows that offered; Slaves, Fugitives, and Gladiators, the very Refuge of Mankind. These *Brutus* separated from the *free Romans*, and gave them over to the Soldiers to be put to the sword: but would not hear of killing the others: on the contrary, he actually began to set them at liberty; telling them, 'they were Slaves and Prisoners while under the *Triumvirs*; but that in *his* Camp, they were Citizens and free Men.' But he could not bring the Senators and Officers that composed his Council to the same humane Disposition. They said what was true, that they had lost Fathers, Sons, and Brothers, massacred by the Tyrants; that they had with

\* The old Writers are not distinct in Money-matters. The *Grecians* reckoned by *Drachmas*; *APPIAN* in one place calls them δραχμας ιταλικας, which we take for Sesterces; if so, this Donative will be about *L. 8. per Man*—but, if it be the ordinary *Grecian Drachma*, it is above *L. 30.*



It is extremely improbable; because repugnant to his whole Character\* and Conduct. But if it were true, he did not trespass upon the Law of Nations. *Lacedæmon* had sent two thousand Men to assist his Enemies; and his Garrison had been betrayed by the *Thessalonians* to the Triumvirs. These Acts of hostility gave him an undoubted title to strip the *Aggressors*, when conquered; tho' I am apt to think the Story wholly a *Cæsarean* Fiction, contrived to give some sort of colour to their own Ravages.

ON the same day that the Battle of *Philippi* was fought, *Murcus* and *Domitius* engaged the Enemies Fleet in the *Adriatic*. *DOMITIUS CALVINUS*, an old Officer under *Julius Cæsar*†, the same who fought unsuccessfully with *Pharnaces*, had rigged out a Squadron of *Tyremes* or Ships of War, with which he was conveying a Fleet of *Transports*, full of Troops, to his Son. It was that part of the Army, which *Antony* and *Cæsar* had not been able to transport for want of Ships, when they gave *Murcus* the slip related above. They consisted of two Legions, that is ten or twelve thousand Men; one of them being the famed *MARTIAN LEGION*, which had deserted *Antony* at *Brindisi*, and had the chief hand in *Hirtius's* Victory at *Modena*: but, after that brave Man's death, had refused to serve under *Decimus Brutus*‡, and gone over with the other Veterans to the young *Cæsar*. There was likewise a recruit of two thousand pick'd Men for his *Pretorian Cohort* or Life-Guard; four Troops of Horse, and a good Body of Veterans recalled or rather allured with vast promises to the Service. In confidence of these, as much as in the strength of his Convoy, *Domitius Calvinus*, watching a westerly Wind, set sail from *Brindisi*, in hopes of running thro' the Enemies Fleet: and two or three Transports that first put off, did escape with

\* VOL. I. page 293.

† It was enacted by the SENATE in POMPEY's Camp, *ἡ δὲ Σύγκλητος ἐν τῷ Πόμπου στρατοῦ κατέστησεν* and if these severe Men so decreed, what are we to believe of *mild BRUTUS*?

‡ Qui illam Legionem optimè nōrunt, negant illam ullā ratione adduci posse, ut ad te signa transferat. CICERO. Ep. ad D. BRUT.

with full sails to *Epirus* : But the Wind failing, the rest were suddenly becalmed, and surrounded by *Murcus* and *Domitius Enobarbus*, with one hundred and thirty Ships of the Line. Then began an Action of a very peculiar nature. The *Convoy* fought in the usual manner of their sea-engagements ; which was to run down the Enemy with their brazen Beaks and strength of Oars ; but were soon overpowered by better Ships and more expert Seamen. But the *Transports* being full of bold experienced Men, were not to be boarded. *Murcus* therefore ordered his Captains to match themselves in pairs, that they might take a Ship between them, and bearing upon her sides at once, crush and sink her.

To avoid becoming thus tamely a Prey, the *Transports* drew up in an oblong square, with their Heads turned on all sides to the Enemy, and made themselves fast with Cables and a *Boom* from ship to ship, so that they could neither be taken sideways, nor could the Gallies sail thro' them. In this posture of defence, the Shock of a Vessel pushed against them with force of Oars, could do less damage ; and their Marines poured such showers of Darts into their Assailants, as gauled the Rowers, and spoiled their eagerness to renew the Attack. They were like a firm body of *Foot*, attacked by a light Cavalry ; and might by this conduct and bravery have defied the two Admirals and their superior Fleet, until a gale had sprung up to relieve them, if *Murcus* had not fallen upon a way to make them suddenly cut the Boom, and disperse. Besides his Bow-men, he had a train of Artillery on board, MACHINES which threw Darts and Stones like Cross-bows, but infinitely stronger. Their Shafts he be-daubed with pitch and nitre, and drawing up up in a Line surrounding the Enemy he set them on fire, and poured a Volley of them into their Ships. Before they could extinguish them a second Volley and a third followed ; and in a little time, most of their Vessels were in a blaze. This produced a dismal Scene of horror and confusion : The unkindled *Transports* tore asunder

der the Boom that fastened them to their flaming Companions, and were no sooner clear than they were run down by *Domitius* and his *Captains*. The Legions on board, and especially the *Martians*, conscious of their own strength if on firm ground, disdained to die like Dastards without striking a blow, and forced the Pilots to steer up close along sides a Galley, into which they suddenly leaped, and sold their lives very dear to the Marines. Some killed themselves on board the burning Ships, before the Fire reached them; others perished by hunger and thirst; and some continued for five days and nights tossed about upon the half-burnt Hulk, and licking Pitch and chewing Ends of Ropes for their Sustenance. But the greater part surrendered to the Admirals, and among these *seventeen* of their Gallies with all their Crews. *Domitius Calvinus* alone escaped by strength of Oars and swiftness of his Ship, and on the fifth day got back to *Brindisi*. Great Actions falling out upon the same day, or great Men being born and dying in the same place, raise Admiration among the Vulgar \*: tho' these events are produced by their own immediate causes, without regard to the Coincidency, which therefore signifies nothing † in itself, but only as it is improved in the issue. This compleat naval Victory rendered the Friends of Liberty absolutely Masters at Sea, and reduced the whole strength of its Enemies to the few remaining Legions under *Antony* and *Cesar*: Could THEY have been wore out by cold and want, as they were in the most promising situation for it, the rest of that lawless Faction would have been quickly suppressed, and the ROMAN REPUBLIC once again resettled on its happy Foundation. This Reflection makes the Wound of *Cassius's* death bleed afresh; for as *Brutus* seemed to be now entirely come over to his Plan for carrying on the War, it is still the more probable, that their joint Authority would have contained their  
Troops

\* Plerisque VANA mirantibus.

TACIT. L. I.

† Ἐξέπληξε τὸ ΣΥΓΚΥΡΗΜΑ τῶν ἱερῶν θείων ἐπιγυρισθέν. ARIET. β. 2.

Troops in due obedience, and prevented their precipitating themselves and the fate of their Country into the hazard of another Battle. The fourth day after the first Engagement, the young *Cesar* appeared again to his shattered Army. He was in a miserable plight both of Body and Mind. Upon the first Attack, he had fled towards the *Shore*; where, having no ship to receive him, he was forced to take shelter in the *Morass*, and plunge into a Bog to hide himself from *Brutus's* Horsemen. Here he spent three nights in a worse condition than our Sovereign CHARLES II. in the Oak after the battle of *Worcester*. His Escaper rather resembled the unfortunate STANISLAUS' Adventures after the Surrender of DANTZIC to the Russians under Count *Munich*. But CESAR's ill Habit of body in these wet quarters, when the autumnal showers and frosty nights were already begun in that Climate, threw him into a dropsy, and he returned with his sides distended with water between the flesh and the skin \*. Little could be expected from a Youth of one and twenty in that distressed condition: *Antony* therefore being reduced to the same state of *starving* that threatened him before the battle, was again upon the rack for an Expedient that might

## X 2

extricate

\* PHILIPPENSI prælio, Morbus, Fuga; et triduo in palude latebrae ægroti; et, ut fatentur AGRIPPA et MECAENAS, aquâ subter cutem fusa, turgida latera. C. PLIN. SEC. N. H. Lib. vii. c. 45. Compare this with the Compliments paid to him by OVID upon the magnificent Temple he built MARTI ULTORI to *Mars the Avenger*,

*Povcrat hæc Juvenis, tunc cum piâ sustulit arma:*

*A tantis PRINCEPS incipendus erat.* And

PHARSALIA sentiet illum,

*Emathique iterum madescant caecæ PHILIPPI.*

Even HORACE, who perhaps commanded the Legion that drove him into the Bog, makes his Court by telling, that *he was carried along by the Torrent to take up these Arms.*

*Tulit æstus in arma,*

CAESARIS AUGUSTI non responsura laceratis,

*that were to prove no Match for the Prowess of CESAR's Sword.* Mr. Waller's Apology to the Prince just-named, for his admirable Panegyric on the PROTECTOR, seems requisite here, *That Poets always excel in FICTION.*

extricate him and the Army. Very near to *Cassius's* Camp, there was a Hill, not large, but pretty steep, that rose between it and the Morass so often mentioned, which that General had fortified, and placed a Guard on it: But which *Brutus* had neglected, either elated with his Victory, or thinking it untenable by an Enemy, as it was within shot of his Works. This Hill *Antony*, having got ready a number of Fascines and Hurdles covered with Hides, suddenly seized upon, and in spite of all the Darts and Stones which *Flavius* could pour upon him, entrenched himself on it with *four* Legions. Under their protection other *ten* moved down half a mile, and encamped towards the Sea, and were quickly followed by *two* more, who advanced half a mile farther. The intention of these Dispositions was, either along the Beach or thro' the Morass, to get between *Brutus* and his Fleet, so as to cut off his Supplies from *Thasos*, which would force him to quit his strong Post, or come to another Battle. He defeated it with ease by Counter-forts raised upon higher grounds, and Covered-ways carried down to the Shore. But the Enemy's starving condition did not permit their conducting the War so slowly. Their provision from *Theffaly* was consumed, the Sea shut up, and they were forced to detach an entire Legion all the way to *Achaia* in the heart of *Greece*, to scrape together what corn they could: But in the mean time Famine began to gripe, and their Camps in other respects were uncomfortable. They lay in a Hollow in a clay-soil, and the alternate rains and frosts after the Equinox, made them tread either mire or ice in their Tents. To harass them still more, *BRUTUS* dammed up the *Zygæte* \* in the narrow Valley thro' which it runs; and letting it go in the night, sent a deluge

\* They pretend it was in the rich plain of *Philippi* that *PROSERPINE* was gathering Flowers, when she was carried off by *PLUTO*; and that in crossing this River he shattered his Chariot, and gave it the Name of *Zygætes* or *Team-breaker*. If it should be asked, why the scene of that Transaction should rather be in *Thrace* than any other Country, I believe it was owing to *ORPHEUS*, who  
first

deluge into their Camp. Whether he attacked them at the same time, is not related : but by the same Stratagem, MALCOLM King of Scotland obtained a signal victory over the DANES at *Murthlake*. \* Being once near that place, Curiosity led me to view the Scene of Action. I traced a large Brook running in a Den for near a mile, with jutting rocks on each side, just where it emerges into the plain ; and by the sight of the Ground was well convinced of the probability of the Tradition. But under the pressure of Cold and Hunger, *Cæsar* and *Antony's* Troops turned quite desperate. They threw billets into *Brutus's* Camp, promising a vast Reward to such as would desert,—and challenging those who would not, if they had the smallest spark of Manhood, to come out of their holes and fight. When this produced no effect, the next day, Famine still increasing, they ran up like mad men, roaring out reproaches, to the *Vallum* or Turf-wall ; not to attack it according to the rules of War, but to force a Battle by blind fury. The more they raged, *Brutus* and his *Council*, who knew the reason of it, persisted the more firmly in their resolution, to bear all manner of Insults in their Camp, rather than engage with Desperadoes to whom Death would be a favour ; and for *twenty* days after the *first Battle* they prevailed with their Troops to laugh at the Scoffs and Menaces of the Enemy. But at length, the common Men, thro' ignorance and folly, lost all patience, and began to murmur by Companies—*Did we misbehave in the last Action? did we give ground to suspect our Courage or Fidelity? did we not cut the oldest Legion opposed to us to pieces—did we not storm the Camp, and make our General completely Victor?—Why does he still distrust us—why*  
*does*

first brought the Names and Rites of the Gods into *Europe* ; and made the Rivers, Hills and Fountains of his native Land subservient to his religious Doctrines—as we call certain Springs, *St. Mary*, *St. John*, or *St. Peter's Wells*, of which the Saints never tasted.

\* An. Dom. 1011. Six-years thereafter he erected *Murthlake* into a Bishop's See, to perpetuate the Memory of his Victory ; which was afterwards translated to ABERDEEN.



does he shut us up like women within Walls—as if we could not wield a Sword? They continued in this way, until they infected their subaltern Officers, and tainted even the Centurions and the Tribunes of the Legions. They told BRUTUS, ‘ that to be sure he best knew what was proper to be done: and his Plan of starving the Enemy was no doubt the safest; but that they could, from the spirit and eagerness of his Army, promise him a short and certain Victory, and would not be answerable for the consequences, if he persisted for confining them to their Camp.’

As in concerting measures before and after *Cesar's* death, BRUTUS, thro’ an excess of Goodness, committed great Errors in politics, the same Mildness made him now miscarry in military conduct. He allowed every Officer to be a General as well as himself; and wanted to command in no other way but by common consent: a new reason for mourning the Loss of the experienced Commander C. CASSIUS! His superior Authority, acquired by approved courage and skill, permitted no Inferior to question his Orders, or to ask a reason of his Conduct: his Word was a Law; to be executed without dispute or delay. For some days, Brutus, tho’ uneasy, took no notice of their Murmurs, and wished to slur over the Disorder, without calling a Council of War, or publicly checking their Insolence, in dictating to their General. But at last both his own and Cassius’s Legions turning ungovernable, he was forced to meet with the Senators and Field-Officers in consultation. There to his surprise, he found the Cries of the Soldiery had made such Impression, that the Generality of them were for fighting; tempering their opinion, indeed, with a shew of Prudence; ‘ That they thought the present Ardor of the Troops was by no means to be neglected; that it promised a compleat and glorious Victory; but if any mischance should happen in the Field, as was extremely improbable, he would be but where he was; having it in his power to retire into his Fortifications when he pleased,

and

and to pursue his Plan of starving the Enemy as before.' With a mixture of Indignation and Grief, BRUTUS heard them, saying the same thing in different words : *military Men!* thus slightly for a popular Cry, to quit a safe and certain Victory, when Life, Liberty, and every thing was at stake—! He paused long; and at last gave the fatal Assent, that ruined him, and them, and the Commonwealth. WELL, said he, *it seems we must make war like POMPEY the GREAT, and instead of commanding our Troops, receive Orders from them.*

THAT same Evening, one *Clodius*, a Deserter from *Antony's* Camp, came and asked admittance to BRUTUS. It would seem he was a Person of no consideration; or that the Officers, to whom he addressed himself, took it upon them to refuse him access: He affirmed, 'that *Antony* and *Cesar's* Fleet was wholly destroyed, and the Forces aboard, either killed, or enlisted under *Brutus's* Admirals;—that the News of that Blow had lately been received by the *Triumvirs*; and that they would leave nothing undone to bring on a Battle to-morrow; being both pressed by famine, and wanting to fight, if possible, before the News of this Victory should reach BRUTUS.' Strange Misfortune—! that the Sea being open to *him*, and shut to his Enemies, *they* should hear of his naval Victory before him; and still stranger that the News at that grand Crisis should approach the door, as it were of his Tent, and yet find no Entrance to the Man whom it would have enabled to retrieve oppressed ROME, resettlement Freedom, and save the last stake of the Empire, — \* I mean himself, and the Flower of the Nobility, Knights, and real *Romans* that were in his Camp.

NEXT

\* The old Historians contradict one another upon this point; *Appian* says expressly, that BRUTUS was informed of the naval Victory, which was one of the reasons, why he declined fighting. But *Plutarch*, who tells the Story of the Deserter, expatiates upon the Intentions of PROVIDENCE to put an end to the Republic by keeping BRUTUS ignorant of his Success; and as he had *Messala's*. and *Volumnius'* Memoirs before him, I think his Account the more probable of the two.

NEXT morning, when all were preparing for Action, some of his particular Friends, *Volumnius* perhaps, or *Labeo*, came to the *Pretorium*, and dissuaded him from drawing out the Army that day; mixing some personal reasons to enforce their Advice: But *BRUTUS*, who had taken his Resolution, briefly answered, ‘*I go chearfully down to Battle to-day; for either all will be well—or my Cares will be at an end*\*.’ Accordingly he led forth the rejoicing Legions, and marshalled them on the Head of the Plain before his Camp; enjoining the Officers to keep the advantage of the Ground, and on no account to allow themselves to be drawn far from their Works. The fight of them drawn out without the Camp was the most welcome Spectacle the hungry *Cesareans* had ever seen. No two Armies of different Nations could be more fiercely animated against one another. The *Republicans* looked, not without reason, on their Enemies as a Crew of Cut-throats and Robbers, whom they had already defeated, and made no doubt of giving them the reward due to their Crimes. The *Cesareans* looked upon *them* as the sole obstacles in their way to Wealth, Power and Pleasure; and who were now reducing them to a state of starving. Not a thought in either of their Breasts that they were *Fellow-Citizens*—Sons of the same Mother,—connected by all the bonds of Nature and Society: the *inhuman* Passions ran high, and kept both Parties boiling and tumultuous: for the Night before the Battle, a Body of *Germans* had come over to *Brutus*, and to compensate it, *DEIOTARUS*’s Lieutenant, *Amyntas*, deserted to *ANTONY*; as did likewise *Rhaseupolis* the *Thracian* Prince; tho’ others say, with more probability, that he rode directly home. But while *Brutus*, pressed with the highest Cares, was busy giving Orders—assigning to every Legion their post and duty, Suspicions and Informations were brought to him of intended Treachery among his Officers and Allies—They were not without foundation.

Two

\* *Fidenter, inquit, in aciem descendō: hodie enim aut recte erit, aut nihil curabo.*

Two noble Men of *Cassius's* Army, whose dissolute manners better became the other Camp, deserted that very morning. The first of them was the twice-pardoned *Gellius Poplicola* already mentioned; and the other, *Q. Dellius*, a person of more Wit than Honesty, whom we will frequently have occasion to mention. The account of their Treachery had been just brought to *BRUTUS*, when, at the same instant, *Camulet*, a Gaul, whom he had particularly honoured for his Bravery, and who was at that time riding almost by his side, in the face of the whole Army, went over to the Enemy. This touched him to the quick, and made him throw off all delay—It was almost three after noon when he gave the Signal to engage; and then, riding thro' the Ranks, with an unusual Sternness in his Countenance, *Remember*, said he, *Gentlemen!* who brought on this Battle—it is your doing. You would fight—Let us now see how you will acquit yourselves, and make good your Threats—You have all advantages, Ground—Camp—Provisions—while the Enemy has you on one hand, and Famine on the other—You have talked big for some days—now is the Time to shew what you can perform. ALL is at Stake; and this Day must decide the Fate of ROME.

ON the other side *ANTONY*, who had obtained his ardent Wish, and was relieved from the Terror of perishing with his Army by Want, ran along the Legions with his Arm aloft, 'Now, my Soldiers, said he, we have them—now we have got 'em without their Entrenchments,—don't disgrace your daring Challenges—nor chuse to fight with Famine in your Bellies rather than with Foes in the Field. They shall—they must give way to our Force, to our Address, to our Despair—for I need not tell you, that we have not another day—not a bit of Bread for to-morrow—to-day we must conquer, or nobly die—and conquer we will, if when we engage you think of your desperate condition—and when you have once broke thro' them, stand neither to kill nor to strip, but

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‘ instantly rush forward and seize the Entries of their Camp.  
 ‘ This Afternoon, *if we are Men*, will provide us with Am-  
 ‘ munition, and Money, and Camps, and Fleets, and all the  
 ‘ Fruits of Victory——Push them only from their Entrench-  
 ‘ ments, and either drive ’em to the *Mountains*, or down to-  
 ‘ wards the *Plain*, that those Men may not renew the War,  
 ‘ whose Hopes ly in their *Walls* more than their *Swords*.’

I PASS over the Omens preceding the Battle; the poor *Negro* hacked in pieces by the soldiers; the pair of *Eagles* fighting over head; the swarm of *Bees* lighting on the Ensign of the first Legion, to tell that the Shock of the encountering Armies was impetuous and cruel. In this terrible struggle, the one fought thro’ Despair like hungry Wolves for Food; the others strove to acquit themselves to their General whom they had *forced* to give Battle. *BRUTUS*, who knew what deep game he was playing, went on *in person*; and both his chosen Band, and the Legion at whose head they charged, fighting under his Eye, and exerting their utmost strength, first broke thro’ the Enemies’ Line: and the young *Cicero* making at the same time an impression with his Horse, *Cesar’s* Troops were again in confusion, and *Brutus* bore down all before him. But a fresh Legion coming up from *their* Right, the Fight was renewed with greater fierceness. They stayed not then to use their missile Weapons, Darts or Javelins; nor employed the Arts of defence; but standing man to man, with Swords aloft, they gave and took their Death’s Wound rather than flinch from their rank. Once more those about *Brutus* broke thro’ the hostile files, and Victory seemed ready to perch on his head: but on the Left, where *Hortensius* commanded, the fight was more ballanced. *Messala* and he, tho’ young Commanders, were doing their duty with great Spirit; shewing themselves every where to their Men—encouraging the brave with liand and voice, and sending fresh Cohorts to relieve the wounded and weary. But *Antony* enraged at the resistance,

took

took a circuit with a body of Reserve in order to outwing them. HORTENSIVS perceived the design, and did effectually prevent it by extending his own Line, and bravely repelling their Attack. But being inferior in numbers, that Movement towards the Left so thinned the main Battle, where *Cassius's* Legions fought, that *there* began the first Disaster. For three Hours they had maintained a desperate Fight without any visible superiority. *Bru'us's* Men, high-fed, and flushed with former success, disdained to yield in a Battle to which they had forced their General, and made furious pushes to over-bear the Enemy: while the old *Cesarean Soldiers*, hunger-stung, and egged on by despair, rushed upon Wounds and Death rather than yield and starve. At last towards Sun-set, *Norbanus* and *Saxa* having thickened their Battalion, ordered them to join shield to shield and bear forcibly upon the thinned Files of the Enemy. With this effort, they could not break their Line, but they pushed them entire off the ground, as if they had been moving some vast machine. Tho' forced off the spot, they kept still fighting and in order; until at last a *Breach* being made in their front, as it were in a Wall, they began to waver; and when once disordered, the Enemy pressing fiercely on, they could not rally, but fell into confusion, and turning their backs began to fly. It was then that *Brutus's* personal Bravery shone brightest—When the main Battle was broke, *Antony* made haste to seize the Avenues to the strong fortified Camp, and ordered a part of the victorious Troops to turn upon *Brutus* and his chosen Band, and if possible, cut them off from their Left. In that distress, the Hero, almost surrounded, not only displayed his military skill as a General, but sword in-hand rushed upon the thickest Battalion, was nobly seconded by his Volunteers, many of whom fell in his fight, and at length, with great Slaughter trampled them under foot, and broke thro' towards his Camp\*.

Y 2

BUT

\* ΒΡΟΥΤΟΝ ὅσα στρατιῶν ἢ στρατοῦ ἀγέρῃς ἔλας, καὶ γνώμην καὶ χροίαν ἀπὸ τῶν δεινῶν πρὸς τὸ νικᾶν ἀποδεικνύμενον. ΠΑΟΥΤΑΡΧ.

BUT BRUTUS could not be every where : the main Battle was already routed ; *Hortensius*, the young *Cato* and his younger Cousin *Lucullus*, were doing their utmost to animate their Men on the Left ; but were now hemmed in on all sides by the Veterans under *Ventidius* and *Pollio*, and at last forced either to fly or surrender themselves Prisoners at discretion. That M. PORTIUS CATO, worthy of the Name he bore, disdained to do. When he saw the Battle irretrievable, he threw away his Helmet, and with his Head uncovered, bid the Troop follow, and rushed fiercely upon the Victors, calling out his Name and Family, and by giving many their death, was not long of obtaining his own. The flight was various ; some taking their way to the hills, up the Vale of *Zygæte* ; others, especially from the Left, turning towards the Marsh or the Shore. Of almost seventy thousand Men, four veteran Legions (perhaps eighteen thousand) kept firm together, and tho' extremely thinned and sore with Wounds, retired with *Brutus* towards their Camp. It was now as dark, as a clear starry Night permits in Autumn, when at the head of this Body, *Brutus* made an Attempt to regain his strong Situation, and break into his Camp upon the high Ground on the north ; but finding it guarded by the Enemy still under Arms, and every Avenue doubly lined, he was obliged to retire among the neighbouring Rocks. In his Retreat he was hard pressed by a body of Horse ; and among these a Troop of *Barbarians*, probably *Camulæ's* Crew, seemed to mind no other Body, but to go fiercely upon *Brutus's* Troop. Among his firm Friends, there was a noble Gentleman LUCILIUS LUCINUS, a Kinsman of *Pompey* by the mother, who could not endure the Thoughts of *Brutus's* being taken. With the appearance therefore of a Life-Guard, and the General's Robe, he loitered behind, and was surrounded ; My Friends, said he, you are lucky Men—I desire, that under whichever of the Generals you serve, you will be pleased to carry me directly to M. ANTONY. This Request left them not the least

I least doubt that it was BRUTUS himself—and instantly dispatching the best mounted of their number, they surprized the Triumvir with the news, of their bringing such a Prisoner. He was pretty much at a loss how to receive a Man of such eminence and worth, when the Horsemen came up and presented, as they imagined, the General of the Enemy. *Lucilius* fearless approached, and with the Dignity inspired by a noble Intention; ‘*Antony!* said he, *M. BRUTUS*, is not taken Prisoner—nor will he be taken by any—Heaven forbid, that FORTUNE should have such power over VIRTUE! *Brutus*, wherever he be, will be found in a condition worthy of himself. But here am I, who deceived your Troopers, and who will cheerfully bear the most exquisite Punishment you please to inflict.’ They were all amazed at this Speech, and the Horsemen, with much confusion in their faces, stood looking on the Ground, when ANTONY, who had no ungenerous Nature, addressing them. *Soldiers*, said he, *I suppose you think yourselves affronted by the Trick that has been put upon you: but assure yourselves, you have brought me a much greater Prize then you intended; for instead of an Enemy, you have brought me a valuable Friend. What to have done with M. BRUTUS, had he been brought hither alive, may I never prosper if I can tell: but I know how to use and prize such a Man as you now present me.*—So saying, he embraced *Lucilius*, and turning to one of his chief Officers, bid him take care he should want for nothing; and was repaid on his part by the most faithful Services ever after. But being still afraid that the Republican Leaders should escape, and renew the War in conjunction with *S. Pompey*, he left his Colleague to watch the Ports of their Camp, that none of that Army should get in, nor any of those left to guard it, should get out; and then ordered his Horse to beset every Road leading from the Field of Battle. They divided themselves; some taking their station on the banks of the Morass that led to the Sea, others guarding the passes to the Mountains—and some scaling the

Heights.



CESS of his PARTY. To cover their private Ambition, the Triumvirs borrowed the pretence of avenging *Cesar's* Death as the CAUSE of all their unnatural Wars; and their VICTORY rivetted down that solemn Sham, and tainted all the Party-Writers, all the complacent Poets, all the shallow Compliers of the following Reigns, who blindly adopted the *Cry of the Victors*, and infected Posterity with the same senseless Tale. This Party-Language, contrived to colour the Triumviral Murders, was revived under *Tiberius*; and taken fondly up by the after-Historians. The *Greeks* especially of the lower Age and Class, soothed their Malignity by speaking disrespectfully of the greatest Men of that Republic, which had eclipsed and conquered their own. DION CASSIUS seems delighted when he is throwing dirt upon the most venerable Patriots of the Commonwealth\*; and even PLUTARCH's ill-matched Parallels betray a prejudice against the brightest *Roman* Characters—I suppose that he may have the better bargain of them in their comparison with his *Grecian* Worthies†.

Now the original Works of the great Men who wrote the true History of those times being unhappily lost‡; and particularly that

\* *That I may not seem singular or severe, I will take the Liberty to transcribe a Sentence from a Dissertation upon the latter Greek Historians by M. l'Abbé SALLIER, a Man of extensive Learning, solid Judgment, and whom with pleasure I call my FRIEND.*

J'aurois pû rapporter plusieurs Traits d'aigreur et de jalousie tirez de l'Histoire de DION CASSIUS; et qui tombent sur ce qu'il y a de *plus illustre* à Rome—Jamais Historien ne s'est livré plus ouvertement à la séduction de la *Haine* et de la *Prevention*.

MEMOIRS de Literat. TOME viii.

† PLUTARQUE conçût le dessein bizzarre, j'ose le dire, de comparer des hommes qui ne sont pas plus distans les uns des autres par l'éloignement des Temps et des Lieux, ou ils ont vécu, que par le genre de vie qu'ils ont mené, par la nature des Passions qui les ont gouvernez, par la différence des Actions qui les ont distinguez.

‡ P. NIGIDIUS FIGULUS, T. AMPIUS BALBUS, M. ACTORIUS NASO, Q. ÆLIUS TUBERO, M. AQUILIUS NIGER, P. VOLUMNIUS FLACCUS, M. VAL. MESSALA, T. IUNIUS SATURNINUS, M. ASINIUS POLLIO, CORNELIUS NEPOS, CREMUTIUS CORDUS.

that part of the candid Historian *T. Livius*' Work, which narrated the civil War,—and none but Party-Writers remaining \*, with *Julius* himself at their head; these *still lower* Authors who transcribed them, came to be soon translated, and, for want of better, so much read, that they filled *Europe* with the same sophisticated Notions. Particularly *some* frothy *French* Writers (contrary to many eminent Pens of that ingenious Nation) by crying up the CESARS for *Heroes* have propagated an empty Opinion of the Dignity of a Succession of Princes, who were, generally speaking, not only the worst, but the *meanest* of Mankind. Then the impertinent Parallel, which after *Plutarch*, they have drawn of two wholly different Men, ALEXANDER and JULIUS, as the *two Heroes* of the Universe, has rooted the Illusion in the minds of those who look no farther than the surface: as the putting his *Memoirs* into the hands of Youth at School, prepares them to swallow it when they come to be Men.

CESAR'S MEMOIRS are written with great *Elegance*, and with still greater *Art*. In his Account of the CIVIL WAR, he disguises his *Rebellion* against his Country, and long-laid *Plot* to destroy the Constitution; on the contrary, he labours to make it appear by the Deduction of his Story, that he was iniquously driven to the *Necessity* of taking up Arms; a Plea which has been adopted by most of the Writers of his Party †. But that this was *mere Pretence* is evident, first, from the whole *Tenor* of his former Life (the true Test of a Man), which leaves not the least doubt of *what Cesar aimed at*. Then, all the audacious abandoned People in *Rome*, were his Friends and Favourites—all the Good, the Grave, the Worthy, his constant Enemies ‡. How *could* it be otherwise? when his whole

A a 2

Conduct

\* *Aulus Hirtius* or *G. Oppius*, *Velleius Paterculus*, *Valerius Maximus*, and the innumerable Memoir-Writers.

† *Yet here VELLEIUS deserts him*. Alterius Ducis CAUSA melior, alterius firmior, videbatur.

‡ Quicquid erat in Urbe LECTI et SANCTI.

SENECA.

*Conduct* made it plain, that he had no regard to RIGHT OR WRONG, but as it tended to promote his Interest : that is, his Ambition and Grandeur :—when he *trampled* upon every thing that stood in the way of his darling Passion to *domineer* ;—that therefore his Virtues, or the *Appearances* of them, were not owing to his *Will* or *Choice*, else they had been constant, but to his *Understanding* ; and so were *taken up* and *laid down* at pleasure : that is to say, that he had *no Morals* ; and as one intimately acquainted with him said, was the greatest PROFLIGATE ever put to death for Usurpation\*.

HIS CLEMENCY in particular, which is the most insisted on, and whose foundation we have already discussed †, was all Art and Dissimulation. The *double contradictory* Orders given to his Troops at *Pharsalia* ‡, and the Account of his artificial Management (given by one of his Admirers) at the Battle of *Thapsus*, are good Specimens of it. ‘ In that pursuit, he gave no quarter || ; ‘ and after the Battle, *Afranius POMPEY*’s Lieutenant-General, ‘ and *Fauslus Sylla*, the Dictator’s Son falling into his hands, ‘ he commanded both to be immediately put to death. But his ‘ Relation the young *Lucius Cesar* having surrendered at *Utica*, ‘ tho’ he mortally hated him as a Lover of *Rome*, he stood in ‘ some awe to kill him, but bid him plead for his Life before ‘ a Council of War, that he might condemn him under colour ‘ of Law. Yet still disliking to pass Sentence of Death upon his ‘ own

\* Ille ipse (C. Jul. Cesar) quem tu NEQUISSIMUM occisum esse dixisti.

CICER. ad C. CASS. Lib. xii. Ep. 2.

† Page 185, lin. 5.

‡ Voces obequitantis (CAESARIS) exceptae, altera cruenta, sed docta, et ad victoriam efficax. MILES! FACIEM FERI: altera ad *jactationem* composita, PARCE CIVIBUS: cum ipse sequeretur—! FLOR. Lib. iv. cap. 2.

|| There was no less than *fifty thousand* men fell in this Battle. The Generals, who had been in Places of Dignity in the State, Consuls or Pretors, immediately killed themselves, rather than be taken alive. —many of those who were, says *Plutarch*, (*ἑξῆς ἡ ΚΑΤΑΡ ΚΑΤΑΡ*) CESAR ordered to be put to the sword.

own Kinsman; he *deferred* giving Judgment; and in a few days, *Lucius* disappeared and was never more heard off. *Cesar* had made privately away with him: For, continues the *Cesarian* Author, *Some* of the noble persons that were about him, whom he did not like, he was glad to get rid off by exposing them to the Enemy; and *others* he gave secret Orders to his own Men to kill treacherously in the Heat of a Battle.

THESE FACTS correspond with his SAYINGS; two of which already related give his real Character\*. Among the rest, he took a couple of Verses (which *Euripides* has put in the Mouth of *Etheocles*, when he refused to let his Brother take his turn in the Throne) as it were for his Motto.

*If one must needs do wrong, the noblest Cause  
Is Royal POWER—in other things be just †.*

To which add another weighty Maxim, and you will have his political Creed. *Two things*, said he, *are necessary*, TROOPS and MONEY—how procured, and for what purpose, appeared from his Practice. But the greatest Politician is not always on his guard; Conjunctions happen, that draw out his concealed Sentiments, and lay open the recesses of his Heart. The Idea that *Cesar* had of the whole Conduct of the civil War, after his fruitless attempt to intercept his Son-in-law at *Brindisi*, he comprehended in a single Sentence. The main Body of *Cir. Pompey's* Veteran Army was in *Spain* under *Afranius* and *Petreius* his Lieutenants—he himself had gone over to *Greece*—where he had no regular Forces ready: *CESAR* therefore said, *He was going against an Army without a General, and hoped to return to a general without an Army.* The VETERAN ARMY was *All*: like his Imitator *Richelieu's* *RATIO ULTIMA REGUM* ‡ inscribed

\* Vol. i. p. 187 and 193.

† Εἴπερ γὰρ ἀδικεῖν χρεῖ, ΤΥΡΑΝΝΙΑΟΣ περὶ  
Κάλλιστον ἀδικεῖν· ἢ ἄλλὰ δ' εὐσεβεῖν χρεῖων.

ΦΟΙΝΙΞ.

‡ THE LAST REASON GIVEN BY KINGS.

inscribed upon his Cannon. In *this* lay his Confidence, and *there* was the foundation of his Trust. It drop'd from him too at an unguarded moment, when he was provoked by the inviolable Attachment of the City of *Seville* to *Pompey* and the Commonwealth. *With whom did you think to conquer?* asked he after his final Victory; *did you not know, tho' you had made away with me, the Romans had TEN LEGIONS able not only to cope with you; but to pull down HEAVEN ITSELF.* I select these Sayings, not as the most criminal and insulting thrown out by *Cesar*, but as the most expressive of his *Temper* and *Designs*, and therefore the clearest Evidence (next to his *Actions*) of the *Artifice* employed in his Memoirs to *palliate* his Crimes. When returned to *ROME* formerly the Seat of Liberty, where all Tongues were free, after he had, by the help of these *ten Legions*, cut every Throat that durst utter a word against him, he told his once fellow-Citizens, that *thenceforth they must converse with him more circumspectly, and take whatever he said for a LAW.*

Now LET me ask, in the words of an approved Patriot \*,  
 What was to be done with the Man, who had contemned  
 Right and Wrong, and trampled upon Duty and Honour  
 to ascend to sovereign Power? whose final Wish was to  
 enslave the conquering *Romans*, and become Lord of all the  
 Nations of the Empire? Was his Wish *laudable*, or did *Honour* attend its completion? He who thinks so, must praise  
 the Destroyer of *LAW* and *LIBERTY*, and think the horrid  
 and execrable Extinction of them a glorious Atchievement.  
 But if some shrewd Person should say, that *it is not honourable*, it is true, *to oppress any free State, and much less to*  
*enslave your native Country; but if any Man be able to accom-*  
*plish it, it is his interest so to do;*—with what sort of Re-  
 proof, or rather with what Reproaches shall I correct his  
 Judgment? Is it possible, good Heavens!—can the blackest  
 of

‘ of Crimes, THE PARRICIDE of our COUNTRY\*, and the  
 ‘ Slaughter of our fellow-Citizens be any man’s *interest*?  
 ‘ even suppose that Man should, by the thin oppressed Residue,  
 ‘ be complimented as the FATHER of his PEOPLE? Can  
 ‘ Anguish and Trouble of Mind—Suspensions by day, and  
 ‘ Terror by night, be any man’s *Interest*?—? Can a Life led  
 ‘ amidst Snares and Dangers—faithless Friends and discontented  
 ‘ Subjects—? But above all Tyrants, He who with their *own*  
 ‘ Army oppressed the ROMANS:—who would needs have not  
 ‘ only a *free State*, but the MISTRESS of NATIONS, and *Head*  
 ‘ of the *World* to be his Slave——what black Thoughts! what  
 ‘ Stings of Remorse? what internal Pangs must have torn his  
 ‘ Soul? Under *these* he must live—and live upon this footing,  
 ‘ that whoever puts him to death, shall be the most esteemed  
 ‘ and glorious among Men †?’

THE *Roman Tyrant*, therefore, to use the phrase of a great  
 Lawyer, *was rightfully slain*‡: and M. BRUTUS, tho’ so amiable  
 in his private Life, as to be the delight of his Relations, the  
 admiration of his Friends, and impossible to be hated even by  
 his Enemies, will still shine with superior Lustre, as the DE-  
 LIVERER of ROME: and he and his Brother-Patriot, C. CASSIUS,  
 will live,—not in virtue to the Statues erected to them by the  
*Athenians* next to *Harmodius* and *Aristogiton*, but in their Me-  
 mories being dear, and their Characters held sacred by every real  
 Friend to LIBERTY and TRUTH.

B O O K.

\* *Apud Romanos Deus IULIUS; quia hoc scelerato homini placuit Antonio: Deus QUIRINUS, quia hoc Pastoribus visum est: cum alter germani Fratris existerit, alter PATRIAE, PARRICIDA. Qued si Consul non fuisset Antonius, C. CAESAR pro suis in Remp. meritis, et defuncti hominis Honore caruisset; et quidem consilio Pisonis sociari, et L. Caesaris propinqui, qui vetabant funus fieri, et Dolabellae Consul, qui columnam in foro id est titulum ejus evertit, ac forum expiavit.*

LACTANT. De F. R. Lib. i. cap. 15.

† ———— Victimæ haud ulla amplior  
 Potestque magis opima mactari JOVI,  
 Quam REX INIQUUS.—

SENEC. Hércul. Furens.

‡ Praegravant tamen caetera Facta, Dictaque ejus, ut et abusus Dominatione, et JURE CAESUS videretur.

C. SUTTON. TRANQ.

## B O O K   V I I I .

**A**FTER the Wounds which the *Roman Republic* received in six Battles from *Julius-Cesar* \*, and after the Calamities of *Modena*, and of the horrid PROSCRIPTION, its remaining Strength lay chiefly in that illustrious Body of young Nobility, Knights and Commoners, that took arms under the Command of *Cassius* and *Brutus*. For tho' there were not a few Senators and Persons of distinction, who had put themselves under *Pompey's* protection in *Sicily*, they bore no proportion either in number or quality to the associated Citizens that fought at *Philippi*. This remaining Strength was now extinguished, and a final period put to many a *Patrician Family*.

THE veteran Army under *Antony* and *Cesar* continued, as I said, all night on their Arms, to stop the passages from the Hills, while the Horsemen were let loose to range and pick up the Stragglers: But chiefly, the *Thracian Prince Rhase* exerted his utmost Address, in planting Guards at every Out-let, while he and his Troopers went, like Hunters, among the Rocks to beat the lurking-Holes, and drive the Game into the Snare. He took by this means many unhappy Persons of the first Rank, whom he brought to *Antony*, and as a Reward asked and obtained his Brother *Rhaseupolis's* Pardon.

NEXT day, when the Prisoners were to be disposed off, a cruel Scene was acted in cold Blood. The two *Triumvirs* mounted their Tribunal, and the noble *Romans*, who had been guilty of the Crime of fighting for their Country and Laws, were brought out, chained like Galley-Slaves, and slaughtered by

by the Veterans as if they had been so many Cattle; while the Tyrants fed their Eyes with the inhuman spectacle. Among these, M. LUCULLUS, *Cato's* Nephew and Son of the great Man who first vanquished *Mitbridates*, scarce eighteen, had his Head struck off by *Antony's* Order. His Guardian, and *Brutus's* Friend, VOLUMNIUS had not been taken; but being told that the noble youth was put to the sword, instead of flying, as he could easily have done, he came running to the spot, and in a frantic manner threw himself down upon the headless Corpse. There he stuck so long, and gave so loud a vent to his Anguish, that some of the Veterans came and dragged him to *Antony*. Being come into that cruel man's presence; SIR, said he, *will you be pleased to order me to be led back where the young Lucullus lyes dead, and dispatch me there: for I ought not to survive, who advisea him to go out to this woful War.* Such favours were easily obtained of *Antony*. *Volumnius* was led where he wished to die; and having eagerly kissed the cold hand, and taken up the once lovely head of his young Friend, he pressed it to his breast, and fearless stretched out his Neck to the Veteran's sword \*.

THE young *Cesar*, thro' ill health, low spirits, and superstition, had, according to his own accounts, retired before the *first* battle †; his army was routed, his camp plundered, and he took refuge in a Bog. The part he acted in the *second*, was but small ‡. His Troops were again broken, and after *Antony's* Victory, he was set to guard the Enemy's Camp. But now he acted, with great briskness, shall I say, or barbarity. Good fortune softens a generous nature; and to be cruel after victory betrays a mean spirit. Not contented to order the Prisoners to

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\* VALER. MAX. Lib. iv. cap. 7.

† 'Ως δὲ αὐτὸς ἐν τοῖς ἐπιμνήμασι γέγραφε, τῶν φίλων τινὸς οὐκ ἰδόντος ἀνεχώρησε πρὸ τῆς μάχης. ΠΛΟΥΤΑΡΧ. Αἰών.

‡ 'Οὐδὲν ἔργον ἰφάτη μετὰ τῷ ΚΑΙΣΑΡΕΙ, ἢ ἂν ἈΝΤΩΝΙΟΥ ἦν ὁ νικῶν πάλαι καὶ καλοῦσθαι. Αὐτοῦ.



be put to death, he loaded them with reproachful language, and made bitter scoffs on them as they passed. One Gentleman humbly begged, he would permit his Body to be buried: *That*, said the young Savage, *will quickly be in the power of the birds of prey.* A Father and Son had been taken, and were imploring mercy with great submission—He bid them *cast lots, or throw up cross and pile, which of them should die*—and when the Father, to save his Child, eagerly stretched out his neck to the Executioner, and the Son plunged, indignant, the dagger into his own breast, *he sat serene and viewed them both in the Agonies of Death.* The celebrated *Florentius* behaved with the firmness becoming his profession and character. In passing by the Tribunal, where the Triumvirs presided at the execution, he saluted *ANTONY* as a brave Commander; but turning to his Colleague, told him, *he was a young Miscreant, a compound of cowardice and cruelty.* Nor did *Antony* sit upon that bloody Tribunal unreprieved. He experienced, that the edge of dying Virtue cuts keen; for having in a buffoonish manner ordered *P. TERENTIUS VARRO* (not the great Captain and Scholar *Marcus Varro*, but another of the same character\*) to be put to death, with some circumstances of indignity, *Varro* turned, and with the greatest freedom painted him

\* He is generally distinguished by the name of *VARRO ATACINUS*, from a Village in the South of France, called *Atace*, where he happened to be born. I suppose, while his Father was Pretor, or Questor in that Province. He was a Man of Genius, and so great Application, that finding himself lame in Learning without the Knowledge of GREEK, he began to study it after he was five and thirty: and like *Monsieur BODE*, (who likewise began late in Life\*\*) proved one of the greatest professors of his Age. His turn lay to Poetry; and without confining himself to any one species, he wrote Elegies, Epigrams, and attempted Satyr, in the style of *LUCILIUS*, in which, if we may trust a Rival, he did not succeed††. But his chief Performance, and the foundation of his Fame, was an *ERIC POEM*, upon the noblest, most varied,

\*\* He expressed his own condition in two Words, *ATTOMACHES* & *OTIMACHES*; SELF-TAUGHT and LATE-TAUGHT.

†† HORAT. Lib. I. Sat. x.

him in his own colours, and prophesied very truly, *that a worse Fate awaited him, probably from the hand of his Collegue.* The young *Cesar*, as I said, commanded the Head of *MARCUS BRUTUS* to be cut off, in order to be sent a spectacle to *Rome*; and in the same spirit of revenge, *Antony* ordered the brave *Hortensius* to be conveyed to *Macedon*, and butchered at his Brother *Caius Antony's* Tomb. But the greater part of the Officers in the Republican Army, especially those who had bore Dignities, or exercised any Magistracies at home, put no trust in the Triumvir's mercy: Many of them took care to fall sword-in-hand, like *Cato's* Son, and *L. Cassius* the General's brother. *ANTISTIVS LABEO*, the *Marsian*, having fallen from his horse, and finding that he and his Son could not avoid being taken by some of *Cesar's* Troopers, killed the youth with his own hand, and then dispatched himself, *that he might not see the face of the insulting Victor* \*. The rest either pierced their own Breasts, or

B b 2

held

and fruitful Subject that ever was touched by a Bard; I mean the Expedition of the ARGONAUTS, which he formed upon the Work of *APOLLONIUS*, called by mistake the *Rhodian*, but with such Spirit, that *OVID*, an able and candid Judge, promised it Immortality.

VARRONEM, primamque RATEM quae nesciet aetas?

This Gentleman was born, according to the *Eusebian Chronicle*, in the 174 Olympiad, i. e. A<sup>o</sup>. U. C. 672, which will make him about forty at this dismal Battle: He seems to have been of the same cast towards Liberty and Learning with *Cornificius*, *Trebonius*, *Cassius* of *Parma*, and his Co-temperaries, and like them may probably have drawn his Pen as well as his Sword in the common Cause; and thereby drawn upon himself a particular Insult from the Triumvirs: Tho' *Velleius' Words* will bear two Meanings: Nam *VARRO*, ad ludibrium moriturus *Antonii*, digna illo ac vera de exitu ejus, magna cum libertate, ominatus est: that is, For *VARRO* being condemned to die, to make Sport to *Antony*, told him with abundance of freedom, what an Exit he deserved, and foretold it would come to pass.—Or *VARRO*, when about to be executed, to mock *Antony*, told him, &c. At the same time the Similitude of Names, and Loss of contemporary Authors, leave us, after so many Ages, not quite certain, but this may have been *SER. TERENTIUS VARRO*, who proffered his Life to save *Decimus Brutus*; or even the Tribune, who was in terror of being taken for *Marcus Varro*.

[\* This remarkable Fact, and the Reason of it, are preserved in an old Inscription found at *Salona* in *Dalmatia*.

held out their Necks to their Friends and faithful Domestics after the Battle. The *Roman* LABEO, famed for wisdom, (Father of the great Lawyer) stepped into his Tent, called his Servants about him, gave his orders, and, while they were digging a Grave to his length, sat down and wrote to his Wife and Children: then delivering his letters, he took the bravest fellow by the hand, gave him a twirl round, and a blow, as the custom was in manumitting Slaves; and presenting him with a Sword, held out his Neck over his hasty Grave. In the same manner, the Chief of the noble *Livian* family, LIVIUS DRUSUS, (Father of the finest Woman then in *Rome*) retired into his Tent, and fell upon his Sword: the good QUINTILIUS VARUS first dressed himself in his Pretorial-Robes, and then prevailed with his favourite Freed-man to strike off his Head\*. Thus the remaining vital Blood of *ROME* was spilt; upwards of forty of the Sons of the old Patrician Families having made away with themselves, and extinguished the race from whence many a Patriot had sprung. They disdained to ask their lives of the Victors;

\* S. QUINTILIUS VARUS was Questor to the great *Domitius Enobarbus* (the Admiral's Father) when he was taken prisoner at *Corfinium* by *Cesar*; fought at *Pharsalia*—went over to *Africa*, where he acted as Lieutenant-General under *P. Attius Varus*, who commanded at *Utica* when *Curio* came over to seize the Province; and as Admiral under *Scipio*, when *Cesar* came in person after *Curio's* Defeat and Death. *Attius Varus* fell at the desperate Battle of *Munda*, and his Head, with that of the great Soldier *T. Labienus*, was brought as a welcome present to *Cesar*. I suppose *Quintilius* had gone from *Africa* to *Rome*, and entered warmly into *Brutus's* Measures for restoring the Commonwealth. He now sealed his Affection to his Country with his Blood. As some of *Virgil's* Pastorals seem to have been written before *CESAR's* Death, it is not impossible but this may be the fine Gentleman celebrated by the Poet in his VI Eclogue, who appears to have led Armies, and excelled in the Arts of Peace\*\*. But I scarce think this is the *Quintilius* bewailed by *HORACE* in the elegant Ode to his Friend. *Horace* had his own safety to provide for; and a Panegyric upon a violent Enemy would have been a bad Recommendation to Pardon from the Triumvirs.—

besides,

\*\* It is not VARUS, whom *Virgil* compliments in his IX Eclogue, but VARIUS, the Poet.

Victors ;—a high undaunted Spirit, arising from conscious Worth and steady Courage, made them fly to death rather than submit to the smallest disgrace. That Spirit created an habitual Dignity of Character—a DIGNITY, I say, that refused to demean itself, or depart from that graceful and august behaviour that became a real *Roman*.

BUT notwithstanding the strict guard kept by the Veterans, the activity of *Rhase*, and eager desire of the Triumvirs to *extirpate* the Friends of the Republic, it was impossible but out of two such Armies *some* should find means to escape. The noble *Messala* with *L. Bibulus*, and the young *Cicero*, got over to the Island

besides, he does not seem to have troubled his head with Versification, till *after* this unhappy War \*\*. Neither, on the other hand, could it possibly be this Gentleman's *Son* who perished in *Germany* with the Legions, thro' the fault of his Lieutenant *Nummius Vala* †† ; as that Calamity happened A°. U. C. 762. seven and twenty years after *Virgil's* Death. It remains therefore that *VIRGIL's* Friend, deplored by *Horace*, must have been another *VARUS* ; perhaps a Native of *Cremona*, in the Neighbourhood of the Birth-place of the Poet ††. For it is not inconsistent, that the Poet should have had two Patrons of the same name ; while it is extremely improbable, that amid the general Ruin, and under the deepest personal distress, *Horace* should find leisure to sing his Virtues, as his *first* Essay in Poetry : Less still could it be *VARUS* the Consul, who was proscribed, hid himself in the Fens of *Minturnæ*, was dragged out as a Robber, and known and killed by a Centurion ; especially as it appears from the Strain of the Ode, that the *VARUS* bewailed by *Horace* was younger than *Virgil* †††. After all, nothing seems so plausible, as that this intimate Friend of the great Poet should be the Man mentioned in *St. Jerom's* Chronicle under the Name of *Quintilius Cremonensis*, who died A°. U. C. 730, about five years before *Virgil's* Death.

\*\* Unde simul primum me dimisere PHILLIPPI.

Accisus humilem pençis, inopemque paterni.

Et Laris et Fundi, Paupertas impulit, audax.

Ut VERSUS facerem.

Lib. II. Ep. 2.

†† Quae sit hiems *Veliae*, quod coelum *VALA Salerni*—

Horat. Ep. 15.

†† Mantua vae miserae nimium vicina *Cremonae* ! Virg. Bucol. ix.

††† Tu frustra pius (haud ita creditum)

Poscis QUINTILIUM Deos.

Horat. Lib. I. Ode 24.

*Island Thafs*: *Cn. Piffo* and the Paymaster *Sextius* got aboard a Veffel that carried them to *Sicily*. *A. Torquatus*, *Pansa's* Queftor at *Modena*, and *Julius Mucilla* with his Son, took Shelter in *Samandracchi*, where they lived in a fort of exile, and whither *Pomponius Atticus* ordered all kinds of neceffaries to be fent to them from his Eftates in *Epirus*. Some of thefe had commanded the numerous Forts raifed by *Brutus* and *Caffius* all around their Camp, and principally towards the Sea to fecure their communication with *Thafs*. The Garrifons now capitulated, tho' the chief Officers would put no faith in the Triumvirs. In fpite therefore of all the havoc they had made, two Men were ftill formidable to them, becaufe both their high Birth and higher perfonal Qualities fitted them to lead the Party, command in chief, and renew the War. Thefe were *Domitius Enobarbus* the Admiral, and *Meffala Corvinus*, whom we idly call the Orator. An Orator he was, and a noble one; but it was not his chief Character. He was a great Man, and fhone as a General, a Judge, and a Politician—he had War after War entrusted to his conduct, and Province after Province to his adminiftration. This elevated fpirit and capacity in a Man fprung from the moft ancient and honourable Families in *Rome*, wanted nothing but the weight of Years and Experience, to have made him the Pillar of the tottering Republic, and fit to refcue her Remains out of the hands of her three Oppreffors. But the cruel fhocks fhe had met with, and the fuccefslefs Attempts of greater Perfons in the glorious Caufe, made that young, but wife Man unwilling to rifque his furviving Friends againft the Veteran Invaders; or, as *Brutus* faid, turn the Empire upfide down with new Levies of Troops and Treasure. He therefore liftened to the perfuafions of a Man not unlike himfelf, (the fweetnefs of his Temper excepted) who will henceforth make no fmall figure in thefe Memoirs. It was *ASINIUS POLLIO*, a thorow Soldier, and refolute to make a great Fortune, coft what it would. For that

that purpose he had early attached himself to *Julius Cesar*, and had even distinguished himself in dangers, as the readiest way to rise in the Dictator's favour: But *Julius* being killed, and the Commonwealth supposed to be restored, *Pollio* became immediately a zealous *Republican*; and was leading the Army which he had raised after his Defeat by *Sextus Pompey* in *Spain*, to support the SENATE against *Antony*; when in his passage thro' *Gaul*, having found the *Cesarean Armies* united (which he shrewdly judged would prove too strong for the *Laws*) he not only joined *Antony* (proclaimed a Traitor) but, as was already told, brought over the irresolute *Plancus* to the same Party. He had now more to say, and weightier reasons to urge with *Messala Corvinus*: he undertook not only to reconcile him to *Antony*, but to secure the lives of all those who should surrender under his Command. *Messala* complied, and *Pollio* had the double merit both of saving so many brave Men, and of procuring a great addition to the forces of his Party. ANTONY passed over to *Thaso*, and with great frankness, received both *Messala* and the young *Bibulus* into favour, and was by them put in possession of all the Wealth and Magazines of Provisions, which had been amassed in the Island, as the grand Store-house of the two Armies.

BUT neither *Tullius Cicero* nor the young *Piso* would trust him with their Lives; they sailed away in all haste, and put themselves under the protection of *Turullius* and *Cassius* of *Parma*, Rear-Admirals; as did *Pompeius Varus*, *Publius Sextius*, *Pompeius Sabinus*, and many other Officers. What Route *Horatius Flaccus* took, who commanded a Legion under *Brutus*, is not certain. He says himself, that he fled with great fear and precipitation from *Philippi*, and had the good luck not to be discovered by any of the Enemies flying Parties: but he neither went to *Sicily*, nor did he find it proper for him to continue longer

longer a Soldier \*. For tho' we may date the Fall of *Rome* from the Death of *BRUTUS*, the civil War was not at an end. The *Naval-Power* of the Republic continued in its full vigour, and in the best Hands; but being deprived of its grand support, the Land-Army, and having lost those Chiefs that were the Soul of the Undertaking, the Admirals divided the Fleet: *Statius Murcus* sailed away for *SICILY*, and doubled *POMPEY's* Forces by

\* *TECUM Philippo et celerem fugam*  
*Sensu, relicta non bene Parmula \*\*,*  
*Cum fracta Virtus, et minaces ††*  
*Turpe solum tetigere mento.*  
*SED me per hostes Mercurius celer*  
*Denso paventem sustulit aëre:*  
*Te rursus in bellum resorbens*  
*Unda fretis tulit aestuosus.*

Lib. II. Ode 7.

\*\*. It is imitated from the humorous *ARCHILOCHUS*; who for a like Confession, of having thrown away his Shield in battle, was forbid the Town and State of *Lacedæmon*: *Horace* at the same time that he copied his acknowledged Original \*\*\*, was paying a concealed Compliment to *Augustus*, and the victorious Party.

The northern Asiatics, our Forefathers, *Getes* and *Sacians* (*Goths* and *Saxons*) had made great Incursions into *ASIA* and the *Islands*. In an Encounter with a Party of them, says the Poet,

Ἀσπίδι μὲν ΣΑΙΩΝ τις ἀγάλλεται, ἣν περὶ θάμνῳ  
 ἔντος ἀμάρμηστον κάλλιπον οὐκ ἐξέλω·  
 αὐτὸς δ' ἐξίφυγον θανάτου τέλους. †††.

†† See Page 164—169.

\*\*\* Numeros, animosque secutus  
*ARCHILOCHI*—————  
*Hunc ego, non alio dictum prius Ore, Latinis*  
*Vulgavi fidicen.*—————

Lib. I. Epist. 19.

††† These Verses are not to be found in *H. Stephen's* Collection of Fragments: they are preserved by *Sextus Empiricus*, and two of them by *Strabo*, who derives Σάϊων from Σιρσίων; with less probability, methinks, than from Σακίων the general Name by which the *Persians* called all the Northern Nations.

by so great an Accession of Men and Ships ; while *Domitius* kept by himself, and encreased his Squadron with new Equipments, being earnestly pressed by his Friends, and by the principal Men who had flocked to him from *Philippi*, to assume the chief Command, and become Head of the remaining free Citizens of *Rome*. For some considerable time, he continued irresolute, changing his stations as the conveniency of Water and Provisions, or favouring the Escape of distressed Gentlemen, invited ; but at length, having received great Reinforcements both of Ships and Land-forces, he resolved to stand upon his own Bottom, and began to fortify and garrison all the Sea-Towns that lay commodious for making Descents into the Country, and securing the Coasts.

THERE were two things that shewed what kind of Officers had commanded the Armies under *Cassius* and *Brutus* : The Contempt they discovered of Death after the Defeat, and the surprizing Fidelity of the surviving. The fairest Provinces of the Empire had been at these two great Men's disposal, who had placed Persons of Worth and Capacity in their several Governments, not *one* of whom, that we hear of, deserted to the Triumvirs before the Battle, or betrayed his Trust after it was over. *CASSIUS* of *Parma* had been made Prefect of *Asia* ; and *Clodius*, who had been concerned in the death of *Caius Antony*, commanded in *Rhodes*. Upon the News of the first Engagement at *Philippi*, and of the Death of *C. Cassius*, his Namesake, not doubting but the *Rhodians*, (Confederates by force) would take the first opportunity to rebel, he picked out thirty of their best Ships, which he manned with his own People, and burnt all the rest, except the sacred Galley that sailed yearly to *Delos*. At the same time *Clodius* came with thirteen Ships, and carried off the Garrison of three thousand *Romans*, whom the *Rhodians* would else have cut in pieces. They then were joined by *Lepidus*, not the Triumvir we may believe, but one of the same



Family, entrusted by BRUTUS with the Government of *Crete*; and these three hovering along the Coast, received on board many a gallant Man escaped from the Slaughter at *Philippi*. Afterwards in conjunction with *Turullius* and *Patiscus*, they made up a good Squadron of Ships of War, with no contemptible Land-Army; and in this condition, instead of deserting to the Victors, or making a merit of delivering up their Troops, they came and joined Forces with *Domitius Enobarbus* the Republican Admiral. This Fidelity in the Armies raised in the Name of the SENATE and PEOPLE of ROME is great matter of wonder to the old Writers—especially as many of their Legions had been levied, and had long fought under *Julius Cesar*. How was it possible, says one of them, to persuade Troops inexpressibly fond of their General to change their mind; and transfer that affection so steadily to those who killed him, as to follow them against his SON; nay to prove much more faithful to *them*, than their fellows in the other Legions did to *Cesar's* chief Instrument *M. Antony*? Many of them deserted *him* both at *Brindisi*, *Modena* and *Chrysopolis*. But not a Soldier of BRUTUS or CASSIUS' Army abandoned them—no not after they were defeated. There is a *Charm* in LIBERTY, and a certain pleasure in suffering in the Cause of VIRTUE, that bears sovereign sway in great Minds, and amid the vicious and the venal inspires Fidelity even into ordinary Men.

SCARCE had two Armies ever encountered that were more equally matched than in the Fields of *Philippi*. This appeared after the last Fight, when the number of the slain was at least as great on the side of the Victors as of the vanquished. The Efforts made on both sides surpass all description; and the final Superiority was owing to the ACCIDENTS already mentioned, and after them, to *Hunger* and *Despair*, the two fiercest Incentives that fire the human Breast. I believe too, there might be rather *more* and *elder* Veterans among the Triumviral Troops, which

which was of the utmost consequence\*. In modern times, since the Invention of Guns, it is possible with Troops, but moderately trained, to bring so much FIRE to bear upon a *Point*, that the oldest and most experienced Regiments cannot stand it: But in the antient manner of fighting with Sword and Shield, when they stood man to man, the highest Spirit and Courage could not bring a Body of raw Troops to be upon a level with an *old disciplined Legion*. What the *Romans* called *usus ARMORUM*, *Practice in fighting*, was not to be compensated with any other Quality. It is of high Importance still; but they then reckoned every new Campaign as an addition of Merit, and counted *the Years of Service* as the *measure* of Reputation†. The very *Patience* they learned in a course of hardship and toil wrought wonders, and conquered Difficulties insuperable to new-raised Men. These same Troops that conquered at *Philippi*, when engaged in the fruitless attempt of *besieging* POMPEY in his Works at *Durazzo*, were reduced to the strange necessity of living upon a Bread made of the Root of an Herb called *Chara*‡, and supposed to be *Lapsanum* or wild Colewort. They used to throw Loaves of it at *Pompey's* Soldiers when they were reproaching them with their famished condition; which being brought to that General, as a joyful mark of his Enemies distress, he said, he had *wild Beasts* not *Men* to deal with, and bid put it instantly out of sight, that his Troops might not be

discouraged.

C. c 2

\* CICERO in describing the battle of Pharsalia, adds—*Non enim iis rebus pugnabamus quibus valere poteramus, Consilio, Auctoritate, Causâ, quae erant in nobis superiora, sed Lacertis et Viribus, quibus pares non eramus: victi sumus igitur.*

Ad MARCEL. Fam. Lib. iv. Ep. 7.

† A LEGION that had served eight Years with honour, was only thought promising: *Legionem summae spei, delectaeque juventutis, habebat Caesar XI; quae octavo jam stipendio functa, tamen collatione reliquarum, nondum eandem Vetustatis et Virtutis ceperat opinienem.*

A. HIRTII de Bell. Gal. Lib. viii. § 7.

‡ CAES. de B. C. LIB. III. § 40.

discouraged\*. It was no wonder that now, after a tract of starving, and two such bloody Contests, they persisted to ly all night on their Arms, to compleat the Victory; and from extreme Misery and Want of every thing, to plunge into a common Soldier's Paradise, *Plenty* and *Riot*. They did it effectually; and spurred on by the same Passions, and Vices as their Leaders, became the immediate Instruments of PUBLIC RUIN.

FOR now, as if the Empire had been their private Patrimony, ANTONY and CESAR fairly shared it between them. The former had all the Honour of the Conquest, and consequently the Authority among the Troops, who called him the invincible Chief. He bore hard upon *Cesar* in the Division†; and claimed for his Portion the rich *eastern* Provinces from the *Adriatic* to the *Euphrates*. CESAR was to settle *Italy*, and command all to the *West*, including both the *Gauls*, and the two Provinces of *Spain*. *Afric* was left to LEPIDUS, who bore no part in the War, and had a proportionable share in the Fruits of the Victory. They pretended to suspect him of holding Intelligence with *Sextus Pompey*, and added for a colour, that if *Cesar* found that suspicion to be groundless, he should restore the nearer *Spain* to *Lepidus*.

IF it should be asked, what that Nobleman, placed in supreme Authority, was doing all this while in *Italy*; it does not amount to much: little Minds generally shew their Power by being very troublesome in *Triffles*. In one of his Summer-encampments, he had been lodged by the Magistrates of a small Corporation, in a pleasant House, standing in the midst of a Grove. Next morning he sent for them, and in a threatening Tone, expostulated with them, 'how they could assign him a House where it was impossible to sleep for the Noise of the singing Birds?' The Magistrates expressed a proper concern for the

Triumvir's

\* C. SEUT. in Caef. § 68.

† Collegium in triumviratu pessimorum civium, nec aequâ saltem portione, sed praeponderantia ANTONIO, PLIN. N. H. LIB. vii. § 45.





*Triumvir's* Want of Rest, and assured him, if he liked the Lodging in other respects, he should meet with no more disturbance *from the Birds*. Next evening they had great Dragons painted on scrolls of Parchment, put up round about the place, the sight of which silenced the Warblers, and let *Lepidus* snore undisturbed till noon.

IT would seem this was a main Article in his Life. In another Encampment, likewise, beside a Wood, he could not shut his eyes for the whooping and screeching of an *Owl*. His Servants let the Soldiers know the cause of their General's Disquiet, and many of them set about catching the noisy Bird. One, luckier, as he thought, than the rest, did lay hold of it, and brought it alive to *Lepidus*; who with his natural meanness, ordered him a few Shillings for his pains. The Fellow, who had flattered himself with a noble Reward, surprised at the mention of so trifling a Sum, lost the little respect he bore to his Commander, and said in a passion, *If that be all I am to get by it, I'll rather let the Bird fly away*. Such a Man could be little regarded by his Army, of consequence not much by his Colleagues. Tho' he had great Ambition, and greater Avarice, he had neither Spirit to support his Pride, nor Understanding to employ his Treasure. As the Head of an eminent Family, he had been used as a *Pageant* by *Julius Cæsar*; and after his Death, became a Tool to *Antony*. He was however very sensible of the advantage taken of his Absence from the War; but was forced to smother his Resentment, and set about putting himself upon a more respectable footing, as we shall see hereafter.

IN consequence of the *Division* made by the *Triumvirs*, the fatal effects of the Defeat at *Philippi* spread, like a Pestilence, thro' every Province of the Empire. The great Affair that lay upon their hands (next to indulging themselves) was to satisfy the *Demands* of their Instruments, and make good their *wild Promises* to a lawless Army. The public Revenues were long since exhausted. There remained only the Wealth that had  
been

been saved in private Hands after the various Contributions raised alternately by victorious or passing Armies during a seven years War. This was now to be extorted with such circumstances of Cruelty and Violence, as might be expected from VETERANS led by *Antony* and *Cæsar*. ANTONY passed over to *Asia*, and first stopt in *Bitbynia*, where the admirable Order settled by BRUTUS was reversed, and the Magistracies every where filled with Men of the most licentious Characters. I do not intend to enter into a Detail of his Management. We know enough of him to form a Judgment what it would be, now when he had the Lives and Fortunes of all Men in his power, and was disburthened of the Apprehension of being ever called to an account. The conquered Provinces had been accustomed to see the *Proconsul* or *Pretor* that governed them appear with a Gravity in his Garb and Demeanour, not very common in *Asia*; but which drew as much regard as the Rods and Axes carried before him. ANTONY made his progress thro' the rich Cities in a very different Equipage: His Train consisted of *Fiddlers* and *Buffoons*, *Parasites*, *Pimps*, and *Tumblers*, with their respective Attendants. *Xuthus* the Player and *Metrodore* the Rope-dancer were very considerable Persons: But *Anaxéror*, (the antient F———) he made Superintendant of four Towns, and gave him Guards to attend him like a legal Governor. He was of *Magneſia*, and had gained high reputation in singing to the Harp: but now, his Townsmen finding him in such favour with their Master, not only clothed the Singer in the purple Robe consecrated to JUPITER their *Guardian-God*, but hung up his Picture in their Town-Hall, and erected his Statue in their Theatre, with two Lines from *Homer* engraved on the Pedestal,

'Tis pleasing, sure, to listen to the Strains  
Of such a BARD——whose all-enchanting Voice  
Lies with the Gods———.

The

\* H TOI MEN TO AE KAAON AKOYEMEN EETIN AKOLOY  
OIOE O A' EETI, GEOTE INAAHKIOE AYAH.

THE rest of *Antony's* Retinue were of a piece: the whole Gang of Merry-makers in *Asia*, who far outstrip'd the *dull Rogues* of ITALY both in debauch and drollery, filled his Court, and squandered every thing. Where-ever he came, it was like a *Venetian Carnival*: every Altar stood smoaking with Perfumes, and every Street resounded with Music. But that Music was mixed with many a bitter Groan, breaking from the worthiest Hearts; the Subsistence and Reputation of whose Families were sacrificed to these profligate Sport-makers. His Entry into the noble City of *Ephesus* will serve for a specimen of all the rest. The whole Inhabitants went out to meet him, as if he had been the God BACCHUS; the Women dressed like *Baccantes*, the Men like *Satyrs*, and the Boys like *Fauns*. Nothing was to be heard but Pipes and Flutes—nothing seen but roaring Boys with Ivy-bound Spears, and dancing Wenches running all over the Town——The jolly Crew saluted him BACCHUS, the SOOTHER. He was so to *such* as they: but to Men of Character and Estates, he was the cruellest scourge that ever came to their Country: for he strip'd them arbitrarily of all that they had, to lavish it upon the lewd Company that surrounded.

‘ So this Inscription was cut, says the exact STRABO, and gave occasion to reflect upon the good Town, as illiterate, for want of an I after the H in the last Word, which left it doubtful in what *Case* it was to be taken, the Nominative or Dative; and which the Stone-cutter had not left room for on the Pedestal: tho’ many now write the Datives without an I, and reject a custom not founded in Nature.

This great Scholar, when he wrote so, has not recollected that the Datives of all the Declensions seem at first to have ended in I. The most antient and genuine Inscriptions, brought home by the Earls of Arundel and Sandwich (the last of which is admirably explained and illustrated by the ingenious and learned Dr. John Taylor of St. John’s College Cambridge) have constantly the I after H or A in the first, and after Ω in the second Declension. In Writing, it is preserved by the small Point under these Letters, and had crept naturally into the old Latin Genitive and Dative *Aquai—Materiai*, &c. I cannot doubt but it has been distinctly pronounced in the primitive Greek and Latin; and had therefore a Foundation in Nature; tho’ we see by Strabo’s Assertion, it was become mute, and constituted one of the improper Diphthongs.



rounded him. He made over one Gentleman's entire Fortune, (a *Magnesian's* too, but surely no Friend of the *Singer*) to his own Cook, who had done wonders in dressing a grand Dinner.

BUT the News of the Victory at *Philippi* and of the Triumvir's Arrival in *Asia* brought quickly another and higher Rank of Men to receive his Commands. All the *Kings* and *Princes*, either Confederates or Dependants upon *Rome*, the greater Part of whose Dominions lay in *Antony's* Department, came to pay their court, or make their peace, according as they had taken side in the War. We hear nothing of what became of old King *DEIOTARUS* after his conjunction with *Brutus*. I apprehend he has either fallen in the first Battle, or died before the second; as the Traitor *Amyntas* would hardly have been able to debauch his Troops, and carry them over to *Antony*, had the old King been alive. His Dominions were now shared between the Defserter and his unnatural Grandchild *CASTOR*; the same who came to accuse him to the Dictator at *Rome*, and by that means escaped his Father's Fate at *Gorbeius*. *CASTOR* had *Galatia*, and *AMYNTAS* *Lycaonia*, for their Principalities. *MITHRIDATES* the *Pergamenian* (born of a *Galatian* Lady) a Bastard they said, of the famous *Mithridates*, and *Julius Cesar's* Creature, was likewise re-instated in his Tetrarchy and those Parts of *Pontus*, out of which the old Senatorial King had driven him, after the memorable Ides of *March*. But among the other States that sent Deputations to *ANTONY* in *Bythinia*, there came likewise an Embassy of *Jews*. Their errand was to complain of their present Governors, the Brothers *Fasael* and *Herod*, who, they said, exercised a severe Tyranny over the Nation, and left the real Prince and High-Priest *Hyrcauus* nothing but the Name. The high place which one of these Brothers held first in *Antony* and then in *Cesar's* Friendship, and the Figure he made in all Affairs in the East, make it proper to retrace his origin, and relate his early Fortunes.

THE little Kingdom of JUDEA had, for a Tract of years, and a Succession of High-Priests and Kings, been ruled by the *Asmonean* Family; whose title to the Royalty was not founded in Blood, but acquired by the greatest services that Men can do to their Country. For whether thro' a defect in the *Jewish* Constitution, in making no provision for *Soldiers*, nor encouraging the *Profession* of *Arms*, or thro' the divine Wrath for their Crimes, that Nation, after the partition of ALEXANDER's Empire among his Captains, had been most miserably harassed between their Neighbours on either hand, the Kings of *Syria* and *Egypt*. It was against the Captains of the *Syrian* Prince ANTIOCHUS, called *Epiphanes*, or the *illustrious*, that old *Mathias*, the son of ASAMONI; signalized himself (for *Antiochus* had taken *Jerusalem* in person and plundered the Temple): then his eldest Son *Simon*, but especially the second, *JUDAS Maccabeus*, (the greatest Captain that *Judea* seems to have produced) continued to oppose the *Syrian* Oppressors, with incredible Valour and Success. For *Antiochus* being in possession of all the low Country, had a mind to embody it with his adjacent Dominions, and for that end, to change both the Religion and Manners of the Inhabitants: thinking it would never be a *sound piece* of his State, while in their Bodies and Way of Life they continued of a stamp so different from the rest of his People. But next to the *Egyptians*; he could scarce have pitched upon a more improper Subject than the *tenacious* Jews: By the sagacity of their divine Law-giver, bred in all the Wisdom of EGYPT, their Religion was interwoven with almost every Action of their Life; and meeting with a more stubborn natural Disposition, and more insusceptible of new Impressions than any Tribe or Nation that we read of, rendered the King's Attempt to *convert* them altogether fruitless. Oppressions, Violence, Executions and Ignominy, were tryed upon them in vain; and only served to raise a Spirit, which he nor his Generals were never able to lay; and which, in end, drove him and them quite out of

*Judea*;—the usual Success of an Attempt to change the prevailing Religion and Manners of a Nation by any other means than a *general* and *voluntary* Conversion of the Body of the PEOPLE.

As high domestic Distress obliges Men to fly to foreign Protection, JUDAS (whose Denomination, the *Maccabean*, is the Acrostic of his Motto\*) was the first Person of his Country, who made the *Jews* acquainted with ROME, (then beginning to cast an Eye towards the *East*) and procured an ACT of the SENATE, calling them *Friends* and *Allies* of the *Roman* People. After a glorious Life distinguished by many surprising Victories, he fell fighting for his Country, and laid the foundation of the Splendor of his Race, which lasted thro' nine successive Princes, until it was extinguished by the younger of the two Brothers, who came now to wait on ANTONY in *Bithynia*.

HEROD, called afterwards the *Great*, was the second Son of a noble Family in *Idumea* (the ancient *EDOM*) then a despised Province of *Judea*, with the disadvantage too, of his Mother's being an *Arab*. The *Jews* called the *Idumeans* (who were but lately converted) *Mungrils*, and hated them as they did the *Samaritans*, and their other Neighbours†. His Father *Antipas*, (who took the politer Name of *Antipater*), was, for his Courage and Capacity, appointed Governor of his native Province, first by *Alexander*, a brave but cruel Prince, and then by his Queen, who governed as Regent for nine Years, with great Reputation during the Minority of *Hyrchanus* and *Aristobulus* her Sons. *Antipater*, while Governor of that southern Province, was empowered to treat with the *Arabs* and *Ascalonites*, and the several Nations on its Confines, toward the *Egyptian* Border. He did it so effectually,

\* מִי בַּמִּלְחָמָה בְּאֵלִים יְהוָה WHO LIKE THEE AMONG THE GODS JEHOVAH! He used to give it as the Word in the day of Battle.

† When the *Jews* spoke of Syria, they called it מַלְכוּת הַרְשָׁעָה THE KINGDOM OF WICKEDNESS; an appellation they afterwards applied to their Masters, the ROMANS.

FOR the old Queen was no sooner dead, than the two young Princes quarrelled about the Succession; and after a little bad Success, the quiet and inactive *Hyrcanus* was persuaded to resign his Title to his younger, but more enterprizing Brother: He would, I believe, have passed his days contentedly as a *private* Man, if *Antipater*, who had attached himself to the Heir, could have done so too. But he gave *Hyrcanus* no rest after his Resignation: He told him that he walked about loaded with Disgrace and Contempt—that he was the Butt of ridicule in his Brother's Court, and the very Breath he drew was precarious. Along with these Insinuations, he brought him sometimes one Story, *that they intended to murder him*; then another, *that he himself was to be sacrificed as his faithful Servant*—and lay at him so constantly, that at last he consented to fly to *Hareth\** (*Aretas*) the bordering King of the *Arabs*, and implore his Protection. But before *Hyrcanus* would agree to the Elopement, *Antipater* made a Journey thither, and brought back with him some Passports, and Assurances of cordial Assistance. They then set out by night from *Jerusalem*, and made great stretches to *PETRA*, the *Arab's* royal Seat.

HERE *Antipater* acted with his usual vigour; and adding new Presents to his former Munificence, concluded a Treaty to this effect, ‘*That the Arabian Prince should march with all his Forces into Judea, to settle Hyrcanus on the Throne; who, in return, should restore the Towns conquered from Arabia by Alexander his Father.*’ Hereupon *Hareth* advanced with his best

D d 2

Troops

\* In the Arabic Tongue, it signifies a Plow-man; of the same import with the great Man's Name who commanded in Britain, and gained the Battle against the Scots at the Grampian Hills; JULIUS AGRICOLA.

Troops towards *Jerusalem*—gained a Victory, and shut up *Aristobulus* first in the Town and then in the Temple; which was a grand and spacious Fortification. Things were in this posture, when POMPEY the GREAT, on his Return from his Conquest of the *East*, as he entered *Syria*, sent his Lieutenant-General *Emilius Scaurus* before him into *Judea*. SCAURUS, indigent and avaricious, readily accepted of a large Bribe from *Aristobulus*, and soon changed the face of affairs. He forced *Harctb* to raise his Siege, and march home to *Arabia* under pain of the *Roman displeasure*. Not long after, POMPEY advanced in person to *Damascus*, (now *Scham*) when *Aristobulus* did not fail to attend him, as the Man who could give and take away Crowns and Kingdoms at his pleasure. To procure a favourable audience, he sent before him a VINE of Gold as a present, valued at five hundred Talents, or £96,875\*. This Present POMPEY at his return to *Rome*, consecrated to *Jupiter Capitolinus*, and laid it up among other immense Donations in the Capitol. But whether it were the Justice of his Cause, or the artful Management of *Antipater*, who came likewise to *Scham*, it is certain that, notwithstanding the Present, *Pompey* conceived favourable impressions of *Hyrchanus's* Claim. He, however, spoke softly to the Rival-Brothers, 'wishing them both to lay aside their Arms and be quiet, until he should come to *Jerusalem*, and after a full Hearing, determine matters on the Spot.' This the younger was neither able to observe, nor to take a firm resolution to the contrary. He could not think of parting with his Royalty—nor of encountering the *Roman* Power. But sometimes betaking himself to a place of Strength, and preparing for War, and again submitting and coming to *Pompey's* Camp; he wavered so long, that the Gates of *Jerusalem* were at last shut by his Captains against the *Romans*, while he himself was treating, and remained their Prisoner. POMPEY laid siege to the Town, took it in three Months, and soon after the Temple, whose

\* If instead of the *Attic* the *Syrian* Talent be meant, it is only, £ 29,250.

whose vast Treasures he spared with his wonted Abstinence and Virtue; not carrying away so much as the great *Golden Table*, nor the *Lustre* or *Candlestick*, which TITUS took afterwards for the Decoration of his Triumph. But POMPEY did *what the Jews never forgave him*, and what, I imagine, they would have redeemed with all the Wealth in the sacred Treasury. He entered into the Recess of the Temple, and had the curiosity, with a good many of his Officers, to look into the *ADRON* or Holy of Holies, which it was unlawful for any Mortal to view but the High-priest. Next day he ordered the Temple to be purified for the daily Sacrifice, and appointed *Hyrchanus* HIGH PRIEST, which, according to the *ancient Constitution*, was the *supreme Dignity* in the Nation: at the same time, having restored the *Syrian Towns* conquered by the *Asmonean Princes* to their former Inhabitants, he imposed an annual Tribute upon *Judea*, and hastened to *ROME* thro' *Cilicia*, with *Aristobulus* and his Children, in Chains, as part of the furniture of his Triumph.

THIS Revolution, which happened while *Cicero* was Consul, (the year of the *Cataline-Conspiracy*) set ANTIPATER at the head of affairs in *Judea*. He now saw the Weight of the *Roman Arms*; and had no need to be told of whom *Hyrchanus* held his Priesthood. He therefore took suitable care to be well with the succeeding Governors. A thirst of Gold had made *SCAURUS* march into *Arabia* and lay siege to *PETRA*, which he found would prove but an untoward Business. *Antipater*, tho' he assisted him with Provisions against his old Friends, yet interposed his Mediation, and persuaded *Hareth* to buy his Peace with a round Sum, which was all the *Roman* wanted. With *GABINIUS*, the next Governor, *Antipater* fought his own Battles against *Aristobulus*, who had escaped from *Rome*, and against his son *Alexander*, until his Father was retaken and sent back, and the Son had his Head struck off by *SCIPIO* at *Antioch*. He entertained the young *MARC ANTONY* (now the *Triumvir*) in his own House—bore with the Rapacity of *CRASSUS*, and, after his

his Defeat in *Parthia*, assisted the brave *CASSIUS* in defending *Syria*, and bridling the Inroads of that insulting People. But *JULIUS CESAR* having a mind to annul *POMPEY*'s Decrees and ruin his Friends in the East, not only set *Aristobulus* at liberty, but gave him two *Roman* Legions to support his claim to the Throne of *Judea*. His Arrival there, so supported, must have driven *Antipater* and his Party to the greatest straits; but happily for them, he died in *Rome*, it was said of Poison given by *Pompey*'s Friends; tho' the manner of the Fact, and the little consequence *Judea* could be of to decide the great *Roman* Struggle, make me rather to suspect some of *Hyrcanus*'s Jewish Partisans as the Authors of such Treachery.

BUT the Battle of *Pharsalus*, and the death of *Pompey* not long after, filled *Antipater* with new Apprehensions, and put him under the necessity of making a difficult Choice. It is upon such occasions that high abilities are best discovered: and *Antipater*, like a Man that knew his own Weight, and understood the Juncture when great Friends are to be gained, and Services are most acceptable, made no delay. He was informed that a Body of Troops which the *Pergamenian* *Mithridates* was leading to Rescue *CESAR* (plunged by Love in the *Alexandrian* War) were stop'd by the Garrison of *Pelusium* (now *Damietta*) and immediately took three thousand of his best Men, joined them at *Ascalon*, laid siege to *Damietta*, and was the first Man that mounted the Wall. At the ensuing Battle in the *DELTA*, he commanded the Left-Wing, broke the Right of the Enemy, flew to the relief of *Mithridates* who was giving way, and was the undoubted means of that Victory, on which depended all *Cesar*'s Hopes in *Egypt*. This procured him such a Reception from the Dictator as he used to give to gallant Men. He made him Presents of great value, accompanied with the highest expressions of Esteem. *ANTIPATER* was after this reckoned among his Friends, and employed in the most difficult Services, without once disappointing his Expectations. The War in  
*Egypt*

*Egypt* being ended by a naval Victory, and by the young *Ptolemy* (*Cleopatra's* Brother) being drowned in the *Nile*; *CESAR* sailed to *Syria*, where ' he confirmed the High-Priesthood to *Hyr-cannus*, declared *Antipater* a Denison of *Rome*, free from all ' Taxes, and Prefect or Administrator of the Kingdom of ' *Judea*.'

HE was once more upon as firm a Footing as Dependency on a Superior permits; and finding his Master *Hyr-cannus* still *lumpish* and incapable of Government, he put the Administration in the hands of his own Sons. *Fasaël* the elder, a very brave, but sedate and sweet-tempered Man, was made Governor of *Jerusalem*, and commanded the Militia in that District; while the rich and populous Province of *Galilee*\* was given to the young *Herod*, of such a Character as *Harry Hotspur* in the *English* History. He had just numbered his fifteenth year when he entered upon this great Charge, and soon gave proof of what was to be expected from his riper Age: Having first thorowly pacified his own Province, he went next, with the fire natural to Youth, in quest of the Captain of a Gang of *Banditi*, who had over-run all the Confines of *Syria*; and was so happy as to defeat his Troop, and catch the Ring-leader. This both gave him Reputation at home, and procured him the Esteem of *Sextus Cesar* the Governor of *Syria*†, with solemn Thanks from all the Towns formerly harassed by the Robbers. Elate with this Success, he began to govern with a high hand: he struck off his Prisoner's Head without Sentence or Form of Law, and did so many illegal things, that he was called upon to give an account of

\* JOSEPHUS, who governed it, tells ' that there were two hundred and four Towns and Villages in the lower Province: that it was all a rich Soil, fine Pasture, admirably watered, planted with all Sorts of fruit and forest Trees, and incredibly populous. It is now a Desert.

† KATA ταύτων τὸν καιρὸν ἦδην τῶν Σάρων, καὶ Ἰουδαίων, καὶ Φοινίκων πόλεις εἶχον οἱ Ἰσδαῖοι. JOSEPHUS (Antiq. Book II.) enumerates these Towns to the number of six and twenty.



of his Conduct, and answer for executing a Man without Trial or Judgment. But he thought fit to condemn the Authority of the *Sanhedrin* \*, the highest Court of his Country : he appeared indeed—but liker a Prince than a Criminal, surrounded with his Guards and dressed in purple. However, perceiving they were resolved to proceed against him (for *Hyrchanus*, spirited up by his Enemies, *seemed* to countenance the Prosecution) he left *Jerusalem* in the night ; and hasting to *Scham*, procured such Forces from *SEXTUS* (young and forward like himself ) that he could cope with *Hyrchanus*, if he had recourse to arms. At their head he marched back towards the Capital, and was with great difficulty retained by his Father and elder Brother from attacking the High-Priest—So sharply did he resent his having permitted him to be accused or called to his Trial. From this time he seems to have thought of little less than the supreme Command : for turning his whole attention to court the governing People, he never spared his Country when a Great Roman wanted a Sum of Money or a Body of Troops. I have already touched upon his Conduct toward *CASSIUS* in that Patriot's impetuous Course over the East. *Herod* had levied his proportion of the Subsidy long before his Brother, or the neighbouring Governors ; and was so agreeable to *Cassius*, that in his return from the Borders of *Egypt*, after many marks of Esteem, he assisted him to revenge his Father *ANTIPATER*'s Death, who about that time had been poisoned by *Malichus*, a specious Rogue of great art, and much trusted by the simple *Hyrchanus*. *Malichus*, who looked upon *Antipater* as the person that stood in his way to Power, took this base method to destroy a brave and generous Man, remarkable for Capacity and Honour in the discharge of the greatest Trusts,

THE young *HEROD* was for immediately taking Arms and declaring open War : but by his Brother *Fasaël*'s persuasion, he made use of *Malichus*'s own Arts to ruin him ; He seemed

to

\* The Greek word *Συνεδριον*, corrupted.

to accept of his Justification; and treated him with his usual familiarity, as if he believed him really innocent. But at the same time he procured an order from CASSIUS to the Centurions, who were in garrison at Tyre, to obey HEROD in whatever he commanded. He soon found means to give them notice that Malichus was on his way to Tyre, in order to steal away his Son, whom Cassius had taken as a security for his Father's good Behaviour. The military Men went out to meet him upon the Shore, and surrounded the faithless Jew, as if to conduct him into Town: But of a sudden they drew their Swords, and put an end to his dark Designs with his Life.

THUS stood *Fasael* and *Herod* before the Battle of *Philippi*—but the Issue of that dismal Day changed the face of Affairs thro' all the Empire. The chief Men among the Jews, who had long envied the sudden Growth and exorbitant Power of the two upstart Brothers, thought they had now a fair opportunity to humble them, and wrest the Authority out of their hands. Among the other Embassies therefore that came to *Antony* from all parts, the Jewish Delegates went to wait upon him in *Bythbinia*—intending to represent all the violent things that the Sons of *Antipater* had been guilty of during their Administration, and particularly to exaggerate their Attachment to C. CASSIUS his Enemy: But they came on a fruitless errand: *Herod* had been beforehand with them; and by means of a vast Sum had made the profuse ANTONY deaf to every thing that could be said to his prejudice: the Deputies could not so much as obtain an Audience of the Triumvir: they were sent home as spiteful Malecontents; while the Reputation of the young Man for Bravery and Spirit was so great, and his Aspect so noble and manly, that ANTONY, who was very sensible of such Qualities, conceived an Opinion of him that could never afterwards be shaken.

BUT while he continued at *Ephesus*, indulging himself in Bacchanal frolics, an Embassy, not of a Faction, but from *Hyr-*

*canus* the chief Priest, came to present him in the name of the whole *Jewish* Nation, with a Crown of Gold, and to petition for the Restitution of some Territories, and the Freedom of their Countrymen sold for Slaves under *Cassius's* Government. They obtained both : But I chuse to give the Edict entire in *Antony's* own Words, as a striking instance how easy it is to lay fair colours upon the worst of Causes, and to what a pitch of Impudence the *Destroyers of their Country* and Authors of the PROSCRIPTION had arrived. It was addressed to HYRCANUS, and struck at the Magistrates of TYRE, the Capital of *Phenicia*, particularly favoured by *Cassius*. It ran thus :

MARCUS ANTONIUS, COMMANDER IN CHIEF,  
TO HYRCANUS,  
HIGH-PRIEST and GOVERNOR of JUDEA,  
Sendeth Greeting;

**I**F you are in health, it is well; I and my Army are so too. *Lyfimachus*, *Joseph*, and *Alexander*, your Ambassadors, being arrived at our Court at *Ephesus*, have both renewed the good Intelligence begun between Us by their first Embassy at Rome, and carefully acquitted themselves of their present Commission, in the Declaration and Assurances of the constant Good-will which You and the Jewish Nation bear to Us. Being therefore fully persuaded by these Assurances, and by your own Behaviour, of the Sincerity of your Affection; and being likewise well informed of your great Piety towards God, and of your suitable Conduct thereto; I will henceforth look upon such Disposition as my own. Know then that those who were Enemies to Us and to the PEOPLE of ROME having over-run all Asia, and having spared neither Town nor Temple where-ever they came, without regarding the Oaths they had solemnly sworn; We took arms, not only in our own Quarrel, but in the general Cause of Mankind;

Mankind; and chastized the guilty, both for their Trespasses against the Gods, and their Crimes towards Men——Crimes! from which the SUN himself seemed to turn away his Face, unwilling to witness the horrid Attempt upon Cæsar's Life. But with the Help of Heaven, We confounded their wicked and God-daring Designs, favoured in Macedon (the accustomed Cline to unballowed Deeds); and baffled their half-mad and evil-minded PRETENCE, proclaimed at Philippi:—where tho' they posted themselves on high Grounds walled in with Mountains almost to the Sea, to command the Entrance to Asia, as it were by one single Pass; yet assisted by the GODS, that condemned their illegal Enterprize, We obtained a final Victory. It was then that BRUTUS betaking himself to the Mountains above Philippi, and being shut up by our Arms, accompanied his Associate, and partook of the same fate that CASSIUS had undergone before. These two Men being thus punished, we now hope to enjoy the Sweetness of Peace, and to relieve the States of Asia from the Miseries of War. We wish to communicate the fruits of the former (which is the Gift of God) to our good Allies, and thereby allow the great Body of Asia to take respite, and recover its wonted Vigour, as it were after a severe and lingering Disease. Wherefore, from a due respect to your Person, and intending to benefit the Nation, I will consult your Interests, and have, for that purpose, published an Edict thro' the Cities, 'That such of your People, either Free-men or Slaves, as were publicly sold by C. Cassius, or by those commanding under him, shall be immediately set at liberty; and that you peaceably enjoy whatever Donations or Grants you received from ME or from DOLABELLA.' I forbid the Tyrians to have recourse to force of Arms, and ordain them to restore whatever Lands or Forts they possess, that belonged to the Nation of the JEWS. The Crown of Gold which your Ambassadors presented in your Name, I cheerfully accepted.

FAREWELL.

THIS *EDICT*, of a piece with that dictated in time of Dinner by the young *Cesar* for the PROSCRIPTION, is a Blemish to human Nature; as it shews that its native *Rectitude* can be destroyed, and that Men intoxicated with Power can call Good Evil—and Evil Good. Here the highest Barbarities and most flagrant Injustice are sanctified with the fair Names of *Pity* and *Mildness*; and the most genuine Virtue and Heroism branded as *Madness* and *Villainy*. I have little doubt of its being genuine, as *Josephus* seems to have extracted many *Acts* and *Letters* from public Records, and as the Style of it particularly suits that affected by *Antony*. While *Cornificius*, *Brutus*, and *Messala*, studied the correct *Attic* manner, which weighed its Periods, and joined Elegance to Perspicuity; *Antony* found that the loose florid *Asiatic* Flow (invented by *Hegeſianax* the *Magnesian*) gave more scope to his Fancy, and less labour to his Judgment. Its irregular Flights and disjointed Sentences left the Hearers sometimes at a loss for the strict Sense; and in *this* very Draught there are Instances \* of the Truth and Justice of the young *Cesar's* Criticism; *That his Colleague spoke and wrote rather to make People stare, than understand his Meaning* †.

BEFORE he went upon his *Ephesian* Frolic, *ANTONY* took his way from *Bithynia* thro' the Heart of the Province to *Pergamum*, the Capital of the *Attalic* Kings, whither he had called a Convention of the *Asiatic* States. They composed one great Body: and tho' they had not the power of imposing Taxes like our Parliament, yet when the *Romans* received these Provinces from *Attalus*, they had treated them mildly, and had left them the *Marked* of  
levying

levying the required Sum like the States in *Flanders*, and of assigning the *Quota* of every Town, like the Burrows in *North-Britain*. They had been fleeced for several years during the Distractions raised by *Cesar's* Ambition; and BRUTUS's Inclination to have spared them to the utmost of his Power could not prevent their being drained both of Money and Provisions, by supporting the two great Armies under him and CASSIUS. When the Deputies of the several Provinces (who are mentioned in our apostolical History under the Appellation of *Chiefs of Asia* \*) were met at *Pergamo*, the Triumvir opened their Assembly with a Speech that will better paint the public Misery than any Account I could give of it.

*I need not acquaint you, GENTLEMEN, said he, that when your King ATTALUS, by his latter Will, left you to be governed by the Romans, we soon put you in a better condition than you had enjoyed under your native Prince. We immediately abolished the Taxes you had been accustomed to pay to your Kings; and permitted you to live in that easy affluent state, while we continued ourselves in domestic tranquillity. But that Tranquillity having been broke by factious Men, and the Empire embroiled in War, we found ourselves under a necessity of demanding Tribute from our Subjects; which, however, was not imposed according to what every man was reckoned worth; so as to raise a sure annual Sum to ourselves; but we required only a certain small proportion of the yearly Produce of your Lands, taking our chance with you of the Plenty or Scarcity of the Seasons. This Revenue being farmed from the SENATE by our Publicans, they began to distress you, and to demand from you much more than was their due, when CAIUS CESAR put a stop to their Exactions; and both remitted to you one third of the Arrears you had run into, and empowered you for the future to receive the Tythes from the Land-labourers yourselves.*

YET

*YET* so it was, that some of our Worthy Citizens pretended to call the Man who thus relieved you a TYRANT——and to them, the Murtherers of your Benefactor, You Gentlemen, contributed large Sums, in opposition to Us, who took arms to avenge him. However, just FATE having decided the War, not as you wished,——but according to the Merits of the Cause; were we now to treat you as the Allies of our Enemies, we would inflict a suitable Punishment: But, since we incline to believe that it was more thro' compulsion than malice that you took part with them, we will at present forbear all severities, and only acquaint you, 'That we must have 'LANDS, CITIES and MONEY, to distribute as Premiums to the 'victorious Army.' It consists of eight and twenty Legions, which, with their Attendants, will make one hundred and seventy thousand men; besides Horsemen, Pioneers, and other Followers. From their Numbers, you may easily compute the Greatness of our Wants. As for the Lands and Cities, the young CESAR is gone to assign them in ITALY——if you would know the plain Truth, in one word, is gone to DISPEOPLE ITALY, and plant his Soldiers in place of the former Possessors——To save You therefore from being expelled your Towns, stripped of your Lands and Houses, and banished from the Temples and Tombs of your Ancestors; WE have only rated you in Money——not in all you are worth, which 'twould be impossible you should pay, but in so moderate a share as I am persuaded, when you hear it, you will think extremely reasonable. In two Years time you levied, and gave to our Enemies the Subsidies of ten Years: WE will therefore be contented with the same Sum, provided it be paid up in one Year: for I need not say that our Wants are pressing, and will bear no delay: But I will tell such of you as have not a due sense of the Favour we now shew you, That the Fine imposed upon you is far from an adequate Punishment to the Offence.

ANTONY had scarce ended, when the Deputies threw themselves down on the Ground, and with marks of the greatest Distress represented their utter Inability to raise such a Sum——they

they deserved, they said, rather to be *pitied* than *fined* for the exorbitant Tax that had been lately extorted from them; having been forced by the terror of military execution to melt down their household-Utensils, and their Women's Ornaments, to coin the Money required by the Collectors; so that now they had no resource, no, not wherewith to buy Bread to their Families. These Representations were of little avail: The Veterans must be satisfied: And the utmost the Deputies could obtain was the abatement of *one* in *ten* Subsidies, and another year's space to raise it. Thus the Miseries entailed upon the Empire by *Julius Cesar*, forced the Province of ASIA to pay in *four*, the Taxes usually raised in *nineteen* years. It brought these flourishing Countries very low: they were obliged to unfurnish their Houses, strip their Temples, and sell the Decorations of their Forums, to raise the Sum demanded; while it raised Pity and Indignation to see honourable Families, that had lived in splendor, reduced to mean Circumstances, and loose worthless Fellows who administered to the Triumvir's Pleasures, strutting in their Spoils.

I must make my Reader acquainted with a notable ORDER, that made a grand figure at *Antony's* Court, and accompanied him in his whole progress thro' the East. Their History is curious, and we have nothing resembling it in modern Times. The great Towns all along the rich *Coast* of ASIA were much addicted to Gayety and public Diversions: Their Inhabitants, after the loss of their Liberty, were so turned to Luxury and Amusements, that a great part of their Life was spent in the *Theatres*—in holding *grand Assemblies*, in celebrating *Games* and *Festivals* to the Gods, in *nocturnal Revels* in the Temples and adjacent Groves, and in all sorts of *Mirth* and *Mummery*. The Performers at these Entertainments, including in the first place all PLAYERS and Persons belonging to the *Stage*; then MUSICIANS of every sort, *Fiddlers*, *Singers*, *Harpers*, *Pipers*; next all SHOW-MEN, *Vaulters*, *Boxers*, *Tumblers*, *Dancers*, *Jugglers*, *Mimics*, with their under-Operators—all these, I say, were incorporated



porated into one *great Body* under the Title of THE ARTIFICERS OF *BACCHUS*; and assembled in vast Multitudes to their yearly Feast; when they held, in the stile of modern *Masonry*, a GRAND LODGE, in honour of their *mirth-giving Deity*. Their first Settlement was in the ancient *Teios*, now *Susar*, one of the pleasant *Ionian Towns*, and the native place of the *wise ANACREON* \*. A Sedition drove them thence to *Ephesus*; after which *Attalus* assigned them *Myonnesus* (the Mouse-Island) a Town so called, standing on a high Peninsula over against *Teios*. Here they began to fortify themselves against the Party that had driven them from that place, who on the other hand were so afraid of the *Bacchic Corporation*, that they sent an Embassy to *ROME*, begging protection against an hostile Fortress, rearing as it were upon their Nose; and the Senate to prevent farther mischief, removed the scenical Train to *Lebedus* (now *Lacerea*) whose thin Inhabitants readily received them; but seem not to have been much better stocked with People by the Accession of the itinerant Players—since *Horace* found *Lebedus* as empty a Village as the once royal Seats of *Royston* and *St. Andrews* are at this day. Once a-year, it would be a Scene of infinite Revelling and Entertainment; but when such a Company parted, and spread themselves all over the *Ionian Cities*, no wonder they should infect them with those lewd Dances and Postures that were thought a Reproach to the young Ladies in *Rome* †. These Strolers were now come to their Kingdom; and were enjoying golden Days, caressed by *Antony*, and insulting their Betters, with impunity. The Triumvir gave himself wholly

\* *SOCRATES*, as an Antidote to *ENVY*, pretended he knew nothing, of himself: Even in *Love-matters*, which was his Fort, if I have any Skill, says he, ὁ λόγος ἐστὶ τίνων ἀκούειν; ἢ περ Σαπφῶς τῆς καλῆς, ἢ Ἀνακρέοντος τοῦ ΣΟΦΟΥ; I have certainly learned it of the *beauteous Sappho*, or of the *WISE Anacreon*. ΠΛΑΤΩΝ *Φαιδρος*. The high Strain of *Morals* in some of his Odes, and his Contempt of Money and Grandeur, well deserves this, perhaps unexpected, Epithet.

† See above, Pag. 47.

wholly up to Debauchery and Idle Amusements. While he was under any restraint, either from higher Authority, or from the Pressure of his own Affairs, he applied close to Business, and pushed thro' Difficulties with great Constancy and Spirit : but now, when he had surmounted every Obstacle, and was Master of the better part of the Empire, he minded nothing that was serious, but plunged into Luxury and Pleasure. Along with the Kings who came to attend him with their Presents, some Queens came too with theirs, and were the welcomer of the two. *Plutarch* says they strove to outshine one another in Beauty and rich Gifts, and plainly tells that they were debauched by *Antony*\*. That Author names no body : but *Appian*, who may be believed in such cases, lets us know that he cast *Ariarathes*' Claim to *Cappadocia*, I suppose a Son or Nephew of the unhappy Prince surprized by the young *Cicero*, but that he raised a royal Youth *Sisinnus* to the Throne of that Kingdom, because his Mother *Glaphyra*, a young Widow, was an extreme pretty Woman. They took no care to hide their Commerce : *Antony* was above all regards to Decency ; and the Lady, like *Madam Keruël* †, was proud of being Mistress to the *Triumvir*. Their Affair, came to the haughty *FULVIA*'s Ears at *Rome* ; and produced much Mirth and much Mischief, which we will soon have occasion to relate.

IN the Road from *Cappadocia* to *Syria* lay the piratical Country *Cilicia*. The chief Town, *Tarsus*, because of its disaffection to the Republic, had been severely handled by *Cassius*'s people, and thereby merited a Visit from the *Cesarean* Chief. Tho' he was wholly immersed in Pleasure, yet two great Affairs now and then called for a transient attention ; first to content his *Veterans*,

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F f

and

\* Καὶ βασιλεῖς ἐπὶ θύρας ἰφοίτων, καὶ βασιλέων γυναῖκες, ἀμιλλόμεναι δαψύαις πρὸς ἀλλήλας καὶ κἀλλισιν, ἰφθίμοιο πρὸς αὐτὰς.  
ANTON.

† Voyez les dernières Lettres de Madame la MARQUISE de SEVIGNY.

and for that end to raise vast Sums from all the tributary Kingdoms; and then to repress the *Parthians* who were ravaging the Provinces on this side the *Euphrates*. This was *Julius Cesar's* last Design; and having a Shew of public Good, and wiping off the dishonour of the *Roman Arms* by the defeat of *Crassus*, was still kept in a distant kind of view by the Triumvirs. ANTONY therefore warned the Princes of his Jurisdiction, and the Friends and Allies of the ROMAN PEOPLE (formerly an awful Name) to get ready their auxiliary Troops; and as the Profusion of his living permitted him to lay up no Money, he took opportunities to pick quarrels with some Kings and States whom he forced to buy their Peace with exorbitant Sums.

SOME such thing as this had been intended against a Princess who at that time governed one of the richest Kingdoms in the World. It was the famous CLEOPATRA, whose Lover, *Julius*, had settled her sole Queen of *Egypt*, and enriched her with Presents of immense, and indeed incredible Value, over and above the hereditary Wealth of the luxurious *Ptolomean* Family. She was cited to appear before the *Roman Triumvir* at *Tarsus*, to give an account of her Conduct during the late War: and particularly to justify herself for having sent Money and Provisions to C. CASSIUS a *Traitor* (that was the *new Stile*): from respect however to a crowned Head, and to a Princess who had been distinguished by the late *Cesar*, instead of an ordinary Herald, *Q. Dellius* was dispatched with the message, the Man who deserted from *Cassius* the night before the Battle of *Philippi*; and who from a similitude of Inclinations was now become one of *Antony's* intimate Friends.

A fitter Person could not have been pitched upon to carry it. He was a *professed Gallant*; the Confident of his new Master's Pleasures, and perfectly acquainted with his *Feible*, wherever a fair Lady was concerned. When he came to the *Egyptian Court*, he found the Queen in the height of Life and Vigour. She was, at first view, no dazzling Beauty; but in conversation,





tion, when her winning Manners and the insinuating Tone of her Voice accompanied the Charms of her Face and Person, she was irresistible \*. She had the uncommon Art, which a Woman of Wit ascribed to a late Royal Mistress, of *so adjusting her Looks to her Words, that they went directly to the Heart* †. With this she had such a Glow of Health, so luscious an Air, and bewitching Vivacity in her Motions, that a four Writer says, the most insensible to Love by their Temper and Years were not safe from her Allurements. In a word, by comparing their Pictures and Description, *Cleopatra* seems to have been in person, features, and complexion, almost such a Woman as the celebrated *Hortensia Macini*, who was long the Admiration of *Europe*, under the Title of the DUTCHESS OF MAZARIN ‡. DELLIVS, at his first audience, plainly saw *how matters would go*; and like an accomplished Courtier, instead of delivering an imperious Message, as to a dependant Princess, forgot he was a *Roman*, and humbled himself as to his Sovereign. With all the Address he was master of, he applied himself to gain her favour, as the Person, who he foresaw, would soon have ANTONY, and *all his share of the Empire*, at her disposal. He therefore told her, ' That she must indeed resolve to make a small Voyage across the Sea to *Cilicia* to appear before the *Roman Triumvir*; but

F f 2

' with

\* 'Αλλῶς τε γὰρ περικαλλεσάτη γυναικῶν ἐγένετο, καὶ τότε τῆς ὥρας ἀμῆν πολλὰ διέτριπε· τό τε φέγγμα ἀστυλάτοι εἶχε, καὶ ποσομιλήσαι πάντε τῶν διὰ χαρίτων ἐπίστατο· ὥς τε λαμπρὰ τε ἰδεῖν καὶ ἀκηκοῖναι ἔστα, καὶ ἔτι πάντα τινα καὶ ΔΥΣΕΡΩΤΑ καὶ ΑΦΗΑΙΚΕΣΤΕΡΟΝ ἐξεργάσασθαι δυναμένη.  
ΔΙΟΝ. βιβ. μβ.

† MADAME DESNOYERS, parlant de MADAME de MAINTENON, disoit, *Ses yeux et son esprit sont si bien d'accord, que tout ce qu'elle dit va droit au Coeur.*

‡ Elle a le son de la Voix si touchant qu'on ne sauroit l'entendre parler sans Emotion: Son Teint a un éclat, si naturel, si vif, et si doux, que Je ne pense pas que personne se soit jamais avisé en la regardant, de trouver a redire, qu'il ne soit pas de la dernière Blanchéur.

CHARACT. de M. la D. Mazarin.

‘ with a Smile, forbid her Majesty to be apprehensive of the  
 ‘ least Hardship from so humane a Leader and so sweet-tem-  
 ‘ pered a Man as *Marc Antony*. He begged leave to assure her,  
 ‘ that his Master had ever been very *tender-hearted to the Ladies*,  
 ‘ and could never do an harsh thing in his Life: when a *fair Face*  
 ‘ was pleading against it: that her Majesty’s high Merit and  
 ‘ irresistible Charms could not fail of finding easy access to so  
 ‘ sensible a Heart; and make him look upon an opportunity to  
 ‘ oblige and serve so glorious a Woman as the sweetest Fruit of  
 ‘ his Victories.’

THE QUEEN listened to *Delius* with great attention, and, with  
 no less inward satisfaction, *believed* him. She was now no  
 Novice in Love. The young *Cn. Pompey* (eldest Son of POM-  
 PEY the Great), who accompanied *Gabinus* to *Egypt*, had first  
 initiated her, when she was scarce fifteen; and a man much  
 more capable of giving Lessons of every kind, *Julius Cesar*, had  
 fully instructed her in the Mysteries of the Art, when she was  
 one and twenty. That experienced Lover had found such un-  
 common Beauties in her Person, and such a Charm in her Con-  
 versation, that he doated upon her beyond any Princess he ever  
 served. He lived with her in *Alexandria* much longer than his  
 affairs could permit, and then made a celebrated Pleasure-Voyage  
 in a wondrous GALLEY built with State-rooms and Bed-cham-  
 bers like a Palace, so far up the *Nile*, that his devoted Army,  
 marching upon the Banks to guard the Lovers, refused to follow  
 him any farther. This was a Proof of a violent Passion in  
 CESAR; who, tho’ he loved Pleasure, seldom sacrificed his In-  
 terest to attain it. Attentive to Ambition’s Call, he made his  
 Amours but a *secondary* Concern; and used to break thro’ all the  
 Toils of Love at the voice of Glory. But now *Cleopatra* so en-  
 charmed him, that, to the infinite detriment of his Affairs,  
 and in direct opposition to his known Character, he neglected  
 to improve his mighty Victory at *Pharsalus*, and risque all the  
 Fruits of it, to reap those of *another nature*. Had he, upon

the first News of POMPEY's Death, returned immediately to ROME, and managed with his *wonted Art*, he would probably have won over the Remains of the REPUBLIC, and prevented their coming again to a Head either in *Spain* or *Africa*. They would possibly have all come in and submitted except *Cato*, *Favonius*, *Domitius*, and a few Patriots of the same Spirit. But now pretending he was detained in EGYPT by the *Etesian Winds*\*, and having called the two Pretenders to the Crown, the Brother and the Sister, before him, under colour of determining, as *Consul*, the Controversies of Kings, he first brought on the *Alexandrian War* (as there was no doubt what side the Judge would favour) and then, letting himself and his handful of Troops be cooped up in a corner of that populous City, he at once risked his Life and Reputation, and by his long Absence gave rise to the *Pontic*, the *African*, and the *Spanish* Calamities. That this was Fact, and no refined Speculation, appears from a Letter written by *Cicero* to *Cassius*, wherein he tells him,

‘ That *they* (the Friends of Liberty) could never have imagined,  
‘ until they saw it happen, that, after the *Pharsalian* Victory,  
‘ CESAR would have allowed himself to be entangled in the  
‘ tedious *Alexandrian War*;—that they all believed his usual  
‘ Celerity would have put an end at once to the *fatal Struggle*;  
‘ and that the Chiefs of the Republic that were in *Africa* would  
‘ have submitted like those in *Asia* and *Greece*; but now the In-  
‘ terval of a Year had induced some to hope for a change of For-  
‘ tune, and for Victory in their turn, and brought others even to  
‘ contemn *being vanquished*†.

GLEOPATRA'S

\* IPSE enim CAESAR necessario Etesius tenebatur, qui Alexandria navigantibus sunt adversissimi venti: interim controversias Regum ad POP. ROM. (*whom he extremely honoured*) et ad SE., quod esset CONSUL, pertinere existimans, ostendit sibi placere, Regem Ptolemeum, et sororem Cleopatram exercitus dimittere, et de controversiis jure apud SE., potius quam armis inter se disceptare.

De B. C. LIB. § 88:

† Ad FAMIL. Lib. xv. Ep. 15.



CLEOPATRA's first Introduction to *Julius* discovered a happy Genius for Intrigue. She found it tedious to wait a *legal Decision* of her difference with her Brother, and fancied if she could contrive to appear before CESAR *herself*, she might possibly make the Judge her Friend. This was not easily done: She was strictly guarded, and had many Eyes upon her Motions; whom she effectually eluded by going into a Gondola when it was dark with one Friend, and when she came to the Palace-Stairs, getting herself rolled up in a great Carpet, and carried into *Cesar's* Apartment as a piece of necessary Furniture. The Ingenuity of this Contrivance first struck him, and then the tempting Figure of a young Beauty that bore in her Face and Manners the Wishes of her Heart, made the amorous *Cesar* quickly her Slave. It was pretended that the *Julian* Family drew its origin from IULUS, the Son of *Encas*, and Grand-child of VENUS; and as *Cesar's* Inclinations did not bely that Descent, he paid a particular Veneration to the *Paphian Goddess*. VENUS ARMATA, *Love and War*, was the Word he frequently gave to his Army; and having after his Victories reared a magnificent Temple to PARENT-VENUS\*, at the Dedication of it, he placed an exquisite Statue of *Cleopatra* just by the side of the Goddess.

UNDER *such* a Tutor, a Lady by nature formed for Pleasure, and who loved it as her Life, could not miss to *improve*. She was become an Adept in the Passion, and versed in all its Refinements. When therefore she reflected on her early Adventures, and the great Men she had captivated in the Dawn of Life, and heard *Dellius* describe the melting Disposition of his Master, she made no doubt but now, when her Beauty was

*warmed and unfolded into stronger Charms,*  
that MARC ANTONY was destined for her Conquest.

THE PREPARATIONS she made were not very like a timorous Delinquent, but extremely suitable to her Character and Designs.

signs. She gave herself no trouble in contriving *Reasons* to justify her Conduct to the first Magistrate of *Rome*; nor did she provide Intercessors among his Friends to plead her Cause before a Judge who had her absolutely in his power: her chief concern was to invent *Ornaments* that might heighten the Lustre of her Charms, and add a Splendor to the native Allurements of her Person. It is not easy to describe the Contrivance of an *ordinary* Woman, to set herself off to advantage; or enumerate the delicate helps she borrows to recommend her Face and Form: But when a great luxurious Queen sets her Wits to invent, and employs her Power to purchase Baits of Pleasure, *what Wonders does she not perform?* ART and NATURE vied in *Cleopatra's* Dress and Equipage. The fine *Egyptian* Lawns, the rich *Tyrian* Dyes, the *Assyrian* Odours, the Balsams of *Judea* and Jewels of the *East* all combined with the *Alexandrian-Elegance* to brighten her Appearance, perfume her Baths, soften her Air, and make herself and Train look like more than Mortals.

ANTONY waited her coming in *Tarsus*, the Capital almost of *Cilicia*; a Town so addicted to JULIUS, that the Inhabitants renouncing the Cities' ancient Name, stiled it *Juliopolis* or *Cesarbury*. From the thinness of their *Air*, *Water*, and *Soil*, they were very *mercurial* and *sprightly*; which went so far as to mark their Character with *Levity*, and make them just the *Gascons* of *Greece*—fond of flashy Wit, passably impudent, and prone to push their Fortunes abroad. For this purpose they generally applied themselves to Letters, in which some few of them made a true and solid Progress; but the generality, affecting the Character of *clever Fellows*, admired nothing so much as an *extemporary Talent of haranguing and rhyming upon any given Subject*; and the Man who excelled in it, were he ever so worthless in other respects, was sure to become popular and powerful. A strong instance of this was now in the Town: One BOETHUS, a *bad Man*, and a *worse Poet*, was extremely gracious with the Populace by his Faculty of *holding forth*, and raising coarse Mirth  
among

among the Multitude : but he became in a manner *chief Citizen* by means of a wretched Poem which he wrote and presented to ANTONY upon his Victory at *Philippi*.

To reward their *Cæsarianism*, and comfort them for their Sufferings in their Cause, the Triumvir not only granted them an Immunity from all Taxes, and liberated every *Tarsian* that had been sold for a Slave, but promised to raise and endow a PUBLIC GYMNASIUM, in their Town. It was the next thing to the *Erection* of an *University*, with the addition of Academies for all sorts of Exercises. This new Erection he was to honour with being *Chancellor* of it himself, and gave the actual Government of it to his paltry Poet BOETHUS, *Vice-Chancellor* in his absence.

IN this Town, as I said, he waited the Arrival of the *Egyptian Queen*, who made no haste, either to obey the Summons by *Dellius* or to answer the many Letters sent by her own and the Triumvir's Friends to hasten her coming. She practised *Ovid's* Precept to inhance the Value of her Voyage by a little delay\*, and took full time to order her Equipage to her own contentment. Five or six *Tenders* carried her Retinue, her Kitchen, her Baths, her Theatre, her Wardrobe, with all the Furniture necessary for a royal Palace : but her Majesty's own *Royal Galley* was such a Ship as till that day had never floated on the Ocean. The Sails were of fine Purple, the Ropes of Silk, the Masts and Oars plated with Silver, and the Bow and Fore-castle so overlaid with Gold, as to dazzle the Beholders by the reflection of the Sun. But the *Dome* or *Canopy* raised upon the *Quarter-deck* was the Master-piece. It was of the richest Brocade, supported by Pillars of exquisite Workmanship, and open on all sides. Under it stood a Couch of massy Gold sumptuously covered

\* ————— *Mora semper amantes  
Incitat ; exiguum si modo Tempus habet.* —

*Sera veni ; positaque decens incede Lucernâ ;  
Grata Morâ venies ; maxima Lena Mora est.*

covered, on which lay the Queen, stretched at ease, in the Habit and Form of the Goddess of Love. In this Attitude, her Galley entered the Mouth of the *Cydus*, the piercing cold Stream that runs thro' *Tarsus*, bathing in which had almost cost *Alexander* his Life. Little Boys, dressed like *Cupids*, fluttered about the Queen; and her Maids of Honour, in the Dress of *Nereids* or Sea-Nymphs, were furling the Sails, handling the Ropes, or pretending to manage the Helm. The richest Odours perfumed the Gales all round; while alternate Symphonies of Music, heard in the Air without knowing whence they came, directed the Stroke of the Oars to keep Time to their Cadence. The News of this resplendent Spectacle being carried to Town, the Inhabitants came pouring down on both Sides, and clothed the Banks as on a Festival of the Gods—when learning who it was, the *Tarsian* Wit handed it about, *That the Goddess VENUS was come to revel with BACCHUS, for the Public-Good of all ASIA.*

ANTONY happened to be sitting in Judgment in the *Forum* when the Whisper reached the surrounding Crowd; and in a little time he was left upon the Tribunal without other Attendants than his *Licitors*. To shew however his regard to a Queen (for he had many a King attending in his Antichamber) he sent to invite her to dine with him—But she answering that it was more becoming that he should pay the first Visit to a Lady, he gave way, and, as a mark of Frankness and Gallantry, went to feast with the newly arrived Queen. He was amazed at the Magnificence and Order of his Reception—especially the infinite Number of Lights that blazed out all of a sudden, disposed in Circles, Squares, and many a curious Figure, afforded a surprizing Show. But they were all obscured by the appearance of the QUEEN herself.—It was such, that tho' the Passion which *Antony* conceived for her proved his final Ruin, yet I cannot help pitying him, and thinking, that of all the Faults he ever committed, *this* was the most excusable. Not that I pretend to justify, or even to alleviate the Crimes and

Follies he was guilty of to gratify her; but I should not have much wondered if *such a Woman* had captivated the Heart of a Man of greater reserve than MARC ANTONY. Besides the uncommon Charms of her Face and Person, *Cleopatra* had infinite Wit,—Capacity,—Address,—Taste—and an inexhausted Invention for *Frolic* and *Adventure*. She could assume *any* Character from a great *Queen* to a *Sailor* or *Tradesman's Wife*; and having from some vulgar Camp-Jokes quickly perceived *Antony's* Turn, she took up that Manner, and actually out-did him in the *rude mirth of a boisterous Soldier*. According to the shallow Maxims of mistaken Pleasure, she was formed to be the *worst Wife* and most *bewitching Mistress* that ever was born.

AMONG her other Accomplishments, she had *two* pretty rare ones in a youthful Queen. Her Predecessors of the *Ptolomean* Race, tho' Kings of *Egypt* and a great part of *Ethiopia*, spoke no Language but *Greek*; and some of them even forgot their Mother-Tongue, the *Macedonian* Dialect. But *Cleopatra* learned the Languages of all the Nations round about her Dominions, as if she had been born to govern them; and had them so much at command, that she very seldom used an Interpreter to any Foreigner that came to her Court. She gave audience herself; and from her own Mouth gave Answers to the *Ethiopians*, *Troglodytes*, *Hebrews*, *Arabs*, *Syrians*, *Medes*, *Parthians*, and other distant Nations—a thing almost incredible—and a Proof, I don't know whether of greater Acuteness or Application! But to lessen the Miracle, I suppose she has perfectly possessed *two* original Languages, *Aramcan* and *Greek*; and has had a tincture of a *third*, the *Pontic* or *Armenian* Tongue. The second was her native Speech, which she spoke in all its Stiles with the greatest propriety. The last had tintured the *Parthian*, *Median*, and *Pontic* Dialects; as to this day it makes such a part of the *modern Persian* as the *Arabic* does of the *Spanish*, or as the *French* does of the *English* Tongue. But the first (the *Aramcan*) appears to have been her chief Study, as it was the

Mother

Mother of the *Egyptian*, and of all the bordering Dialects above-mentioned, which were but Branches of this mighty Stem that overspread the most of *Asia* and *Africa* with its Offspring. I need not tell those who are acquainted with *any two* of the ancient oriental Languages of the great *Affinity* of their Dialects, or with what facility a Proficient in *one* runs thro' many of the rest,

*et nota fertur regione viarum ;*

but I will adduce a curious and convincing Proof of it to those who *are not*.

THE famous *Jewish* Historian JOSEPH had composed his History of the Siege of *Jerusalem* by TITUS, and of the War preceding it under *Vespasian*; originally ΤΗ ΠΑΤΡΙΩ ΓΛΩΣΣΗ, in his MOTHER-TONGUE; that is, in the *corrupt Syriac* then spoken by the JEWS, to which the *Jerusalem Talmud*, or *Book of Instruction* still extant, is the nearest. This Work he with great labour afterwards translated into *Greek*, for this remarkable Reason: *I thought it pity*, said he, *that by the means of my Writings, the Parthians, and Babylonians, and remotest Arabians, together with our Countrymen beyond the Euphrates, and those of Adiabene, should be exactly informed of the Rise, Progress, and Issue of the War, while the GREEKS and ROMANS, except those who served in it, remained ignorant of the Truth!* The *Parthians*, therefore, the *Babylonians* and remote *Arabs*, and those of *Adiabene* (now *Churdisan*) beyond the *Tigris*, could with a little pains all understand JOSEPH's History, written in a corrupt Dialect of the *Syriac*: and for the same reason, CLEOPATRA, if she were well acquainted with *one* Idiom of the *Aramean*, could, with no great trouble, understand and answer the *Ethiopians, Arabs, Hebrews, Syrians, Parthians*, and intermixed Nations, each in their own Tongue. It is a parallel Case with the famous MITHRIDATES, who spoke, they said, the Languages of *two* and *twenty* Nations; and who, I believe, did really possess three Mother-Tongues with their respective Dialects, that is *Sarmatian* or *Getic*, in

other Words, *German* or *High-Dutch*, the Speech of his native Kingdom of *PONTUS*, with all its varieties among the *Scythian* or *Tartar* Tribes that inhabited from the *Danube* along the *Euxine* and *Caspian* Seas\*; then the *Aramean*, including the Dialects just enumerated; and lastly the *Greek*, in which he could compare with the greatest Orators.

THE other wonderful Accomplishment in a young Princess, was a wide and curious Knowledge of *natural History*. She knew the Natures and Qualities of *Animals*, *Plants*, and *Minerals*; hardly had any rare Production of Earth or Water escaped her Curiosity. Nor did she content herself with mere Speculation; but examined their Virtues, tried their Compositions, and made the use of them that might be naturally expected from a *fine Lady*. She invented several *Cosmetics*, or beautifying Washes, and Prescriptions for Ailments incident to the Sex. She even wrote upon these Subjects, and her Works are quoted with approbation by *Galen*†, *Paul of Eginæ*, and other Physicians. What a Genius must it have been, that, amid the two most dissipating things in the world, a *Run of Pleasure*, and the *Cares* of a *Kingdom*, could acquire such a Mastery in Language, and such a Reach in Science?

No wonder then, that *ANTONY*, always an easy Prey to the *Fair*, should be struck at first sight; and tho' full forty Years of age, should feel a Passion like a much younger Man. The Queen,

\* So late as the year MDL. the Posterity of the ancient *Getes* or *Goths* inhabiting *Præcep* or the *Crimea* were speaking *high Dutch*. A noble *Venetian* Officer *Giosafat Barbaro*, a Companion of the famous *Scanderbeg*, excelling in Arms as his Brother *Hermolao Barbaro* did in Letters, was sent by the *VENETIAN STATE* on an Embassy to *Tana* at the mouth of the *Don*. 'Above *Caffa* (the ancient *Theodosia*), says he in the account of his Embassy writ in *Italian*, the *Goths* inhabit; and after them the *Alans* (now *Ulans*). The *Goths* speak *High Dutch*; for a German that I had in my Retinue easily understood what they said.'

† Περὶ συνδ. φαρμ. τοπικ. Βιβ. Α. κεφ. α. § η. Ἀντοδ. Βιβ. Δ. κεφ. η.

Queen, who immediately perceived it, was not long of assuming the *Mistress*; and, instead of apologizing for any Moneys or Provisions that had been extorted from her Subjects, claimed high Merit for having refused to obey two threatening Messages from *Cassius*—for having sent the four Legions left in *Egypt* to *Dolabella*, and for going to Sea in Person with a powerful Fleet to join the Triumvirs (in contempt of the superior Navy under *Statius Murcus*), when she was shipwreck'd, and hardly escaped with Life. The Claim was easily admitted from such a Mouth, and proper Rewards devised to recompense it. But first, according to the inhuman Maxims of the eastern Courts, she was to be secured in the Throne of *Egypt*, by the Death of her nearest Relations. Her unhappy Sister ARSINOE, a Princess likewise of great Beauty and Spirit, had moved much compassion in *Rome*, when JULIUS instead of making her *Queen of Cyprus*, according to her Father's Will, and as he himself at first proposed, had led her captive, as an Ornament of his *Egyptian* Triumph. Being set at liberty after his death, she, and her younger Brother *Ptolomy*, (*Cleopatra's* second nominal Husband) had fled to *Asia*, and taken refuge in the Sanctuary of the Temple of DIANA at *Ephesus*, where MEGABYZUS\*, the great Pontif, had received her with the Honours due to a *Queen*. Upon the News of *Antony's* Approach with the Army; they had removed from thence to another Temple of DIANA, *Leucophryne*, at *Miletus*. At CLEOPATRA's Instigation, *Antony* now commanded both Brother and Sister to be dragged from the Altar, and put to death. He likewise

\* The SUN and MOON, the most ancient Gods, named ISIS and OSYRIS in *Egypt*, were called *Apollo* and *Diana* in *Greece* and *Italy*. The *Ephesian* DIANA is just the *Egyptian* ISIS; and her chief Priest was clothed in the same manner, in a resplendent white Robe of *Egyptian* Cotton. Thence his Name, MEGABYZUS, which we learn from *Strabo*, was assumed by every High Priest of *Ephesus*, as the Popes assume a new Name, or as the Kings of *Egypt* were all called *Pharaoh*, and those of *Rome* *Cesar*. *Megabyzus* seems to be accommodated to the Greek Pronunciation from MAGAD-BITZ, *The Splendor of Brightness*; taken, no doubt, from the Appearance of the Planet.



likewise ordered the High-priest's Head to be struck off, for having received *Arfinœ* with Royal Honours: And the venerable Pontif would certainly have suffered for his Humanity to a distressed Princess, if the *Epbesians*, in terror for the *Head of their Church*, had not humbly sued,—not to the Triumvir, but to *Cleopatra*, to pardon his innocent Mistake, and spare the old Man's Life.

How long the Lovers lived together at *Tarjus*, I cannot tell. *Antony* had the remaining Provinces and Kingdoms of *Asia* to visit, and to lay under heavy Contributions for the support of his Veterans; and *Cleopatra* sailed home to *Alexandria*, to make Preparations for her new Lover's Reception. For I make no doubt, but they had appointed to spend the Winter together in *Egypt*.

FROM *CILICIA* the *Triumvir* continued his Progress thro' the rest of the Provinces and Kingdoms of *Asia*. His Presence, instead of bringing Order and Tranquility, threw them all in confusion. C. CASSIUS, no Friend to the Sway of a promiscuous Multitude, had picked out the best Men in the *Syrian-States*, and put the Governments in *their* hands. *These* it was now *Antony's* Business to banish or behead under the name of *Tyrants*; and to load the remaining People with the most grievous Taxes that ever had been imposed by any Governor. Those who escaped generally took refuge in the Court of the *Parthian King*; and contributed not a little, with *another* breach of the Law of Nations, to bring on the next unhappy *Parthian War*.

No Sums of Money raised by ordinary Levies were sufficient to support *Antony's* personal Expence, and much less to satisfy the Cravings of the veteran Army. His *Horsemen*, particularly, thought they had received no Premiums equal to their Merits, and were beginning to cabal and threaten a Mutiny: for *illegal Services*, besides the *public Waste*, entail Misery and Vexation on their *Authors*. To stop their Mouths, ANTONY found no readier way, than to put them upon plundering a rich and populous City,

City, in the Skirts of Syria, upon the Confines of the *Parthian* Empire. It was the famous *PATMYRA*, founded, they say, by *SOLOMON*, who better deserved the Name of *Magnificent* than his modern Namesake \*. He called it *THADMOR*, (*The WONDER*) in the Desert, as indeed it is; being a pleasant Spot, admirably watered in the midst of a great sandy Wilderness. The *Syrians* and *Arabs* call it still *Thadamora*; but the *Greeks* term it *Palmyra* from the Groves of Palms: It was demolished by the *Romans*, when it was the celebrated *ZENOBI*A's Royal Seat. The Inhabitants were a commercial People, enjoying, by their Situation, the same Advantages that *Cairo* and *Venice* enjoyed before the Discovery of the *Cape of Good-Hope*. They were the Broakers between the eastern and western World. The *Persian*, *Indian*, *Assyrian* and *Chinese* Goods, came to them partly by Caravans, and partly by the *Phrath*, and were by them resold with infinite Profit to the *Egyptian*, *Grecian*, and *Roman* Merchants: They became rich and flourishing, and were therefore marked out as a delicious Morsel to the *Cesarean* Troopers. It was pretended, that being just one Day's Journey from the west Bank of the *Euphrates*, they played Booty with the *Parthians* in their Wars with *Rome*; but the real Crime was, their being too opulent, and too tempting an Object of Plunder. The Design against them was not carried so closely, but they received Intelligence of it before the *Horsemen* began to march, and made proper Preparations for their Reception. They would not venture to stand a Siege, lest the *LEGIONS* should come to assist the Cavalry: but having conveyed all their valuable Effects beyond the River to the *Parthian* Side, the *Horsemen*, at their approach, found nothing but an empty Town. They pursued however on the Tract, until they came to the Bank of the *Phrath*, when they saw.

\* *SOLIMAN THE MAGNIFICENT*, contemporary with *CHARLES V.* of *Spain*, *FRANCIS I.* of *France*, and *HENRY VIII.* of *England*:—the four greatest Princes that have appeared together in modern Times.

saw the Inhabitants of *Palmyra* under arms on the other side, ready to dispute the Passage, if attempted, with some thousands of the best *Bowmen* in the world, drawn up on either Wing, to support them. This Sight cooled their Courage: they marched back empty the Road they had come; and confirmed the Opinion which the Invasion of *CRASSUS* had left in these eastern Countries, *That if the Romans were not themselves the most rapacious and faithless of Nations; they were sometimes under Leaders who made them act as if they were.*

BUT while the Cavalry were on this shameful Expedition, *ANTONY* had come as far as *Antioch* on the *Orontes*. It was the Capital of *Syria*; and for Extent and Magnificence, vied with *Seleucia* on the *Euphrates*, or *Alexandria* on the *Nile*. But the celebrated *DAPHNE*, a boasted Retirement, like an enchanted Palace, was five miles up the River. It was so called from a *Laurel-Grove*, or rather a great Park, of ten miles in circumference; and was thought to be the wholesomest, sweetest Spot in the known world \*. In the middle of it, stood a noble Temple of *Apollo* and *Diana*, which was an inviolable Sanctuary: It was wonderfully watered, with Springs bursting out here and there, and the Skirts of it washed by Branches of the *Orontes*: It had become famous over the world, by being the usual Place of celebrating the Festivals held by the *Antiochians* and all their Neighbours, in honour of their tutelar Deities. Let us imagine the best Company of all the great Cities of *Syria* and *Phenice* gathered together in these delicious Shades; the Fair displaying their Charms, and the Rich their Magnificence; and we will have an  
Idea

\* The great Orator *LIBANIUS* had composed a Panegyric upon the *DAPHNE*, which is supremely admired by his Patron, the acute *JULIAN*. In that Prince's *Persian Expedition*, he came to *DAPHNE*, whose Beauty, he says, nothing could match but the *Syrian Paradise*. As for that, continues he, ὅσον ἐς Πηλὸν καὶ τὰς Ὀλύμπου κορυφαίς, καὶ τοῖς ὀρεσίναις Τίβεριος ἄγριαν ἰσὶς ἔσται, ἢ καὶ προτιμῶν ἀπάντων ἐμὴ τῆς ΔΑΦΝΗΣ ἐκ αὐτῆς ἀποχρῶνται.  
IOTAIAN. AIBAN.

Idea of an Assembly that would have eclipsed the *Fest* of *Ver-sailles* \*; and outshone the *Ridottos* at *Vaux-Hall*.

IN this little Paradise ANTONY was lodged, (the Resort of Company having raised a considerable Village, like *Bath*, or the *German Spa*) when a second Deputation from the *Jewish* Male-contents came to crave Redress of Grievances, and Relief from the Oppressions of *Fasaël* and *Herod*. They were an hundred of the most powerful Men in the Nation, and carried with them some of the ablest Lawyers and best Speakers of their Country. In the interval, *Herod*, the younger Brother, had cast his eyes upon a young Princess, whose Beauty tho' yet in the Bud, being scarce fourteen; promised in time the richest Bloom. She was a Grand-daughter of *Aristobulus* who died of Poison at *Rome*, and therefore a Grand-niece of *Hyrcaus* the High-Priest. Her Father *Alexander* had lost his Head by the Command of *SCIPIO*. *HEROD* was indeed already married to a Lady of one of the first Families in *Jerusalem*, called *Doris*, who had likewise borne him a Son: But the Sight of this young Beauty, and the Consideration of her Descent from the *Asmonean* Race, made him use the Privilege of his Country,—divorce his first Wife, and with *Hyrcaus'* consent, marry his Grand-niece; only deferring Consummation till she should come of Age. On this occasion therefore he prevailed upon the High-Priest to take a Journey with him to *Antioch*, in order to wait upon the Triumvir in person, and to assist him (*Herod*) to dispell the Calumnies of their Accusers.

THE Deputies were Men of too great Weight to be refused an Audience as formerly: A Day was appointed for a solemn hearing of both Parties, when the *Jewish* Pleaders impeached the two Brothers with great bitterness, and laid many Acts of Power and many Breaches of the Law to their Charge. But *Herod* had been so happy as to prevail with the excellent *Messala Corvinus*, formerly *CASSIUS's* great Friend and now in high esteem with *An-*

\* Given by *LEWIS XIV.* the 18th of *July*, *MDCLVIII.* Descriptions of it were sent to the *French* Ministers, to be published in all the *European* Courts.

tony, to be his Advocate at this ticklish Juncture. *Messala* spoke with his usual Strength and Elegance, while *Hyrchanus* stood close by him, because of his new Relation to the accused Governor. When both Parties were fully heard, ANTONY turned to the High-Priest, and, in face of the Council and Deputies, desired him to declare, *Whether he believed that Fafaël and Herod, or their Accusers there present, wou'd best acquit themselves of the Administration?* And HYRCANUS, as we may suppose, having declared in favour of the Brothers, the TRIUMVIR instantly created them *Tetrarchs of Judea*. At this the Deputies began to storm; and expressed themselves so arrogantly, that Antony ordered fifteen of them to be seized and put in Chains. He would have struck off their Heads, but for the Intercession of *Hyrchanus* and *Herod*, and drove the rest with Ignominy from the Tribunal.

I cannot pretend to follow him in his Progress thro' all the other Provinces: Let me only tell, that from *Antioch* he passed thro' *Celofyria*, viewed the rich Vales of *Scham*, the old *Damascus*, paid a visit to the native Soil of his trusty *Ithyreans*\* (the Bowmen that beset the *Roman-Senate* when he was *CONSUL*); and then turning down toward the Coast, he came to *Pbenicia*, and stopped in the greatest trading City of the old World, the ancient *TYRE*. While he continued here exacting Tributes, and confiscating the Estates of *Cassius's* Friends, an Instance appeared of that *stubborn Temper* that distinguished the *Jews* (how just in his Neighbourhood) which has few Parallels. Not at all daunted by the harsh Reception, or Confinement of their Fellows, there came a Crowd out of *Jerusalem*, above a thousand, and marched in a Body to *Tyre*; exclaiming against the Brothers, and calling aloud for Justice from the *Triumvir*. ANTONY, being informed of their Numbers and Errand, sent an Order to the Governor of *Tyre* to march out and disperse them. *Herod* had a small Party lying without the Town, and along with *Hyrchanus*,  
went

\* ITHYRAEOS, homines omnium gentium maxime barbaros, cum sagittis deducis in FORUM.  
PHILIPP. II.

went to meet their Countrymen, and try'd to persuade them to return home. It was lost Labour: they were obstinate, and made a Shew of Resistance against the *Tyrian* Governor; who, calling for the Assistance of *Herod's* Men, fell fiercely upon them, killed and wounded many of them, and drove the rest back to *Judea*. Thus had *Fasaël* and *Herod* the Government put into their hands, under the title of TETRARCHS; while *Hyrcanus* had only the Name and the Pomp of the Priesthood. He was on the same footing as the insignificant Kings of *France* of the *Merovingian* Race, who were used as Pageants while the *Maires* of the Palace possessed the real Power.

WHILE at *Tyre*, ANTONY did two cruel Things, that shew'd he was a Slave to *Cleopatra's* Passions as well as his own. The fair and rich Island of *CYPRUS* was become an *Appendage* to the Kingdom of *Egypt*; and was usually bequeathed by the *Egyptian* Kings as a Principality to their younger Children. The mean-spirited Prince who poisoned himself, at the Approach of M. PORTIUS CATO, was *Ptolomy* the Musician's younger Brother, and consequently *CLEOPATRA's* Uncle. The unhappy Pair murdered at *Miletus* had therefore been left King and Queen of the vacant Throne of *Cyprus* \*; and during their Minority, their Tutor SERAPIO had been entrusted with the Administration. He was faithful to his Trust, and being therefore guilty of Treason in *Cleopatra's* Eyes, had, after the Execution of the royal Infants, taken Sanctuary in the grand Temple of the SUN at *Tyre*, whom the *Phenicians* worshipped under the name of HERCULES. Him *Antony* now commanded to be torn from the Altar, under pretence that he had joined with *CASSIUS*; but at the same time delivered him over to *Cleopatra*, who, it seems, was to avenge the *Roman* injuries.

H h 2

HER

\* The Geographer STRABO says that *Cyprus* was reduced to a Province by *Cato*; and that ANTONY gave it to *Cleopatra* and her Sister *Arfince*. The first may be true; tho' that Constitution must have been soon rescinded: But the last must be a Mistake — very pardonable among such a variety of Facts as are interspersed in that great Man's admirable Work.

HER eldest Brother was supposed to have been drowned in the Nile, in the naval Engagement with *Julius Cesar*: But it was only *Supposition*; as his Body was not found, but only the gold Coat of Mail, which he would probably throw away ere he jumped into the River. However that may have been, a Youth came some time after in a small Vessel to ARADUS\*, (a flourishing *Phenician* City built upon a Rock, almost a mile in circumference, and two and a half from the shore) that called himself PTOLEMY King of *Egypt*; and as such implored their protection. In all the East there was no such Sanctuary for unhappy Princes or banished great Men as ARADUS; not from any Religion, but by a singular privilege of this hospitable Republic. They were originally independent like *Tyre* and *Sidon*; but being with other *Phenician* Cities, forced to accept of the protection of the *Syrian Kings*, upon a disputed succession between the Brothers, *Seleucus* surnamed *Callinices*, (the fair Victor) and *Antiochus Hierax* (the Hawk), they agreed to assist the former on this condition, *That it should be always lawful for them, to receive into their City and kindly entertain any Man banished from Syria or elsewhere, without being obliged to deliver him up against his Will; with this sole Restriction, that they should not permit such banished Person to depart from their City without Consent of the Syrian King.*

THIS Privilege, like all other pieces of true Humanity, turned out to be of the greatest consequence and public advantage. For it was no ordinary Offenders that took shelter at ARADUS; but great Ministers fallen into disgrace with their Masters, great Generals afraid of their Heads, and other such Minions of Fortune as had experienced her giddiness in the revolutions of Power. These, meeting with protection from the highest perils, and with the kindest reception, looked upon the *Aradians* as their Saviours and Benefactors; and many of them being restored to dignity

\* As you write it, either with *lin* or *Gain* in the beginning, or with *Dhal* or *Dshal* in the end, it signifies in Arabic the BROAD or the BARE ROCK.

dignity and favour, as the Wheel of the blind Goddess revolved, remembered their obligations; and both procured many new Privileges to the City, and a large Dominion on the nearest part of the Continent. These Advantages they improved with such industry and integrity, that they became extremely rich and populous; they built their Houses, with many Flats, like those of *Edinburgh*, and in abundance of respects resembled the modern VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

BUT this sacred Privilege of the *Aradian State* must now fall a sacrifice to the Security shall I say, or Revenge of *Cleopatra*! The unhappy Youth, who had lived with them as *Ptolomy King* of *Egypt* almost four years without being convicted of being an Impostor, invoked their Protection in vain. ANTONY broke thro' all Bonds human or divine, and commanded the *Aradians* at their peril to surrender him to the Party sent by *Cleopatra*. These breaches of Privilege, profanations of Sanctuaries, banishment of Magistrates, and dreadful exactions from the People, put all the eastern Provinces in disorder, indisposed them to the *Roman Government*, and made them ready to lay held of the first opportunity of changing Masters. That Opportunity was neither long of coming; nor did they fail to embrace it. But ANTONY, as if every thing had been completely settled, and the public Tranquility secured, abandoned all care of the STATE: he left the several Nations in that swelling tumultuous Temper, and hurried away from *Phenice* down to *Egypt* to indulge his Passion for *Cleopatra*. Let us leave him there to pass the Winter in the *Alexandrian Dress*, forgetting that he was a General or a *Roman*; and take a view of what was passing in ITALY after the Death of BRUTUS and the Battle of *Philippi*.

THE young CESAR having witnessed, and indeed born a chief part in the Barbarities exercised on the Prisoners, took his Road towards *Durazzo*, to reward the Veterans, whose Swords enabled him to trample upon the Laws, and destroy the Men of his Country. He was in no good state either



Mind : nor was the one more disordered with the Remains of his Dropsy, than the other must have been with conscious Guilt, and the gloomy scene of fresh Iniquity and Violence that just began to open to his view. His Illness was so exasperated by his Journey thro' *Macedon* and his Voyage from *Epirus*, that he took his Bed at *Brindisi*, and his Life was despaired of. The News of his, or rather of *Antony's* Victory; at *Philippi*, where the best of Causes was borne down by brutal Force, filled *Rome* with Consternation; and the account of *Cesar's* Approach with the Veterans struck terror into every Breast. The delay occasioned by his Sickneſs was very variously interpreted. Some stuck not to affirm that he was certainly dead, — and gave Joy to many: others said he was plotting some terrible mischief to the City, as he had done near *Bologna*; and spread such dread of his Coming, that many of the Inhabitants began to hide the things of value they had left; some to provide a Guard for their Persons; others to take measures for their Escape, and the greater number, stupified with Fear, could form no Design, but prepared themselves to suffer the worst that could happen: so that all the great and once glorious PEOPLE of *Rome*, some few staunch *Cesareans* were the only persons that could think of the young Tyrant's Approach without trembling. They recollected the bloody Tragedy he had acted that time twelve-month; and thought the Horror of it would be doubled both in Cruelty and Violence, now that they were absolutely in his Power.

THEY reckoned very justly as to *Rapacity* and *Injustice*; but as to the Bloodshed, they were disappointed to the better. For about this time there began to appear some signs of a disposition in the young Triumvir that did him great Service now, and proved afterwards the true Foundation of all his Grandeur. It was a happy Inclination to listen to his Friends and follow the Advice of Men wiser than himself. SALVIDIENUS RUFUS and M. VIPSANIUS AGRIPPA were directing the Route of the veteran Army, while COR. GALLUS and CINIUS MECENAS were

were attending the sickly *Cesar*. They were aware of the terrified and therefore ticklish state of Men's Minds at *Rome*: and lest *Lepidus* (who might think he had been ill used) should put himself at the head of a desperate People, they persuaded the Youth to write in mild terms to the SENATE (of which a shadow still remained), and assure them, 'That he intended to offer no Violence to the City, but to transact all Affairs with Moderation and Clemency.' He so far kept his word, that the Murders committed during the *Proscription* were restrained: but his Soldiers filled the City with Robberies, and his own Wants put him immediately upon confiscating and selling Estates as before. His Health in the mean time mended in his native Air; and the new Consuls *P. Servilius Vatia Isauricus*, and *Lucius Antony* (the Triumvir's youngest Brother); entered upon their nominal Office\*: For the old Form was still kept up, tho' the supreme Magistracy of the Republic was no more than an empty Name. If there were any real power remained, it was exercised not by those called CONSULS, but by the *Virago* FULVIA, who in effect usurped the Government, and carried every thing with a high Hand.

AFTER the extinction of Law and Liberty, the *Soldiery* were become the only Source of Greatness. All methods therefore of ingratiating one's self with *them* were looked on with a jealous Eye by Competitors for Power. It had been stipulated in the Agreement between *Antony* and *Cesar*, that the latter should settle the *Veterans* in the Cities and Lands promised to them in *Italy* before they marched against *Cassius* and *Brutus*: But the privilege of disposing of so much Property, and of obliging so formidable a Body, seemed to ANTONY's Wife *Fulvia*, to his Brother *Lucius*; and to his Commissary *Manius*, too great an accession of Strength to the young CESAR: they therefore endeavoured to raise a Clamor against him, as if he meant to defraud ANTONY's Veterans of their share of the Reward; or at least to select all the fairest



Crimes in a legal Army) instead of punishment; met now with high Rewards from the illegal leaders: Nor durst the deserted General complain, or execute the military Law against the Offenders, lest he should disoblige their Fellows who remained: By these means, the Soldiery arrived at the highest pitch of Insolence, and exerted it (most *justly*) against their Corrupters.

THE disbanded Veterans, after they had refreshed themselves for some days, and committed all sorts of Disorders in ROME, sent a *Deputation of Centurions* to wait upon CESAR, and let him know that the Army expected the Performance of his Engagements in the payment of the Donative promised before the Campaign. He gave them good Words, and told them he was making preparations to do it as fast as possible: But they made him understand *it must be distributed without delay*. His Forfeitures and Levies of Money, however oppressive, came far short of the requisite Sum. He had therefore recourse to *Sacrilege*; and sent trusty Persons to all the great TEMPLES in and about Rome, to bring him the Contents of the sacred Treasuries. With this Recruit he ordered the Veterans to assemble in the *Campus Martius* (the great Field on the *Tiber*) to receive their Arrears. They would not wait the Morning of the appointed Day; but went in crowds to the place, while it was yet dark; when *Cesar* not appearing so soon as they expected, they lost patience, and began to be disorderly. One of the Tribunes, M. NONIUS thought it *his* duty to put them in mind of *theirs*; and told them ‘ they were not behaving as became *Soldiers* toward their ‘ *General*; that CESAR’s ill Health only detained him, which ‘ did not permit him to come so early abroad.’ At first they poured out some rough Raillery upon the Tribune—called him a *Sycophant*, and a *pretty Fellow* to play the *Valet*; but when he took a higher Tone and began to threaten, they turned furious, threw Stones at him, and drove him into the River, where he was drowned. His Body they drew out, and laid it full in the way by which CESAR must come from ROME. Some

of his Officers dissuaded his risking his Person among Men in such Fury : but others thinking their Rage would swell upon a Disappointment, and might break out in committing some terrible mischief, advised him *to venture*. He did so, and went down, we may suppose, with some Palpitation at his Heart. He turned aside from the Corpse, and passing on to the Tribunal, *artfully* threw the blame of *Nonius's* Death upon a *few*,—advised them to be more tender of one another for the future ; told them, ‘ *he was come not only to pay the promised Donative, but to reward distinguished Bravery, and therefore desired that such of them as had Pretensions to the military Recompence and Honours should give in their Claims, which he would instantly satisfy.*’ This Mildness and Generosity disarmed the military Men : their Fierceness vanished ;—they repented the killing their *Tribune*,—they were ashamed of their Misbehaviour to their General ; and at length called out *to have Nonius's Murderers seized and condignly punished*. CESAR answered, ‘ That he was not ignorant who they were, but would inflict no other Punishment upon them than their own *evil Conscience*, and the *Condemnation* of their *Fellows*.’ This Clemency filled them a-new with admiration, which broke out in loud Huzzaes, that followed him from the Tribunal all the way to *Rome*.

BUT when there is no settled Government nor legal Discipline, these Gusts of Love or Anger in an Army are of no duration. Scarce a day passed without some violence offered to the Citizens ; or insult to their own Officers. They came to look upon themselves as Men of prime Dignity in the State. The public Misery did not hinder the People from frequenting the Theatre as usual, and attending the *Speſtacles* given by the *Triumvirs* at the expence of the best Blood of *Rome*. At one of these a common Soldier, finding no room in the Pit, thought fit to go and seat himself among the *Roman Knights*, who had Benches by themselves, immediately behind the *Patricians*. The Audience hissed—*Cesar* commanded the Fellow to be taken away—

away—His Companions took it into their heads he had been ordered to Prison or to Execution; and when the Assembly broke up, they surrounded *Cesar*, and in great wrath demanded their Mate.—*Cesar* knew nothing of him—They said *he lyed*, and had certainly *put him to death*—The military Crowd thickened; their Passion rose higher and higher; and if by the greatest chance, the Fellow had not happened to appear, they had infallibly pulled the young *Triumvir* in pieces.—They wou'd not even believe the Man himself, when he assured them, *that he had not been so much as put in custody*, but called him a *Dog and a Traitor*, who had been bribed to give up the *Rights of the Army*. ROME, thro' their unchecked Licentiousness, was in little better plight than a Town taken by Storm, and given up to Pillage: for at the same time, *Sextus Pompey* and *Domitius Enobarbus*, being Masters of the upper and nether Seas; \* stopped all Import of Corn to the *Tiber* or the *Po*: and the civil War having among other evils, prevented Tillage in *Italy*, the CITY was pressed with *Famine*, and began to taste *that* part of the Legacy left them by *Julius Cesar*. In Rage and Dispair, the Tradesmen shut up their Shops; the Tribunals were deserted, and the nominal Magistracies were abrogated by the People who told them publicly, *'There was no occasion either for Tradesmen or Magistrates in a famished Town abandoned to military Violence.'* This was the state of the HEAD of the Empire.

THINGS were rather worse thro'out ITALY. Let us imagine all the Nobility and Gentry in the finest Counties of GREAT-BRITAIN expelled their Houses and Lands.—Let us imagine the Inhabitants of *York, Bristol, Glasgow, Liverpool, Aberdeen, Leeds, Newcastle*, and of fourteen other great Towns, commanded to evacuate their Dwellings, and quit both their public Territory, and their private Possessions all around, to make way for old Soldiers, Serjeants, Centurions; and *such like* Persons, and we will have some notion of the *Roman Misery*: for the Armies

\* *An mare quod supra est memorem, an quod alluit infra?*

of the Commonwealth, corrupted by their Leaders, did the same thing to their Constituents, that the *Goths* and *Vandals* and other Barbarians did afterwards in their fiercest Incurſions: Both drove out the Inhabitants, and took poſſeſſion of their Houſes and Lands in their ſtead; with this difference, that ſuch Violence was to be *expected* from *foreign* Invaders, and was imbittered by coming from their Fellow-Citizens and former Servants\*.

THE Natives of the *Capital* were, properly ſpeaking, the *Princes of the Empire*; but their number was conſtantly ſupplied, and their declining Body recruited by an acceſſion of new Citizens from the *MUNICIPIA*, or thoſe free Towns thro'out *Italy*, whoſe Inhabitants had acquired the Right and enjoyed the Privilege of *ſtanding Candidates for the Offices and Honours of ROME*. The *Triumviral* Maſſacre was no doubt a deſperate Wound to the *HEAD* of the *Republic*; which yet would have cloſed in time, had the *Body* remained ſound: But now the Deſtruction of the free, privileged *Cities* and *States* of the Mother-Country, (each of which was as much an Epitome of *ROME*, as our flouriſhing Colonies are of the *British Government* by a King, Lords and Commons) proved the *final Subverſion* of the *Roman* Conſtitution. *LIBERTY*, that Soul-raiſing Principle, had been fled for ſome years: and now *PROPERTY* was overthrown in its turn. Law and Right were baniſhed; the Empire was turned upſide down; and *Italy*, late the ſource of Order and Seat of Magiſtracy, was filled with Horror and Deſtation. All the noble Families (a few *Ceſareans* excepted) were driven out.—The Commons of greateſt Worth, and Heirs of ancient Deſcent; were ſtripped of their paternal Eſtates, and expoſed to Contempt and Beggary†. The Tale is mournful,

ΑΝΤΩΝΙΟΣ ὁ ΚΑΙΣΑΡ ὀλίγῃ μὲν ΠΑΣΗΣ ΙΤΑΛΙΑΣ τὴν παλαιὰν οἰκίαν, ἐξέλα-  
Παλαρχ. ΒΡΟΥΤ.

Undique totis

Uſque adeo turbatur Agri—

Veteres migrate COLONI.

VIRGIL. ECLOG. I. IX.

ful, and the Particulars too many and too various to be separately narrated. Let every *Briton* possessed of an Estate, and every Citizen of a Corporation, lay his Hand upon his Heart, and assure himself it will be his *own Case*, if ever, (which Heaven avert) thro' private Vice or Party-Rage, we give up our *Palladium*, the BRITISH CONSTITUTION, and consequently be stripped of our public Liberty. The very *Thought* is shocking: let us try to find some agreeable Circumstance that may recall the Mind from the Horrors of such a Scene?

AMONG many more grievous Disasters that happened in the general Desolation, no one is so much known and pitied as the case of a young Man, not as yet of great Name, whose Father lost his small Mannor, and he himself ran afterwards some risque of his Life from the Centurion who had seized it. After this I need scarce name P. VIRGILIUS MARO, whose Genius was beginning to produce the *First-fruits* of those Works that have since rendered him immortal. He was known by some ingenious juvenile things—by his Epitath on *Crofbow* the Highwayman—on a *Gnat* that waked a Shepherd ready to be stung by a Serpent—by his CIRIS, his Description of Mount ETNA, and still more by his early *pastoral* Compositions, some of which are perhaps suppressed. For the greater part of those remaining bear marks of his Acquaintance with those great Persons which is thought to have *begun* about this time.

ASINIUS POLLIO and CORNELIUS GALLUS were two very accomplished Gentlemen; the one a great Friend of *M. Antony*, and the other a Favourite with *Cesar*. They were both *Poets*, and yet cordial Friends: \* POLLIO excelled in the *Dramatic*, and GALLUS in the softer *Elegiac* Way. Tho' brave *Officers*, and as afterwards appeared, *able Statesmen*, they were, contrary to modern practice, *sensible of the Merit of GENIUS*, and anxious to protect

\* ASINIUS POLLIO writes to *M. Cicero* from Spain, "That if he had a mind to read a Play of his, he might ask it from his Intimate CORNELIUS GALLUS."

Ad Fam. Lib. X. Ep. 30.



protect and cherish it in the young *Maro*. Stript and indigent like thousands of others, he came from *Mantua* to the Capital: and being either already known to *Gallus* by the prior Productions of his Muse, (as I am apt to believe was the Case\*), or introduced to him on this wretched occasion, that Gentleman carried him first to *Mecenas*, now prime Minister, and just entering upon a new erected Office, *Governor of Rome*, and then both together presented him to the young *Triumvir* †. At their intercession, *CESAR* ordered the Poet to be re-instated in his Possessions, and the Soldier who had seized them to be provided for elsewhere. True Poetry exempts the most common Events from Oblivion. Amid Multitudes who shared the same Fate, *VIRGIL*'s Pen has alone eternized the Loss of his Mannor, and bestowed Immortality on his Patrons for its Restitution. For it is the powerful Touch of the Muse that either consecrates to Fame, or condemns to Ignominy ‡.

HE was now near *thirty*; and if the Story concerning his *SILENUS* (VI Pastoral) be genuine, he must have already acquired a Character in that kind of Writing. It is a piece of deep Philosophy and Learning, adorned with all the Graces of Fable and of simple Nature. It was so much approved when first published, that the celebrated Actress *CYTHERIS* (*Gallus*'s Flame and *Antony*'s Mistress) was called upon to speak it on the Stage for the Entertainment of the People. It was there heard with such

\* *GALLUS*'s Passion for the Actress *Cytheris*, and her Elopement to meet *M. Antony*, happened almost three years before the Expulsion of the landed Gentlemen from their Estates, and of the Citizens from their Towns. Compare *Virgil*'s X. Eclogue with Vol. I. page 233, 234.

*Hic illum vidi JUVENEM*——

*Hic mihi Responsum primus dedit ille petenti,*

*Pascite, ut ante, Boves, Pueri!—submitte Tauros.*

[*Nec*] *nostro illius labatus pectore VULTUR.*

*VIRGIL. ECLOG. I.*

*Qui BAVIUM non odit, amet tua Carmina MAEVI!*

*Atque idem jungat Vulpes; et mulgeat Hircos.*

*IDEM ECLOG. III.*

such admiration, that the great Judge of all Composition TULLIUS CICERO, who happened to be in the Theatre, struck with its Beauty, broke out in an Exclamation,

———*magna Spes altera ROMÆ*———!

*The second Hope of all-subduing ROME!*

LEARNING had but lately made its way among that martial conquering People. CICERO had brought their *Eloquence* to rival it with the *Grecian*, and with a concealed Compliment to himself (which he did not dislike), he pronounced, that VIRGIL would raise their *Poetry* to the same pitch of Excellency. This short but wonderful Drama, containing a Sketch of the CREATION of the World, is addressed to VARUS, who from this Date of it, and the great Commands it affirms him to have born, may possibly have been the ancient Consul CASSIUS VARUS, who was murdered in the Fens of *Minturno*, but is more probably the *Pretor* S. QUINTILIUS VARUS who fell at *Philippi* \*. It is scarce probable it should be ALPHENUS VARUS who, tho' bred a Shoemaker, studied under *Servius Sulpicius*, became eminent in the Law, and was Consul A° U. C. DCCLIV. that is two and forty years after this, when he must have been about seventy, if he had already commanded Armies; neither does that martial Character agree with *Quintilius of Cremona*, whom *Horace* celebrates *only* for his private Virtues,—his Modesty, his Truth, his Candour and inviolate attachment to his Friends; without the least Insinuation of his having ever moved in a higher Sphere. It is therefore more likely it should be the noble VARUS, who took Arms with *M. Brutus* in the Cause of Liberty, and disdained to ask his Life of the Triumvirs. For if this sublime piece of Mythology was heard and admired by CICERO, it must have been composed near two years before the Battle of *Philippi*.

It

—————namque super. Tibi erunt qui dicere laudes.  
VERE tuas cupiant, et TRISTIA CONDERE BELLA.

IT is true that the old Commentators ascribe the Compliments paid in this Pastoral to *Alphenus Varus* the transformed Shoemaker, in which they are followed by the greatest part of the Moderns: but it is as true, that what they write on this Subject is a Heap of Confusion and Inconsistency; and that the ingenious *Traiano Boccalini* had the best reason to introduce VIRGIL ordering his Servants in *Parnassus* to cane his Commentator *Servius Honoratus* for demeaning his Sense, corrupting his Story, and making him talk like a Changeling. Left however my having said that the young *Maro* was at this time a Poet of no great name, should appear strange, let me throw some light upon the poetic as well as civil Affairs of this Period.

UPON the first mention of the Poets of the *Augustan Age*, our Imagination immediately presents us with VIRGIL and HORACE—then with *Tibullus*, *Propertius* and *Ovid*—And great Men they were; sufficient to illustrate any Period of Time, or grace the Reign of any Prince. Yet it is very certain, that if we confine our Views to them, we will have a very scanty and imperfect Conception of the state of Poetry for many Years after the Ruin of the REPUBLIC. We scruple not to call VIRGIL the Prince of the Roman Epic Poets—and so he certainly became; but it was almost twenty years after the Death of *Cesar* ere he acquired that Rank. At this time, in DECXII, and for several years after, the two greatest Roman Poets were two Men whose Names few people would recollect, and whom many professing Letters will scarce know when named, These were L. HELVIUS CINNA and LUCIUS JULIUS CALIDIUS. My Authority for the first is the learned and acute *Catullus*: who prophesies, 'That CINNA's SMYRNA, an heroic Poem upon the dismal Story of CINARAS and MYRRHA (whom the old Grecians called SMYRNA) would be an immortal Work'; and may his

Prophecy

SMYRNA mei CINNAE! nonam post denique mensem  
Quam coepta est, nonamque edita post heu mem—  
SMYRNAM—incah lii Sæcula peryolvunt.

CATULLUS.

Prophecy be fulfilled by its being dug out of the Ruins of *Her-  
culano*, with other more valuable Authors! Next VIRGIL him-  
self, who joins CINNA with VARIUS; and professes *that his  
own Productions will always be lame untill they merit to be ranked  
with the Works of these two great Performers* \*: And lastly  
HORACE, who has taken his Rule of correcting poetic Compo-  
sitions for *nine* years from CINNA's Practice and Example. He  
was indeed a Man of good Genius, wide Learning, and inde-  
fatigable Application. He ran to an extreme in the last; and  
so corrected and laboured his Poetry, that it became *obscure* to  
vulgar Readers †; so that VIRGIL afterwards rose to have the  
same Superiority in this respect over him that the Painter *Apelles*  
had over his too applicate Rival. PROTOGENES, said he, *is  
rather a better Painter than I; but he knows not when to lay down  
his Pencil—which I do.* But for all that, CINNA's Work was  
so much read and admired, that an Explication of its hidden  
Beauties raised a Character for Learning and Taste to its Author.  
L. CRASSITIUS, a Native of *Tarento*, seems to have been some  
way connected with the Consul C. PANSA that fell at *Modena*,  
having assumed that Sirname after the Consul's Death: He was  
employed when young about the Stage in assisting the *Mimo-  
graphers*; as you would say, Writers for the *Italian Theatre*; or  
Authors of the *petites Pieces* acted after Tragedies in *France*.

VOL. II.

K k

Afterwards

\* Nam neque adhuc VARIO videor, nec dicere CINNA  
Digna; sed argutos inter strepere ANSER Olores. VIRGIL.

M. ANTONY seems to have been no happier in his *Roman*, than in his *Greek*  
Bard. It was one Mr. GOSLING, whom *Virgil*, with a single equivocal Term,  
has made ridiculous, and ranked with *Bavius* and *Maevius* his Companions!  
ANTONY had assigned a Piece of Land to his Panegyrist, a Part of the *Falernian*  
Fields; from whence, said CICERO in the same *double entendre*, Let *M. Antony's*  
*GOSLINGS* be quickly driven away!

† Non LECTORE tuis opus est, sed *Apolline* libris,  
Judice te, major CINNA MARONE fuit.

MARTIAL ad Crisp.

Afterwards he opened a School for reading *Heroic Poetry*, and in this capacity he published his ingenious and learned *Commentary* upon CINNA's elaborate Poem. It was received with such applause as to produce the following Verses:

SMYRNA, the *beauteous self-concealing Maid*,  
 To Pansa's *piercing Eye* her *Form display'd* :  
 No more, ye Dunces ! *court her to your Arms*,  
 The *Man she marries, who has known her Charms* \*.

As for CALIDIUS, his Eminence in *Poetry* is acknowledged by the great Master of Thought and Language, *Tullius Cicero*, who has characterized him in his *BRUTUS* : *Velleius Paterculus* puts him on a level with that same *Brutus*, with *Coelius*, and with *Calvus* : but his being the *supreme Favourite of the MUSES* is formally asserted by the same learned Judge to whom *Catullus* addressed his miscellaneous Poems. It is *Cornelius Nepos* I mean, who declares in his *Life of Atticus*, that after the Death of *Lucretius* and *Calvus*, he could with great truth affirm, 'that *L. Calidius* was by far the most elegant Poet that Age had produced, and a no less worthy Man.' A Passage however in *Eusebius's Chronicle* leaves it dubious, whether the Orator were the same Man with the Poet. '*M. Calidius*, says he, having acquired the Reputation of a great Speaker, sided afterwards with the *Cesarean Party*, and got the Government of the nearer *Gaul*, where he died in the Town of *Piacenza*.' It is difficult to ascertain things minutely at this distance of time : nor dare we venture to rank this Article among the other Inaccuracies of the laborious Bishop †. It is true,

Uni CRASSITIO se credere SMYRNA probavit :

Definite indocti conjugio hanc petere.

Soli CRASSITIO se dixit nubere velle :

Intima cui soli nota sua extiterint.

SUETON. De illust. Gram.

See Jos. SCALIGER. Animadvers. in EUSEB.

true, while the Republic flourished, all the great Men who had a Genius for *Poetry* were under a necessity of studying *Oratory* at the same time, if they meant to make any figure in the State. They are Sister-Arts, conjoined by Nature, that reciprocally support and brighten one another. *Cicero, Cesar, Calvus, Brutus, and Pollio*, were all Poets for *Pleasure*, while they cultivated Rhetoric as the necessary Instrument of Government. It is likewise certain that this celebrated Poet, CALIDIUS, survived the *Proscription*; that his Estate was confiscated, and his Name actually put into the Roll of condemned Persons (principally upon account of his fertile Possessions in *Africa*) by *Antony's* Master of Artillery *T. Volumnius*: but he was happily extricated by *Atticus's* means, who had a great Friendship for him, and no less Interest with the Triumvir's Favourite. Whether therefore it were the Man of Eloquence, or perhaps his Nephew\*; *Nepos* pronounces him PRINCE of the *Roman Poets* after the Death of *Lucretius* and *Calvus*: a Rank, to which it should seem, neither VIRGIL nor even VARIUS could as yet aspire.

BUT, not long after the first Recovery of his Land, a new Calmity befell the young Poet: Among the other Cities of *Lombardy*, the Inhabitants of *Cremona* had distinguished themselves by their Zeal for Liberty and the Republic; and being therefore marked out for destruction, were now to be delivered up a Prey to the *Veterans*. Their City and Lands being however too scanty to receive the destined Body, that Deficiency was ordered to be supplied by seizing the contiguous *Mantuan Farms*. *Arrius* a rude Centurion again invaded VIRGIL's Mannor; who imagining he had an undoubted Right to keep possession in

K k 2.

virtue

\* If there be no Error in the *Prenomen* as it stands in *Cornelius Nepos*, they were certainly different Men. The Poet is there called LUCIUS; whereas the Orator is called MARCUS both by *Cicero* and by *Cesar*, who mentions him in the Beginning of his MEMOIRS, of the civil War, as a moderate Man.

virtue of his new Grant \*, began to make resistance, and refuse Entrance to the armed Invader †. The Contest was unequal, and had like to have had dismal consequences. The enraged Ruffian drew his Sword, flew at the poor Poet with the cruel intention of putting him to death: and had he not been nimble, and jumped into the *Mincio*, the Stream he has since made famous, we had for ever lost the Works of *Maro* ‡. In this new distress, he had again recourse to his former Patrons. *Gallus*, *Varius*, and *Pollio*, had by this time been conjunctly appointed *Triumvirs* (not for resettling the Commonwealth like their Masters) but *Commissioners for dividing the Lands to the Veterans*. I say *conjunctly*, because *POLLIO* being particularly attached to *M. Antony*, had the Command of his share of the Veterans in *Italy*; and, I suppose, has been named with *Fulvia's* permission, by *L. Antony* the new Consul, to take care of their Interests in conjunction with the Commissioners from the young *Cesar*. They were all well disposed to favour *Virgil*, and saw in his youthful Productions the noble Genius that would one day do honour to his Country. An Order was issued, that *Arrius* should be removed; and, once more, the Poet was re-instated in his paternal Fields. He then produced those sweet select Pieces we so justly admire under the name of *Eclogues*: For, after the first Flashes of Fancy natural to a new-flown Muse, he had soared high, and attempted a Poem upon the RACE of KINGS that had reigned in *ALBA* before the Foundation of *Rome*: It was a Subject fruitful in Stories, of Battles, Enchantments, and Prodigies; not unlike that

\* Audieras, et fama fuit. Sed Carmina tantum  
Nostra valent, Lycida, tela inter Martia, quantum  
Chaonias dicunt, Aquilâ veniente, Columbas.

† This *second* Adventure (not sufficiently distinguished from the first) sets the IX Pastoral in the clearest light.

‡ Heu cadit in quemquam tantum Scelus! heu tua nobis  
Pene simul tecum solatia rapta, MENALCA!

that of *Ariosto*, excepting its Knight-Errantry \*. But finding the Names both of *Persons* and *Places* unmusical and harsh, the Materials beyond his reach, and of a different Cast from the *Manners* he had seen; he was discouraged, threw up his Design, and with other *Helps* and *Views* undertook a kind of Writing more adapted to his Life and Studies. He had been bred in the Country, and was accustomed to rural Objects: was sent young to School at *Cremona*, and from thence to *Naples*; which being originally a *Grecian* Colony, and retaining much of the Manners and Language of its *Athenian* Founders †, gave him the first Taste of that elegant Literature so artfully interspersed thro' his Works. At the Request of *POLLIO*, (which does honour to his Judgment) *Virgil* now applied himself particularly to *Pastoral Compositions* ‡, and considering the stubborn Tongue in which he wrote, has succeeded to a miracle. Take any one of his smoothest Lines, such as

*Nascere—praeque diem, veniens, age Lucifer, alnum—*

and weigh the Words one by one, or range them in a different order; and the most ordinary Ear will feel their Harshness and perceive the power of *Rythmus* and Art of the Poet. To attain this Sweetness of Versification, he borrowed without scruple from

\* *ARIOSTO* appears another *HOMER* for Invention: His Tales are endless, and his Adventures infinitely varied. They astonished the *Cardinal*, who asked *Dove diavolo* Messer Ludovico, *havete preso tante Coglionerie?* Here is an Answer from a good Hand. *ESPEJO de CAVALLERIAS, del verdadero Historiador TURPIN: Libro que tiene parte de la Invention del famoso Matteo Boyardo, donde Ariosto texiò la Tela de su POEMA.* M. de CERVANTES.

† *ΝΕΑΠΟΛΙΣ* Κυμάνων. ὕψιστον δὲ καὶ Χαλκιδίς ἐπαύλισαν, καὶ Πιθηκεσίων τινες, καὶ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΩΝ.—Πλείστα δὲ τῆς ἑλληνικῆς ἀγωγῆς ἔχοντα ἐνταῦθα σωσέται, Γυμνάσια τε, καὶ Εφηβιακά, καὶ Φρατρίαι.

ΣΤΡΑΒΩΝ. ΒΙΒ. Ε.

‡ *POLLIO* amat nostram, quamvis sit rustica, Musam:

*Pierides! vitulum lectori pascite vestro.*

ECL. III.



from the *Grecian* Writers. First he set up the *Sicilian Poetry* as it charms in *Theocritus* for his PATTERN, and has in most of his Pastorals translated him almost literally. Where that is not the Case, he has employed all the sounding easy-pronounced Names \* both of Persons and Places from the *Doric Dialect* of his Original; such as *Phyllis*, *Amaryllis*, and *Galatea*—*Daphnis*, *Dametas*, and *Palemon*; these and a hundred more of the same stamp, run smoothly off the Tongue, enliven the Diction, and unloose the Fetters of the old iron-bound *Roman Verse* †.

AN ingenious Company of *Greek* and *Roman* Gentlemen had the Pastorals of *Theocritus* and the Eclogues of *Virgil* laid upon the Table after Dinner; and amused themselves with comparing the *Roman Copy* with the *Grecian Original*: “ We found, says one of them ‡, that, in rendering the shining Sentences and delicate Strokes of his Author, VIRGIL had not chose to translate word for word; but had with great discretion picked out what could be most happily expressed in *Latin*, and left the rest untouched. What he has left out is wonderfully sweet in the *Greek*; but it neither could nor should have been translated. In the adduced instance, those who can compare the Translation with the Original, will perhaps be surpris’d to see that what is so wonderfully sweet in the *Greek* is, the endearing Address, the pretty caressing Names interchanged by the *Sicilian Swains*; or the playful familiar ones given their favourite Ram; but which the Severity of the *Roman Manners*, and the consequent Stiffness of their Language made it improper or impossible to translate.

\* GRAVIS Ingenium, GRAVIS dedit ore rotundo  
Musa loqui.

HORAT.

† For instance,

*Est locus, Hesperiam, quem mortales perhibebant.* ENN. apud Macrobi.  
and his own Proverb, *Aurum de Stercore ENNII.* VIRG.

‡ A. GELLIUS. Noct. Att. LIB. ix. cap. 9.

translate \*. ' In some places indeed, continues the Gentleman, they found he had *supplied* these Omissions with something equally or even more sweet and graceful; in others, that he had *missed* or spoiled the simple Majesty of his Original †, and as *Valerius Probus* observed, had *misapplied* Metaphors that were used with the greatest propriety by their Inventors.' A Detail of these Imitations would fill a Volume ‡; and will come more properly under consideration in the History of his larger Works. It is at present sufficient to know that VIRGIL did the same thing to *Theocritus* which *Sannazzaro* has since done to VIRGIL, or which *Messieurs Boileau* and *Pope* have done to his Friend *Horace*. The learned *Italian* has transformed the *Eclogues* into *Haliutics*; that is to say, has taken the Phrase, Stile, and Incidents of the *Roman* Pastorals, and applied them to the Life and Adventures of *Fishermen*: and the *French* and *English* Poets have taken the Characters and Sentiments of the *Roman Satyrists*, and applied them to *modern Life* and *Manners* of which they were perfect Masters.

BUT tho' these pastoral Pieces be but *Copies*, and delineate Nature as it were *at second hand*; they are as justly the Objects of Admiration, as *Guilio Romano's* Copies from *Rafael* are in Painting. It was in truth a grand Attainment, and shews great Mastery and Taste, to *mollify his Mother-Tongue*, and bring so stiff and unpliant a speech,

TITYP' ἴμιν τὸ καλὸν πεφιλαμένη! Εὖσκε τὰς αἶγας.

Καὶ ποτὶ τὰν κρέων ἄγε Τίτυς, ἢ τὸν εὐόχων,

Τὸν Διουκὸν κτάκων; φυλάσσειο, μὴ τυ κορύβη.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΣ.

TITYRE, dum redeo brevis est via, pasce capellas.

Et potum pastas age, Tityre, et inter agendum

Occurrere capro, cornu ferit ille, caveto.

VIRGILIUS.

† A. GEL. Noct. Att. LIB: xiii. cap: 25.

‡ Si fastidium facere non timerem, ingentia poteram. Volumina de his quae (VIRGILIUS) à penitissima Graecorum doctrina transfulisset implere.

MACROB. SAT. V. in fine.

Speech, hatched and reared among *Shields* and *Spears*, to express *Sicilian Sweetness* or *Doric Simplicity*,—to paint that Ease of Mind, that Flow of Fancy and Language, that twines about the *Shepherd's Crook*, and flies both from the *Scepter* and the *Sword*. He chose to inscribe these little Pieces in a *Greek* term, *BUCOLICS*, and made them serve three different purposes.

FIRST, to sooth the Soldier and the Courtier with *rural Images*—with Pictures of *the Days of Innocence*; that might draw their Eyes from the horrid Scenes of Barbarity which they daily beheld acting \*. Then the pastoral *Dialogue* in its alternate Stanzas gave him fair opportunities both to paint his own Distress in the Characters of Shepherds † without offence, and to pay unstrained Compliment to his Protectors ‡. Lastly, under the *allegorical Names* of Nymphs and Swains, he might touch upon the *Parties* that then tore the State, which it was not safe in any other shape to mention, nor draw their mischievous Consequences in their proper Colours ||. These Views, particularly the second, made him without doubt depart from the Simplicity

\* Fortunate Senex, hic inter flumina nota,  
Et fontes sacros, frigus captabis opacum.  
Hinc tibi, quae semper, vicino ab limite, Sepes  
Hyblaeis apibus florem depasta Saliæti  
Saepe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro. Ecl. I.

† En unquam patrios longo post tempore fines  
Pauperis et Tugurii congestum cespite culmen  
Post aliquot, mea regna, videns, mirabor aristas. IBID.

‡ Tum canit, errantem Permessi ad flumina GALLUM  
Aonas in montes ut duxerit una Sororum;  
Utque viro Phoebe choros assurrexerit omnis. Ecl. VI.

|| ———Totis usque adeo turbatur agris.  
Impius haec tam culta novalia Miles habebit?  
Barbarus has segetes—? En quo discordia Cives  
Perduxit miseros—? ——— Ecl. I.

Simplicity of Nature, and; as he acknowledges himself\*, take up a Strain far above the *Pastoral*: but their elegant Execution, and the deep Art with which he has covered his Labour and Learning, make us extremely willing to excuse the Trespass and acquiesce in the Sentence of a candid Critic, that VIRGIL'S POLLIO, his SILENUS, his GALLUS, and perhaps his DAPHNIS, are by no means genuine *Pastorals*, but SOMETHING BETTER.

MEAN-WHILE the expelled Families thro' *Italy* flocked in multitudes, a piteous Spectacle, to ROME. They were stripped of every thing. For, not contented with their Houses and Lands, the Veterans had seized their Household-Furniture, their Slaves, their Cattle, and in a word all their Moveables. They now implored the unavailing Protection of the few leading Men that remained in the Senate. No body would hear, or promise to help them except the new Consul, *Antony's* younger Brother.

As this is the chief Scene of his Life, it is proper we should know what sort of a man he really was; and that is not easily come at, as no Person appears in History under two more different Characters than L. ANTONY. He is painted as a noble, unshaken, disinterested Patriot, a Protector of the Oppressed, and an Enemy to illegal Power. He is painted on the other hand, as a violent lawless Ruffian, capable of every excess of Debauch and Cruelty, having all his Brother's Vices, without any one of the Virtues that sometimes appeared in the Triumvir. I believe both Characters are exaggerated, but especially the first. That he was violent is certain, and no less lewd. When but young, the Shews of the Gladiators had raised in him such an impatience to fight, that he got one of his Companions to arm like a *Thracian*, and try a Bout with him at Back-Sword.

VOL. II.

L 1

The

\* SICELIDES Musae! paulo *majora* canamus:  
Non omnes *arbuta* juvant, humile-sque *Myrica*:  
Si canimus Sylvas, Sylvae sint CONSULE dignae.

The Gladiators used to be Prisoners of War, or more commonly sturdy Malefactors and Slaves, condemned to fight for the Diversion of the People.—It was infamous for any Gentleman to affect their Manners, and a young Patrician's taking up the butchering Trade was a Scandal to his Family. *Lucius*, wild as he was, would not venture upon such a Frolic at home. The Adventure happened at *Mylassa*, a *Carian* Town, where the Combatants began in play; but as they warmed, they forgot their Friendship; the Contest turned serious they, fought in passion, *Lucius* laid his unhappy Antagonist dead at his feet, and received a Gash himself, of which he bore the Mark while he lived\*.

WHEN he was acting as Lieutenant-General in the end of his Brother's Consulship, the Revolution happened in the Troops from *Macedon*, that shook the Courage of the elder Brother. So great a Body as the *Martian* and *Fourth* Legions deserting to *Cesar*, made *M. Antony* apprehend the whole Army would abandon him, and therefore entertain thoughts of making up matters with the SENATE, and dropping the prosecution of the War against *Decimus Brutus*. He was at *Tivoli* in this wavering state, where happening to let drop some expressions of Irresolution in his Brother's hearing, the violent *Lucius* laid his hand on his sword, and swore he would be his Death, if he gave up the Cause. These and other such Stories, together with his behaviour at the miserable Sack of *Parma*, make me conclude *LUCIUS ANTONY* to have been very brave in Person, brutal in his Pleasures, profuse in Plenty, of immoderate Ambition, and almost such another as the *Triumvir*.

BEING;

\* L. vero ANTONIUM non ita appellavi *Gladiatorem*, ut interdum etiam M. ANTONIUS *Gladiator* appellari solet; sed ut appellant ii qui plane ac Latine loquuntur. Myrmillo in *Asia* depugnavit; cum ornasset *Threcedicis cemitem* et familiarem suum miserum fugientum jugulavit: luculentam tamen ipse plagam accepit, ut declaret cicatrix.

PHILIPPIC. VII.

Nuper quidem, *Lucius* dicitur, ad *Tibur*, ut opinor, cum ei labare *M. Antonius* videretur, mortem fratri esse minitatus.

IBID. VI.

BEING now CONSUL, blown up with the Thoughts of his Brother's Power, and instigated by the restless FULVIA; he began openly to profess himself *the protector of the ejected Citizens*, to promise them his utmost influence toward re-establishing them in their Estates; and they, *to stand-by him to the last drop of their Blood*. This sat him at the head of a very numerous, but naked Body of Men, and as he wished, inflamed the Hatred and Clamour against *Cesar*. The Youth was (not undeservedly) between two Fires: the expelled Nobles and Commons bore him a mortal Grudge; the insatiate Soldiers obtained not half their Expectations, and ascribed it to the Avarice or Pusillanimity of their General. He did once intend *to have seized all the Senator's Lands*, and divided them among the Veterans: he even moved it in the Senate, and had the face to ask the Fathers, *out of what other Fund it was possible for him to pay the Donative he had promised to the Troops before the last Campaign?* But upon second Thoughts and better Advice he forbore, and lost the hearts of his Mercenaries by so doing; at the same time that, by the furious driving of FULVIA and the CONSUL, he saw there was a Necessity to prepare for War.

IN these Broils, as in most intestine Quarrels, they pretend that LOVE had a double share. M. ANTONY's affair with *Gla-phira*, the beautiful *Cappadocian* Queen, had made a great noise in ROME. It had reached his Wife's Ears, and raised such a storm in her Breast as might be expected from so haughty a Woman. The young *Cesar* was newly recovered from his tedious Illness, was extremely handsome in his Person, and in the bloom of Life. Whether partly to revenge her Husband's Infidelity, and partly to satisfy her own Passion, she really made *Advances* to the young Triumvir, I will not take upon me to affirm. She had been thrice married—was not very lovely—with a *Tumor*

in one of her Cheeks that must have greatly hurt her Looks \*. Certain it is, that CESAR, to make them both ridiculous, gave it out, that she had called upon him to assist her to take a revenge *in kind* upon his Collegue, and because he declined to do her that good office, she had in fury declared open War. He even made himself and his Friends *merry* with the Adventure, and wrote a witty wanton Epigram upon it, which *Martial* has transmitted to our times as an Excuse for his own Productions of the same nature.

THIS was scarce hushed, when a new fit of Jealousy added more Fuel to the Fire. The Appearance of the EGYPTIAN QUEEN had effaced *Glaphyra*, and made her Reign of short continuance: Had that second Amour passed over in the same transient manner, it might possibly have had less dangerous consequences: But when FULVIA came to learn that her rambling Spouse was actually gone to *Egypt* to pass the Winter with CLEOPATRA at *Alexandria*, she lost all patience. *M. Manius Rufus* was entrusted with *Antony's* affairs in *Italy*, principally thro' *Fulvia's* Interest, to whom he paid a most assiduous court. Being consulted upon this cruel Affair, he told his Patroness, ' That she could not expect *Antony* would leave his Department of the Empire, or even abandon his new Mistress, while Tranquillity reigned at *Rome*. But if a Rupture cou'd be brought about between him and *Cesar*, the necessity of his affairs would quickly force him to forsake *Egypt*, and return to his duty in *Italy*.' She entered into those Views, and along with *L. Antony*, gave it confidently out, that the Resistance they made to the young *Cesar's* Usurpations was by *M. ANTONY* the Triumvir's express Orders: that he did by no means approve the Devastation of his Country by the Expulsion of its lawful Possessors—that the Prices of the newly forfeited Estates

\* ANTONII Uxorem FULVIAM, cui altera Bucca inflator erat, acumen stilitantare dixit, S. Clodius: nec eo minus, immo vel magis ob hoc, *Antonio* gratus. SUET. de illust. Rhet.

Estates were sufficient to acquit their promises to the Soldiery—or if there were any Deficiency, it might be more than supplied out of the Spoils of *Asia*, and the vast Sums arising from the new Levies: But that the insatiate *Cesar* grasped *at all*, and under pretence of providing for the Veterans, wanted to seize the whole Property of *Italy* into his own hands. They would therefore listen to no Terms offered by the young Man and his Friends—but required all the Commanders under ANTONY, *Pellio*, *Plancus* and *Ventidius*, to take Arms, and rendezvous at *Prencesse*.

THESE Gentlemen were not quite satisfied that this War was of *M. Antony's* raising, or that it was carried on by his Direction. Two of them contented themselves with drawing their Men together, and standing upon the defensive; but the polite *Plancus* obey'd the Lady, and led his Troops to the appointed place. And now *Italy*, the chief of Nations, became a new Scene of Confusion and Blood: for the wretched Inhabitants of the Towns, that had been driven from their Dwellings like so many Sheep, having got a *Leader*, and being supported, as they believed, by the Authority of a *Triumvir*, began every where to make resistance. They durst not face the armed Invaders in a Body; but where ever they found them straggling, they knocked them in the head; and even in Towns they killed them with Arrows from Windows, and Stones from House-Tops. The Veterans in a rage set them on flame, and filled the Cities and Villages with Murder and Burnings.

THE best things, when corrupted, acquire, they say, the most malignant Qualities. No Nation had ever enjoyed a higher Run of Liberty and legal Government than the ROMANS: and no Nation ever underwent more dreadful Pangs in their Transformation into Slaves. They bought their Race of Tyrants at the price of the most intense Misery that ever a People suffered; for of a free Republic, ROME was changed, if I may use the Term, into a STRATOCRACY, or a mere  
*military.*



*military Government.* The *Will* of the worst and most brutal of Mankind was come in place of *Law*; their Desire was a final Sentence, and their Mutiny its Sanction. An ill-ballanced Sway between the Demands of the Soldiers and the precarious Authority of their Leaders (who durst not controul the Tools of their Usurpation) was the only feeble Check upon the Ravagers of the Empire. In effect it was always the ARMY trained and poisoned by JULIUS CESAR that ruined all designs for the public Liberty; and at last, to speak in their own stile, cut the throat of the *Roman* Common-wealth. After the Proscription, and after the fatal Defeat of the great Men who fought at *Philippi*, the *Soldiery* took their full swing in Rapine, and now openly grasped the Government in their polluted Hands. The sturdy *Tribunes* came in place of the murdered Nobility; the sanguinary *Centurions* supplied the Equestrian Order, and the *Banditti* that filled the Battalions, assumed the Powers of the ROMAN PEOPLE. So it has, and so it will always happen in every Nation where an overgrown Army can absorb the civil Power. Let me give two Instances that will set this imminent Danger in the clearest light.

THE *Macedonian Phalanx*, led by ALEXANDER, had over-run the vast *Persian* Empire. After his death they caballed; and instead of obeying, presumed to dictate to their Generals. Their Licentiousness increased with their military Fame; particularly the celebrated Life-Guards, the *Argyraspides* or *Silver-shield* Regiment, were guilty of such atrocious Cruelties and Perfidy, that they became universally detested, and were at last decoyed by their own Officers into the *Hyrceanian* Desarts, there to perish like wild beasts. They behaved, says an Eye-Witness of the *Roman* Miseries, just as our VETERANS are doing now; who, it is to be feared, will ruin every thing, and by their Extravagance and Riot, bring Perdition upon those for whom they fought, as well as upon their Adversaries. For if any one will read the accounts of the *Macedonian* Veterans, he will

find

fined them so much of *a piece* with the present Behaviour of *our own*, that the Distance of Time between the Events is the only Mark by which to distinguish them.

THE fertile Kingdom of EGYPT was easily wrested from the later lazy Emperors by the conquering CALIPHS. Their Successors finding the effeminate Race of the Natives unfit for War, bought up all the Youths they could procure from the *hardy northern Nations* in order to train them for their Army. These Youths got the Name of MAMMALUKS, because in the *Arabian Language Mam'luc* signifies a *purchased Slave*. The *Egyptians* or naturalized *Greeks* (who were the Body of the Nation) tilled, or to say it better, *sowed* the Ground o'erflowed by the NILE, and paid the Taxes: the few *Saracens* about the SULTAN were Ministers of State, while the *purchased Youths* alone exercised the *military Trade*. What was the consequence—? In a course of not many years, they grew too great for the *civil Power*; and upon a failure of the Succession, seized the Government, elected a SULTAN or *Lord* out of their own Body, and kept the Kingdom for about three hundred years, till they were totally extirpated by the terrible SELIM the fiercest of the *Turkish Ravagers*. I need not recapitulate what happened in our own Country in MDCXLIX. when the *Army* first garbled, and then dissolved the PARLIAMENT that had raised them: but will venture to lay it down as a Maxim, *That in whatever Nation the military Power is distinct from the civil, and so far o'ertops it as to be able to force an independent Subsistence, that State is not far from its Dissolution*. For there will never be wanting some bold crafty Leader, like OLIVER CROMWELL, to seize the opportunity, and spirit up the Swordsmen against the legal Government.

FOR this Evil there are but two Remedies: either the Defence of the Nation must be committed to a *well-trained Militia*, as in the virtuous Ages of *Sparta* and *Rome*; or the civil and military Leading must be lodged *in the same Hands*, as in our

incomparable *British Constitution*. For the Man who knows the value of legal Power, and is fully secured in it by the Laws, will hardly be brought to draw a dangerous Sword (whose Edge may turn on himself) to acquire a Pre-eminence already enjoyed. This then was the grand Error, if not the wilful Crime committed by the corrupt *Roman* Populace; first the allowing the civil and military Power to be *separated*, by assigning double Pay to a standing Army\*; and then accumulating Command upon Command to their present Favourite, until the Army grew too big for the *Commonwealth*. The same Error is now committing in many Nations in Europe; for how wise soever those Princes may be deemed by short-sighted Politicians who are turning the greater part of their Subjects to a *military Life*, let them be assured *they are providing* Desolation to their Kingdoms, and Distraction to their Successors. For these same overgrown Bodies, which they are maintaining at an enormous Expence, to the ruin of their Provinces and oppression of their People, will one day, in some Convulsion of State, either tear *theirs* to pieces, if they divide;—or dispose of the *Succession*, if they keep together. Some of the greatest and richest Kingdoms of the World are at this very Period of Time lamentable Instances of this infallible Truth.

COULD WE therefore in BRITAIN effectually shut the Temple of *Janus*, and be secured in a lasting Peace, I should eagerly accede to their Opinion who are for disbanding the Army, and trusting to a home-bred Militia†: But as that neither *is*, nor, while we have *Trade*, *Colonies*, and perfidious *Neighbours*, can be the case; I both rejoice to think that it is commanded by the supreme CIVIL MAGISTRATE, and to see so many Persons of high Rank, and so many Gentlemen of Birth and Fortune filling the Posts of chief Trust. In this light the ARMY becomes the Bulwark of the LAWS; and being, in cases of foreign  
Danger

\* STIPENDIUM in perpetuum duplicavit (CAESAR).

SUET. TRA.

† DISCOURSES on the danger of a Standing Army by Mr. TRENCHARD;

Danger or domestic Broils, our *immediate Resource*, it cannot be too *closely connected*, nor too *intimately incorporated*, with the BODY of the STATE. Far therefore from finding fault with military Men taking part in the *Legislature*, as some, perhaps well-meaning People, do, I cannot help thinking that their *civil Capacity* is our greatest Safety. For if an Officer of the Army, who has the honour to sit in either of those august Houses (on whose Equals the SUN shines not) know his own Interest and have a due sense of his *Dignity*, as a SENATOR of GREAT-BRITAIN, he will look down with disdain on the highest commissioned Slave of absolute Power, and condemn his Tinsel and Trappings as so many *Blazons of Tyranny*. Nor can I on this occasion avoid expressing the Joy justly arising in the Breast of every Lover of his Country at the sight of the present condition of the *British Army*. It is in high Order, because under strict Discipline; and that Discipline enforced by the Authority and Example of a Royal Leader, bred in the Field, and enured to Action. To resettle Orders and introduce a salutary Observance of Rules among a great Body of Men, as it is of the last consequence, can be no easy Operation. Steadiness and Magnanimity can only do it to purpose.

If the young Hero, the EMILIAN SCIPIO, who repaired the Roman Honour at *Numantia*, by retrieving the lost Discipline of their Army, had not *disregarded* a low Popularity, he would have left every Field-Officer his Train of Waggons, every Subaltern his Sumpter-Mules, every Soldier a baggage-man or two, besides the two thousand Whores he drove out of the Camp: but along with that Popularity, he would probably have had the Fate of his Predecessor HOSTILIUS MANCINUS, who for making a scandalous Peace was delivered up to the *Numantians* in Chains. *Strict Order* and *personal Duty* have been the constant Characteristics of victorious Troops. I remember a merry Answer of the *Alexandrian* Soldiery (whose Tongues were sharper than their Swords) to their new General

*Archelaus*. BERENICE, *Cleopatra's* eldest Sister, had been crowned Queen of *Egypt*, when the *Alexandrians* drove out her Father, *Ptolomy the Muscian*, for Cruelty and Avarice. She first married *Seleucus*, of the royal Line of *Syria*; and finding him good for little, put him to death; and espoused *Archelaus* a *Cappadocian* Prince, as a more active Partner of her Bed and Crown. A. GABINIUS then Governor of *Syria*, in hopes of a vast Bribe (which he got), was marching, contrary to the Orders of the ROMAN Senate, to resettle the old King on his Throne. He had advanced without opposition as far as *Damietta*; beyond which he was met by *Archelaus* and his *Alexandrians*. In the neighbourhood of a Roman Enemy, the Prince thought it prudent to fortify his Camp; and ordered his Soldiers to open a Trench, and raise a Wall within it.—They told him, ‘No—  
 ‘ they had not been accustomed to such dirty Work; but if he thought  
 ‘ it absolutely necessary, he might employ Day-Labourers to do it, and  
 ‘ pay them out of the military Chest.’ GABINIUS divided his Forces, fell upon them next day on both sides, and cut the most of them to pieces; and the old Oppressor, being restored to his Kingdom, put the unhappy eldest Daughter and all who had followed her to death, that he might glut *Gabinius* with their Spoils.

THE noble and useful Works executing by military Hands in NORTH-BRITAIN; Roads, Bridges, Forts,—Morasses drained, and Mountains cut thro’, clear our Troops of all suspicion of Effeminacy; as their behaviour during the late War, maintained the Character of the *British* Valour. At the same time it is a *British* Wish, that both more independent Gentlemen would go into our Army (tho’ with pleasure I acknowledge there are not a few); and that those already in the Service would more acquaint themselves at their Leisure-hours with the *Laws* and *Constitution* of the NATION whom they serve—with that CONSTITUTION for which they are ready to spill their dearest Blood, and which protects them in the *Rights* of *Britons* in return;—which raises them above the Mercenaries of neighbouring Kings, gives them

LIBERTY,

LIBERTY, the most glorious of all Causes, in which to draw a Sword—the Cause always attended with *Honour*, and for the most part with VICTORY. Let me, on so concerning a point, suggest, that the *truly* Great, the Men who are the Admiration of Posterity, have always *joined* the *military* with the *civil* Character. Even in modern times, some of our ablest Generals and Admirals have been eminent Statesmen and admirable Scholars.\* A *mere* Soldier is a mere Destroyer. High *Humanity* and a *Sense* of RIGHT must temper and ennoble a *Quality* which is else possessed in greater perfection by a Lion or a Bear. It is only when Bravery is enlightened by *Knowledge* and directed to the *Public Good*, that it becomes the amiable Endowment that wins the Heart and consecrates to Fame. Among the Heroes of Antiquity (who had but one Head and two Hands like ourselves), the General of the Army was frequently the greatest *Lawyer*, always the chief *Politician*, in the Nation. The all-accomplish'd CATO, commonly called the CENSOR, excelled his Contemporaries in three capacities. He was the best GENERAL, the greatest POLITICIAN and ablest PLEADER, of his Age; to which you may add, the best *Historian*; the best *Economist*, the best *Farmer*, and best *Physician*.

IN general, modern Life runs, I am afraid, in too *confined* a *Tract*, which renders our Manners too uniform, cramps our Genius, and leaves many a Talent lying in rust that would brighten by Employment. The Sciences are connected, because *Nature* is so. We cannot excel, while our Views are *narrow*—while we tread in the *trite vulgar Path* of one Trade. We must dare to ascend the Steep of Science, and look quite round us, if we mean to find the way to Eminence. For our COUNTRY'S sake therefore, whose Welfare is my ardent Wish, and whose Glory is my Pride, I would be glad to see our NATIONAL INTERESTS, *foreign* and *domestic*, become more the Study of our military Men—that, as they are our Safeguard in War, they

M m 2

might

\* Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, John Hampden, John de Wit, du Plessis Mornay, Spinola la Nouë, Catinat, &c.

might do us honour in time of Peace, and be *depended upon* in those civil Broils, which, I suspect, are inseparable from genuine LIBERTY. Not a few of them I know to be pretty classical Scholars—a Step farther to our *History*, to our *Connections*, to our CONSTITUTION, would agreeably fill their vacant Hours, and form, not only the fine Gentleman, but the noble Patriot that results from the too rare Combination of the *military* with the *civil* Character.

AND SINCE I am got into this Tract of reasoning, may I venture to turn the Tables, and respectfully put the Question, Why do the Gentlemen of learned Professions confine themselves *so much* to one of them, as to appear next to Children in *Action*; or indeed in any way of Life but their own? Let me not be misunderstood; I do not propose that our Judges and Bishops should throw aside their Gowns to attend Musters, and learn to handle a Musquet—at the same time that I should highly honour those, who on a grand Emergency, such as we had in the end of MDCCLXV. could, like the *truly* eminent Prelate, act with dignity in another Character. What I ask is, *Whether the Gentlemen in the learned Professions by confining themselves to their Books and Routine of Business, acquire not a narrow monkish Cast, which disqualifies them for the active Scenes of Life—?* If Learning of any sort just serve to gain a Livelyhood, or even to acquire Wealth, it does no more than some of the meanest mechanic Trades. How many *Butchers*, how many *Brokers*, how many *Bankers*, do we see daily making rich? Their *Trades* do that, or more, for them, than many a plodding Bookworm's does for him. Are they therefore more *accomplished* Men? are they better qualified for the *Conduct* of Life,—for bearing the Vicissitudes of Fortune, and acquitting themselves of those manly Duties in which a *Man of Knowledge ought to excel*. LEARNING, I insist upon it, must be connected with LIFE—must qualify its Possessor for *Action*; else it is just so much Lumber, serving at best as an idle Amusement, and too

often the Object of deserved Ridicule. But as all *Habits*, especially the *active*, ought to be early acquired, it is to the *British Youth* that I would recommend along with their Studies at home, to look much abroad: not to plunge into the Gayety and Fopperies of the *idle* (tho' they should see those too), but to view a variety of Objects—*Towns, Fields, Forts, Harbours, Magazines*, and especially to converse with *Men of all Characters, Professions and Trades*: to inform themselves of their *Lives, Manners, and Connections*: nor would it be much amiss, if the young Student have Address and Agility of Body, that he made trial of it, and essayed to wield the Weapons or handle the Tools of the several Callings he is inspecting. Why for instance, should Letters disqualify a Man to take up a Foile, mount in the great Saddle, or rein in the hunting Horse? I mention slight Accomplishments to point out the way to greater. The ingenious Mechanic, the Workers in Stone and Metals, and Improvers in Trade, Agriculture, and Navigation, ought to be searched out and conversed with, no less than the Professors of speculative Science.

IN this respect I would with pleasure do justice to the Memory of a very great tho' *singular* sort of a Man, Dr. BERKELEY; better known as a Philosopher, and intended Founder of an UNIVERSITY in the *Bermudas*, or Summer-Islands, than as Bishop of *Cloyne* in *Ireland*. An Inclination to carry me out on that Expedition, as one of the young Professors on his new Foundation, having brought us often together, I scarce remember to have conversed with him on *that Art*, liberal or mechanic, of which he knew not more than the ordinary Practitioners. With the widest Views, he descended into a minute Detail, and begrudged neither Pains nor Expence for the means of Information. He travelled thro' a great part of SICILY *on foot*; clambered over the Mountains and crept into the Caverns to investigate into its natural History, and discover the Causes of its *Volcanoes*: and I have known him sit for Hours



in Forges and Foundries to inspect their successive Operations. I enter not into his *Peculiarities*, either religious or personal: but admire the extensive Genius of the Man, and think it a Loss to the Western World that his noble and exalted PLAN of an AMERICAN UNIVERSITY was not carried into execution. Many such Spirits, in our Country would quickly make *Learning* wear another face; as the methods which I have presumed to suggest, of blending the *active* with the *contemplative* Life, would enliven and polish both; and produce such Modles of Men as XENOPHON, or SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE VETERANS at Rome having been perniciously separated into a distinct Body from the State, and taught thro' a long course of Corruption to follow their *Leader* and despise the *Laws*, became as a devouring Monster that gnaws out the Bowels of its Parent. The Struggle however with the glorious Man who fell in the Patriot-Cause had been so fierce and bloody,—their own Number so much thinned, and their Wounds scarce closed, that they were better pleased to drive out the *unarmed* Inhabitants of *Lombardy* than again to fall a fighting with their Fellows upon every new Disgust between their Chieftains. To prevent therefore if possible things from coming to an open Rupture between FULVIA and CESAR, they formally assumed the Power of judging of the Merits of the Cause, and erected themselves into a sort of *supreme Tribunal*, being at once a *military* and *civil Government*.

UPON the first News of the Misunderstanding, and of the subsequent Commotions; the *Antonian-Officers* had held a separate Congress at *Teano*, one of the most delightful Spots in *Italy*\*, where having taken cognizance of the Pretensions of either

\* The Bay of BAIA was esteemed the most healthful and pleasant in all *Italy*: Next to it, TOANO had the Vogue, and was proportionably replenished with Pleasure-Houses, to which the Great Men retired during the Summer-Heats.

either Party, they gravely prescribed the following Terms of Peace to *L. Antony* and the young *Cesar*——

I. That the CONSULS should not be impeded in the Exercise of their Office by the TRIUMVIRS.

II. That no LANDS should, under any Pretence, be assigned to *other* Troops than to those who had carried Arms at *Philippi*: But

III. That the MONEYs arising from the Estates already forfeited\*, and the Prices of those yet to be exposed to sale, should be equally divided between the Veterans in *Antony's* Colonies, and the other *Triumviral* Troops in *Italy*.

IV. That neither Party should make any *new Levies* of Men; but that two of the *Antonian* Legions should serve under *Cesar* in the War against *SEXTUS POMPEY*.

V. That *ANTONY's* Generals, who lay in *Piemont*, *Pollio* and *Fentidius*, who had possessed the *Val d' Aoste* with their Troops, should grant free Passage to *Salvidienus Rufus* to and from *Catalonia*, as he was to take on him the Command of six Legions lying in that Province.

VI. That the CONSUL should disband his newly enlisted *Body-Guards* of four Legions, and exercise his Office in peaceful manner for the remaining part of the Year.

To THESE Terms *LUCIUS* subscribed in presence of the General-Officers at *Teano*: but no sooner had he returned to *Preneſte* and conversed with *FULVIA* than the Agreement broke off, and both Parties began to prepare for War with greater rancour than

Nollus in orbe Sinus BATHS praelucet amoenis,  
Sedixit dives, Lacus et Mare. sentit amorem  
Festinantes Heri: cui, si vitiosa libido  
Fecerit auspicium, cras ferramenta TEANUM.  
Tolletis Fabrii.

HOR.

\* The Estates of the POMPEYS, CATOS, SCIPIOS, SYLLAS and CINNAS—of the METELLII, DOMITII, LENTULI, BRUTI, CASSII, and all the Friends of LIBERTY and ROME.

than before: Only while the Treaty was in agitation, and the *Antonian* Leaders in suspense, the pushing *Salvidienus* found means to clear the Passage of the *Alps*, and join the Army in *Catalonia*.

AT this Conjunction the young CESAR began to see the Precipice to whose Brink his Ambition had led him, and from which his Cruelty and Rapine threatened to hurl him headlong down. He was odious thro' all *Italy*, not without a dash of Contempt for his Cowardice: neither his Officers nor Soldiers could compare with *Antony's* for Numbers, Bravery, or Experience in War. LUCIUS had levied his Guard of four Legions (perhaps twenty thousand Men) immediately upon his entering on the Consulship—But a great veteran Body of fifty thousand lay in the *Milanese*, under the old Fox FUFIVS CALENUS a trusty *Antonian*. Cesar had only four Legions cantoned about *Capua*, besides his *Pretorian* Guards: the rest of his undisciplined Army he had sent to subsist in the nearer *Spain*, from whence *Salvidienus* was now advancing by forced Marches.—They were about thirty-five thousand: no match for *Antony's* Army, even tho' *Pollio* and *Ventidius* should have remained neuter, which there was not the least reason to suppose they would do. He was in great Agonies: and next to the Mutinies of his own Veterans, and the Bog at *Philippi*, I do not know but this may have been the most gloomy and vexatious Period he had yet passed of his Life. *Antony* and he were perfectly acquainted—each knew the other to be wicked and worthless, and could therefore have no mutual Confidence, farther than immediate Interest led them. Cesar was not sure but a letter might be genuine which was industriously spread by MANIUS and FULVIA, as from *M. Antony*; authorizing them, if Cesar would not listen to reasonable Terms, to defend his and their own Dignity by force of Arms. He was always in a dreadful situation: ALL ITALY, great and small, conspiring against him under the Leading of a daring CONSUL—the young POMPEY threatening daily an Invasion

sion from *Sicily*;—*Antony's* experienced Generals commanding great Bodies, and possessed of all the eastern Coast, hemming in his scattered Forces, and *Fulvia*, like a Fury, animating the whole. Full of Perplexity and Anguish,—would he in his after-writ MEMOIRS have ingenuously confessed what a Storm was now in his Breast;—would he have painted the Horrors that rose to his View, the Lashes of keen Remorse for the brave Men he had murdered, and all the Villainies he had wantonly committed; we would have seen him *condignly* chastized, and had a Proof of the terrible Connection between VICE and MISERY.

IN this deep distress he had recourse to a measure the farthest from his Nature, and to which he would have been the most averse upon any other occasion. It was to sue for Peace to his bitterest Enemy S. POMPEY; whom he personally hated and dreaded, as the remaining HEAD of the Republicans, who might some time call him to an account for all his Rapine and Cruelty. In the Beginning of the Confusions occasioned by the Overthrow of Property and the Preparations for War, *Julia*, *Antony's* Mother, had fled over to *Sicily*,—was kindly received, and with a splendid Convoy, (commanded by *Scribonius Libo*, *Pompey's* Father-in-law, and *Sentius Saturninus*,) was sent beyond sea to her Son the *Triumvir*. They had Instructions to find him, *how he stood affected to CESAR*; and to propose a League between him and *Pompey*, to humble the Youth who was at open War with his Wife and Brother. To this ANTONY made a cautious Reply; *That he was extremely obliged to S. Pompey for the Humanity he had shewn to his Mother, and would lay hold of the very first Opportunity of returning the favour; that there were certain Conditions of Agreement settled between him and his Colleague: If these were broke thro', and he were forced into a War, he would willingly accept of the proffered Alliance with S. Pompey: But if they were observed, and the Peace continued, he would use his best Offices to bring about a Reconciliation between Pompey and the young Cesar.*

BUT the very News of a proposed Coalition between *Antony* and the *Admiral* filled the Youth with mortal apprehensions. The *Antonian* Legions and *Pompey's* Navy must overwhelm him, who could hardly stand the Torrent of Hate, backed with Consular Power that threatened his guilty Head; not to mention the female Vengeance that pursued him with redoubled Fury. To ward off the impending Blow, tho' the greatest Beauties and highest Matches in the Empire were proposed to him, he wrote to his prime Minister *CILSIUS MUCIUS* immediately to repair to *Sicily*, and in his Name to enter into a Contract of Marriage with a Widow-Lady who had been twice married to elderly Men, and bore Children to one of them. I do not find that the Bride was either remarkably handsome or deformed: But her chief Quality was the being Aunt to *S. Pompey's* Wife, and a Favourite-Sister of *Scribonius Liba* his Father-in-law. Tho' they easily saw the Proposal to be purely political, as perhaps *Cesar* might scarce have spoken to the Lady in his Life; yet it was too great and advantageous a Match to be refused by the Friends, and too agreeable to be rejected by the experienced *Scribonia*. By her means, *Cesar* hoped either to mediate a Peace with *S. Pompey*, or at least to have a handle to prevent his conspiring with *Antony*, to work his Ruin.

of the Priests. They fell upon these, as sacrilegious Ruffians, drove them out of the places of Worship all over the Country, and sent them stripped and wounded in their turn to make their Complaint to their General. In this Extremity he had but one sole resource—which was to gain over M. ANTONY's *Veterans* to join with his *own*, and make *his* Cause that of the *ARMY*: For this purpose he must persuade them, that it was to defend *their* Rights, and to confirm *their* Settlement, that he was forced to come to blows with the turbulent Consul. He set about it with great Address and apparent Moderation—He told the *Antonian Tribunes*, ' that he had no personal Interest in the ' Quarrel with *L. Antony*—that it was to secure *them* (the *Vete-* ' rans) in their new Acquisitions, and procure *them* the quiet ' Enjoyment of the Reward of their Bravery and Toils, that he ' was threatened with this unaccountable War. That their ' General M. ANTONY had equal concern, in making good the ' Divisions of Lands, and in the Protection of his Troops, as ' *he*; and was therefore sure this sudden Revocation of the pro- ' mised Premiums, was without his Consent, as the Denuncia- ' tion of War was without his Participation. That however ' it were, he submitted the whole matter to *their* determination, ' and would acquiesce in the Terms, and conform himself to ' the Conduct, which they should be pleased to prescribe.' This being sent about, in a kind of circular Letter, thro' all the *An-* ' *tonian Colonies*, the OFFICERS, who found themselves highly honoured, and deeply interested, appointed a day for their assembling at *ROME*.

WHEN it came, instead of applying to either *Consul* or *Pretor* to call a *SENATE*, or to any *Tribune* to call an Assembly of the *PEOPLE*, as if *THEY* had been the *legal Powers of the State*, they formally repaired to the *CAPITOL*, and constituted themselves a sort of *LEGISLATURE*. The pernicious Laws and destructive Commissions obtained thro' Bribery or Violence from the venal *Tribes*, by such Men as *P. Clodius* or *Julius Cesar*,

however treasonable in themselves, still acknowledged the supreme Power of the ROMAN PEOPLE; as what was done in the heat of *armed Fury*, when LAW is silent, did not abrogate the *civil* Constitution. But now the essential POWERS of the REPUBLIC were virtually annulled, the legal solemn Forms of transacting Business, by a BILL brought into the SENATE \*, or a MOTION made by a Magistrate to the COMMONS †, were publicly superseded, and a Convention of VETERANS (O shame!) became the once godlike SENATE and PEOPLE of ROME.

THEY proceeded however with abundance of Formality. The first thing they did was to recognize their own *Authority*, and sustain themselves *Judges competent* between the CONSUL and the TRIUMVIR; taking at the same time an Oath by way of precaution *to force the recusant Party to a compliance*. Then they called for a Copy of the Convention or Agreement which M. ANTONY and the young CESAR had entered into after the Battle of *Philippi*, and had mutually signed and interchanged before their Separation. It was publicly read, and the military MEETING passed an ACT, *ratifying and approving* it in all its Articles. Next they issued a Summons or Call to the discordant Parties, LUCIUS and CESAR, to appear before THEM upon a certain Day at GABII, now *Osteria del Finocchio* ‡ (a Village between *Preneſte* and *Rome*), there severally to plead their Cause, and receive the final Decision; and ordered a Copy of this their Procedure to be engraved on a Tablet of Brass (as if it had been a Law), and deposited in the Temple of VESTA.

CESAR, overjoyed that he had got them to undertake the Cause, and that they had approved his Articles of Agreement with ANTONY, pretended the most perfect Deference to their Orders——As did at first LUCIUS the CONSUL: But after some Consultations held with the inveterate FULVIA, who gave this Convention of the veteran Officers the witty and opprobrious  
Title

\* REFERRE AD SENATUM.

† AGERE CUM POPULO.

‡ The Clover-Inn.

Title of SENATUM CALIGATUM \*, the SENATE of BROGUES, from a particular sort of Shoe worn by the *Roman* Soldiers; he made or seized a Pretence of an Ambuscade being laid by *Cesar's* Cavalry, to destroy him on the way to GABII, and appeared not on the appointed day. The VETERANS passed Sentence against him and *Fulvia*,—declared their taking up Arms *injurious* and *turbulent* and a manifest Infringement of the Terms agreed upon by the TRIUMVIRS: they therefore entered into an engagement to support the Divisions of the Lands made by *Cesar*, and to stand by him to the last. They then broke up, and marching to their several Cantons, made haste to recall their scattered Men, fill up their Companies, and prepared for War with their wonted violence. ITALY was long since quite drained of Money—the public Revenue preoccupied, and private Patrimonies exhausted. At his return from *Thrace*, CESAR had intermeddled with the *Temple-Treasures*, and had left little to those who should come after him. That *little* was now seized, and what was reckoned the last and worst Impiety, the Objects of the most solemn Adoration, the very *Statues* of the Gods, that would melt down, were pulled from their Pedestals by the Soldiers hands, and converted into Coin for their Pay. This happened not only in all the celebrated Temples within their Reach up and down *Italy*, but in *ROME* itself, where the sacred Shrines were rifled, and the admired Works of the greatest Artists,—Statues, Vases, and curious Donations, were hurled into the Furnace, like ordinary Bullion.

BUT

\* The CALIGA was a sort of strong open Shoe, worn by the COMMON SOLDIER, made fast about the Ankle with Thongs, and the Sole of it driven full of small sharp Nails, to keep the foot firm while they fought. These Nails proved the Death of *Julian* the bravest Centurion in all *TITUS's* Army (who had done Wonders at the Siege of *Jerusalem*), by slipping upon a Pavement.

Τὰ γὰρ ὑποδήματα πεπαρμένα πικνοῖς καὶ οἷσι ἡλοῖς ἔχων, ἔσπερ τῶν ἄλλων στρατιωτῶν ἕκατος, κατὰ λιθοστρώτου τρέχων, ὑπολισθαίνει.

ΙΩΣΗΠ. ΑΛΩΣ. Γ. ΚΕΦ. Ζ.



BUT tho' *Cesar* had obtained the great Point, he ceased not to raise Envy and Hatred against his Enemies among the *Citizens* as well as the *Soldiery*. His Colleague *LEPIDUS* and the other Consul *SERVILIUS*, inactive and quiet Men, were easily influenced to disapprove of new Commotions; and he so pathetically harangued the remaining Senators, and represented the Miseries of a *new* civil War in such terrible Colours (happy for *ROME* had he thought so two Years before), that a Deputation of them went to *Palestrina*, to endeavour to bring about a Reconciliation. They were heard by *Fulvia* and *Lucius* in Council—and after a short Consultation, were answered by the Commissary *MANIUS RUFUS* in the following Terms——

*That the sole Use which M. ANTONY the Triumvir was making of his Power, was to levy Money for payment of his Forces upon the foreign Provinces: But that Cesar was endeavouring by his Larges-  
 ges both to alienate the Army from his Colleague, and to preoccupy the strongest Places of Italy, the Seat of Empire. That under a false Pretence of making LOMBARDY a free Province, in consequence of a Promise of Julius his Father, he cunningly possessed that rich Country, which by the Stipulation so much insisted on, belonged to Antony: that instead of eighteen (or five and twenty) Cities promised to the Veterans, he was ejecting the Inhabitants of almost all the Italian Towns—and instead of the eight and twenty Legions that were to be provided for, he was planting four and thirty Legions in ITALY; that is, almost thirty thousand Men more than were agreed on.—That he made use too of the Pretext of the War with Pompey for seizing the Temples of their Treasures, and sacrilegious Seizure of the Statues of the Gods—in which yet, tho' *Rome* was starving, there was not a Blow struck; but that Money was employed to debauch the Troops from their Allegiance to M. ANTONY. That if he sincerely meant to live in peace, and act fairly, let him come and give Account of his Transactions since his Return, and hereafter let him undertake nothing but in concert with those entrusted with his Colleague's*

- *Concerns.* If he did so, they would shew they had the real
- *Affection* for their Country which was only professed by the
- *usurping* Cesar.

THIS Answer, amounting to an Abrogation of the *Triumviral* Power, and consequently to a Declaration of War, cut off all farther Intercourse, and ranged all Parties on the two opposite sides, either of the *ejected Citizens*, or the *new-planted Soldier*y. The remaining *Senators*, *Knights* and surviving *Nobility* all joined themselves with *LUCIUS*, who now not only professed himself the Patron of the oppressed and despoiled *Italians*, but an open Enemy to the TRIUMVIRATE. The Death of *Julius Cesar* was now, he said, fully avenged; and the Common-wealth had sufficiently suffered in that woeful Quarrel. It was time to give it a little respite, to lay down that enormous Power, and return to the happy ancient Form of the old Republic. As for his dear Brother the *Triumvir*, he made no doubt of being able to persuade him to renounce that illegal Dignity, and accept of a lawful CONSULSHIP in its room: but if he refused, his fraternal Attachment, how strong or tender soever, he vowed, should give way to Love to his Country and their ancient Constitution. Along with these Professions of *Patriotism*, he made others—nothing inferior of *Duty* and *Affection* to his elder Brother—He went so far as to assume a new Name expressive of that Affection, and called himself *L. ANTONIUS PIETAS*. The Son of the noble *METELLUS*, who with unshaken Constancy had preferred Banishment to taking an unjust Oath arbitrarily imposed by the People, justly gained the Name of *Metellus PIUS*. (the dutiful) by accompanying his Father into Exile. And now *Lucius* designed himself *ANTONIUS DUTY*; and struck a consular Coin, yet extant, with the *Triumvir's* Head, as far in years, on one side, and round it *M. ANTONIUS IMP. III. VIR. R. P. C.* On the reverse, *FORTUNE* appears with her *Cornucopia* in one hand, and her *Helm* in the other;—a *Stork*, the Emblem of natural Affection, at her foot, and the Legend, now very intelligible,,

ligible, PIETAS Cos. as if you would say, *struck when DUTY (or Brotherly-Love) was CONSUL* \*. This piece of Affectation served two purposes; first to soften his Brother's Anger if he should be offended at his raising a new War; and then to gain Credit among the Officers to his own and *Fulvia's* Declaration, *That they undertook nothing but by the TRIUMVIR's Orders and Approbation*. For it was not to be supposed that so loving and dutiful a younger Brother would dare to take arms against his Elder's Collegue, without first knowing his Pleasure.

MEAN-TIME, the War broke out in many places at once, as the old Inhabitants and the *Cesarean* Intruders happened to be nearly matched in the controverted Towns; and ITALY, the Seat of Peace and Pleasure, was in the same, or a worse Plight than it had ever been, since it was over-run by *Hannibal* and the *Carthaginians*. It would be tedious to describe the Struggles that happened in the several Cities and Provinces between particular Parties: but the risque which *Cesar's* chief Strength ran of being destroyed is worth our attention.

POLLIO and VENTIDIUS lay in *Piemont*, as was said, and commanded the Passage over the *Alps*. By the first Articles of Agreement between *Lucius* and *Cesar*, that Passage was to be opened

\* He has been fond of the Device: for there are other two Coins (which we call improperly Medals) with the following Inscriptions. I. M. *Antony's* Head. M. ANT. IMP. AUG. III. VIR. R. P. C. M. NERVA PROQ. P. On the Reverse, the Head of *Lucius*. L. ANTONIUS Cos. II. Exhibits the same Figures and Legends as that described above, save that the Female holds in her hand a blazing Altar instead of a Ship's Rudder. Διὰ γὰρ, says *Dion*, τὴν πρὸς τὸν ἀδελφὸν εὐσεβίαν, καὶ ἐπιεικίαν *IAVTO* ΠΙΕΤΑΝ ἐπέθετο. This Name assumed by *L. Antony* assures us of the real Import of the Epithet bestowed on *Virgil's* Hero. PIUS ÆNEAS does not signify the pious *Eneas*, nor, insignem pietate virum, a *Man* remarkable for Religion, as both *English* and *French* Translators have rendered it; but the DUTIFUL *Eneas*, remarkable for his Affection to his aged Parent whom he snatched out of the Flames.

opened to *Salvidienus* and the Legions from *Spain*. But pushing as he was, the Rear of his Army had scarce passed the Streight when the two Lieutenant-Generals; getting notice the Treaty was blown up, pursued him so hotly, that they overtook and almost enclosed him between their Armies before he could reach the Banks of the *Po*. The Consul at the same time advancing with his numerous tho' raw Army, *Salvidienus* had been undone, if *M. Agrippa*, the next in character of *Cesar's* Officers, had not suddenly marched and sat down before *Milan*. The preserving this Town was absolutely necessary to enable *Lucius* to keep any footing in *Lombardy*. He was forced to let *Salvidienus* escape, and go to the relief of *Milan*: *Salvidienus* being disengaged, refreshed his Men, and marched to disengage *Agrippa* in his turn. Their Troops were constantly encreasing by the Concourse of expelled Veterans: and being other sort of Soldiers than those who composed the Consular Army, *Lucius* was not able to keep the Field, but marching thro' *Tuscany* took his way towards *Rome*. Had *Pollio* and *Ventidius* acted with their wonted vigour, it is probable that *Lucius* would have made a longer stand, and brought the Decision to a general Battle: But they were certainly doubtful of the Intentions of their Commander in chief; and therefore both kept separate Camps—acted coldly—and permitted things between *Lucius* and *Cesar* to take their course.

THE latter had recommended the care of the City to his Collegue *Lepidus*, and to *Servilius* the other Consul; neither of them very vigilant Officers. *Lucius* sent small Parties under different disguises to *Rome*, with a private Mark by which to know one another; and advancing unexpectedly at the head of three Cohorts, he routed a Body of Cavalry sent out by *Lepidus* to oppose him; and finding his disguised Soldiers had seized upon a Gate, he overcame the Resistance made by the surprized Triumvir, and with little trouble made himself Master of the Capital.

IT was, alas ! no great Acquisition: R O M E, from being the Head of the World, and sitting Arbiter of Peace and War, was become of little avail even to *cast the ballance* in favour of the Party that possessed it. The CONSUL called an Assembly of the thin ROMAN PEOPLE, and made a most popular Speech :  
 ‘ He set forth all the Violence and Cruelty committed by *Lepidus* and *Cesar* in their Triumvirate, for which the Time was  
 ‘ now come, he hoped, that they should meet with their  
 ‘ due Reward—that the Power of the T R I U M V I R S  
 ‘ having grown into a greater Tyranny than the *Decemvirate*,  
 ‘ ought to be abolished ; to which his Brother M. ANTONY was  
 ‘ ready to contribute by laying down the illegal Office, and  
 ‘ taking up the supreme lawful Dignity in its place.’ The unhappy Citizens heard him with delusive joy—saluted him IMPERATOR or *Commander in chief*—voted him the Conduct of the War against the Triumvirs—to which he immediately marched out (*paludatus*) in military state, accompanied now with an illustrious Body of SENATORS and KNIGHTS, who thought him fairly embarked in their Country’s Cause, and sincere in its Prosecution. Indeed, had their *military Skill* been equal to their *Courage* and *Numbers*, or had the other Lieutenant-Generals been equally zealous, it is probable that *Cesar* and *Lepidus* would have made such an Exit as *Clodius* or *Cataline*. FULVIA’S Violence seemed to be redoubled : she threw aside the Woman and assumed the General : She appeared always in public with her Sword girt above her Robe—gave out the WORD ; and frequently calling the Legions together, harangued to them from the Tribunal. On these occasions there was no sort of scandal which she did not pour out against the young *Cesar* ; and was so far joined in it by LUCIUS, that in an Edict published at this time he accused him of the most infamous and unmanly of all Crimes, *that he was his Grand-Uncle’s Catamite-Boy, and had prostituted himself to A. HIRTIUS, the late Consul in Spain, for the sum of three hundred thousand Sesterces (about L 2400)—*

that

that he still retained his effeminate Manners, and singed his Legs (exposed by the Roman Dress) with burning Nut-shells, to make the Hair spring the softer.

BE that as it will, the young Man was within a very little of debauching two of *Lucius's* best Legions that lay at *Alba*, who were only retained in their duty by a great Donative and greater Promises. He then marched with his own four against the *Norcians*, who had, with good reason, expelled his Veterans, and repossessed their own City \*. There was an Out-guard posted before the Gates, which *Cesar* attacked and broke; but making an Attempt upon the Town itself, where *Titisenus Gallus* commanded, he was repulsed with loss, and forced to turn towards *Setina*. Perhaps it has been in revenge of this Affront, that he afterwards laid a more successful siege to *Titisenus's* Daughter, whom I take to be the Lady classed by *M. Antony* under the Name of *TITISENIA* †, among his other Mistresses. While he lay before *Setina*, where he was making but slow Progress; *Lepidus* brought him the News of his Expulsion from *Rome* by the Consul. He was superior to *Lucius* in force, and hoped to catch him at a disadvantage. But his Departure from *Setina* was so precipitate, that *C. Furnius*, who commanded the Garrison, marched eagerly after him to attack his Rear. At that instant, the Chance of War brought up *Salvidienus*, who making a fierce and unexpected Attack upon *SETINA*, took his sword-in-hand, and, as if he had been fighting with *Gauls* or *Scythians*, razed and burnt it to the ground.

WHEN the CONSUL and illustrious Company of SENATORS in his Train, set out from *ROME*, his Intentions were to march into *Lombardy*, and make that rich Country, replenished with *Antonian* Veterans, and swarming with *Gauls* and *Swiss*, the Seat of the War: but being hemmed in by *Agrippa* on one side and *Salvidienus* on the other, with the young *Cesar* in his Rear, he

O o 2

did

\* SÜETON. IN OCTAVIO. § 69.

† See Vol. I. p. 355.

did not think it prudent to hazard a Battle with his motely Troops against the Veteran Legions ; and therefore in crossing the higher Parts of *Tuscany*, sat suddenly down under the Walls of the strong-situated Town of *Perugia*, and fortified his Camp as the brave *Decimus Brutus* had done in the *Modense*. He was quickly beset on all sides, and at last quite shut up by *Cesar* and his Lieutenants with three Camps.

*PERUGIA*, still a considerable Town, stands on the side of a Hill, about an hundred miles from *Rome*. The Grounds are high all around it, being straggling Skirts of the *Apennines*, except on the south-east, that a Plain declines gently towards the *Tiber*. As the Summer was now far advanced, having been spent in the Negotiations and Preparatives already related ; both the largeness of the Place, the neighbouring mountainous Country, and the vicinity of the River, seemed to make it a proper Winter-Quarter for the reception of an Army : But to frustrate these Views, and to cut off all communication with the adjacent Country, *Cesar's* Generals began to surround the Town with an immense Trench and Rampart. *Lucius*, apprehensive of the consequences, sent message after message to *VENTIDIUS*, in whose Fidelity he chiefly trusted, pressing him to march to his Relief and raise the Blockade ; and at last dispatched *MANIUS* in person for the same purpose : at the same time *Fulvia* wrote in the warmest terms to *Asinius Pollio*, to *Fonteius Capito*, and above all to *Fufius Calenus*, and his Son, begging them not to be idle Spectators of the Consul's Ruin. But of all these, *Plancus* alone took immediately the field, and putting himself at the head of the *Fulvian* Troops, he intercepted a *Cesarean* Legion on its march to *Rome*, which he cut almost to pieces ; while *Titiscus* with four thousand Horse was surprizing the little Towns and wasting the Provinces of *Cesar's* Party, in order to draw him from the Blockade. At last *POLLIO* and *VENTIDIUS* likewise decamped, and made as tho' they meant to march to relieve the Consul. But such by this time was *Cesar's* Strength that he was

able to leave his Trenches sufficiently guarded, and march with *Agrippa* at the head of a grand Detachment, not afraid of looking the *Antonian* Leaders in the face. It seems they had no stomach to fighting; being still in suspense as to the Triumvir's Pleasure, and none of them willing to serve under the other: like the *French* Generals, who gave up their *Batons* rather than serve under *M. de Turenne*. This prevented their conjunction; so that without coming to blows with *Cesar* and *Agrippa*, they severally seized upon commodious and strong situations for Winter-Encampments; *Pellio* on *Ravenna*, *Ventidius* on *Rimini*, and *Plancus* on *Spoleto*. *Lucius* was left to shift for himself, and *Cesar* returned to press the siege with his whole Army. He widened the Trench round *Perugia* to thirty foot, raised the Vallum, and planted fifteen hundred Towers of Wood at the distance of sixty feet asunder: the Parapet was fortified with a Palisade pointing downward: and the whole Fortifications were double; equally strong towards the Fields to prevent Attacks, as towards the Town to repress a Sally. It was an immense Work—besides two long Arms leading from the Extremities of his Camp down thro' the Plain to the *Tiber* to prevent the Import of Provisions that might be sent by Water. Nor was there any Labour lost, or any Part of so vast a Work unnecessary. *Lucius* was a bold daring Officer; and tho' his Troops were no match for Veteran Legions, he had the remaining Flower of *Italy* in his Camp, and did amazing things during this memorable Siege. The last Night of the old Year, imagining the Besiegers would be making merry, and the Watch slackened, he made a violent Attack upon the great Port, with an intention to break quite thro', and join his other Forces that were scattered in different Parts of the Country: but the Legion lying nearest, and in a little *Cesar* himself with the Life-Guards coming up, he was with great difficulty beat back into the Town. As he had been stopped short in his way to *Milan*, and shut up unexpectedly in *Perugia*; neither he nor the Townsmen



Townsmen had made Preparations for standing a Siege. Famine therefore, a terrible Evil, began to be felt soon after the Circumvallation was compleated, and threatened him and them with the most dismal of all Deaths. The News of this seemed at last to rouse *Ventidius* and the *Antonian* Leaders. They marched in a Body across the *Apennines* towards *Tuscany*, and forced their way over the belly of the small *Cesarean* Parties that opposed their Passage. *Cesar* was alarmed. *Salvidienus* and *Agrippa* were again detached with eight of the best Legions to watch their Motions. At their Approach the *Antonians* first halted, and then turning to the left, took possession of *Foligno*, a little Town in a Hollow at the foot of the Hills, about twenty miles east of *Perugia*. Here they held a Council of War. *VENTIDIUS* and *POLLIO* declared for pushing on, and hazarding a Battle. *PLANCUS* said they must both march and fight at the hazard of being attacked by *Salvidienus* and *Agrippa* behind, and by *Cesar* before, and gave his opinion that they should secure themselves and wait the Event. *Plancus* prevailed with Men not over-zealous in the Cause, and they only lighted Fires on the Hills to signify their Arrival to the Besieged. The sight of these gave a temporary Joy—but did not in the least allay the growing Famine. *Lucius* however, to profit of the Absence of so many Legions, desired his Men to refresh themselves with rest all day, and be ready with their Arms against the evening twilight. He then made, if I may so say, an universal Sally, and with great Fury stormed the Rampart at the same instant quite round the Town. The Action was obstinate and bloody, especially where a Body of Gladiators belonging to the Consul attacked. *Cesar's* Veterans excelled at the more distant and artful Weapons——But these Desperadoes rushed upon Wounds, and made terrible Havock where they could break in and wield their Sword. They fought from evening until break of day, without being able to master the Works or pierce thro' to their Allies. Finding therefore that nothing could be done

by

by fighting, the growing Scarcity forced the CONSUL upon a measure of dreadfull and distressing Cruelty. At his Return to Town, he ordered a strict account to be taken of all the remaining Provisions—no Part of which should from that time be allowed to the Slaves. At the most moderate computation, *they* may be reckoned equal in number to the *free-born*. The Guards at the same time had orders not to suffer one of them to desert, that the Enemy might not be informed of the City's Distress. This produced a most piteous Spectacle. Great Numbers of the starving Wretches fell down dead on the Streets, or expired while they were chewing Grass or scratching for wild Roots under the Walls. To such pitches of Inhumanity does Ambition drive its Slaves—! The common Soldiers, tho' fed themselves, in a few days could not bear the sight; nor perform the horrid task of throwing the putrid Carcasses daily into Ditches to prevent a Pestilence. They came crowding about the General, asking to be led against the Enemy, and vowed either to conquer or die on the Spot. This was to his Wish. He made vast Preparations of all sorts of Iron and Wooden Machinery, fit for scaling a Wall, filling a Trench, laying Bridges over Moats, covering Chevaux de Frise,—with Rolling-Turrets to fight from, and throw Passage-Planks to the top of a Rampart. Thus accoutred he marched by Day-break, and attacked the Works in many places with inexpressible fury. In spite of all the Resistance of the Veterans, they filled up the Ditch, covered the Spikes with Hurdles, advanced their Turrets, threw their Planks to the Parapet, and contemning Wounds and Death, in a Body mounted the Wall. And now they had certainly carried their point and raised the siege, or at least broke thro' to their Allies, if a fresh Legion, encamped without the Works, had not come running to relieve their beaten Companions. The Battle renewed with fresh violence: The *Antonians* upon the Wall and Passage-Planks stood exposed on three sides—Darts and Shot from the Turrets poured upon them,

them, at the same time that the fresh Legion charged them in front, and with main force tumbled them backward into the Ditch—then the Machinery was pulled to pieces; those that had fallen on the Rampart were stripped, and their naked Bodies tossed down in derision upon their Companions, who were still on their Arms at the foot of the Wall. This Affront they could not bear. In rage and despair they seized some Scaling-Ladders, (all other Instruments of Attack being destroyed) and began to rush upon certain Death, till *LUCIUS* pitying them, ordered the Trumpet to sound a Retreat.

AFTER this, the Guards of the Besiegers were doubled, easy Ascents practised on the sides of the outer Rampart to admit the Legions in case of another Attack, and the Famine in *Perugia* arrived at the most dismal height. *LUCIUS* and the great Body of Nobility that had taken Arms with him as in their Country's Cause, thought every thing preferable to lying at the Triumvir's Mercy. But *intense WANT* is inexorable. After several Parleys about conditions of Surrender, the CONSUL resolved to go down in person and put himself without Terms in his Enemies Power. *CESAR* was amazed when he was told that *LUCIUS ANTONY* was approaching in his General's-Habit, without a Herald, and only accompanied with two Lictors, and a few unarmed Friends. He made haste to meet him in the same Equipage. As they approached, *LUCIUS* stopp'd his Retinue, and with only his Lictors quickened his Pace, to enter *Cesar's* Works, and put himself in his hands. The Youth, who was very quick, immediately perceived his Intention, and hastened to meet him beyond the Trench that he might still be free to do as he pleased. After mutual Salutations, they proceeded together within the Works, where *Lucius* is said to have addressed the Youth in this manner :

HAD I, SIR, been engaged in War with a Stranger, I should have looked upon a Defeat, and still more a Surrender, as highly dishonourable: nor would it have been difficult for me to have obtained a Salvo for that dishonour from my own Right-hand. But as it is with a Fellow-Citizen of my own rank, and in the Cause of my Country, I am not ashamed to own myself vanquished. Yet do not imagine, that I am to deprecate any fate or usage you may think proper to give me; having come voluntarily into your Camp on purpose to submit to it; if I may at the same time obtain a Pardon for those brave Men that are with me, which, I hope to convince you, will be as much for your Interest to give, as theirs to receive. SEPARATE, SIR, their Cause from mine: I was the real Cause of the War, and on me only can your wrath justly fall. You cannot suppose that I am weak enough to come hither to reproach you, or be rude; but, I hope, you will bear with my telling you plain Truth."

WHEN I entered upon this War, my View was not to pull you down that I might mount in your place:—No; it was to retrieve, and to re-establish the CONSTITUTION of our Country, which you yourself must acknowledge to be destroyed by the Triumvirate. You did acknowledge it at first to be an illegal Power, by calling it a necessary Dignity, to be assumed only for a time. BRUTUS and CASSIUS were still at the head of great Armies, from whom you could expect no terms. But when they, the Chiefs of the Party, were removed, and the feeble Remains of it kept only in arms for fear of you, the Triumvirs (the time of whose Power was passing); I thought it best to return to our ancient form of Government, and restore the supreme Authority to the SENATE and PEOPLE of Rome. In prosecuting this design, I preferred my Country's Interest to my Brother's, whom I hoped to persuade to a voluntary Resignation: I was forced to bring about this Resolution during my own Confusion; in which had you taken part, or rather had you led the way, you would have reaped all the glory. But when I found that we could not procure your Concurrence, I refused to go to Town as a Friend, as a Fellow-Citizen, or as a Consul, even

*This, Sir, is the true source of the War; which neither Manius nor Fulvia could have raised, nor the Settlement of the Veterans, nor the Expulsion of the Italians, in both which I bore my share. These you well know to be Contrivances of your own, in order to allure the Veterans to your Party, by whose assistance you are now Victor. You made them believe that I intended to ruin them unless they took arms in self-defence. In the height of a Struggle such Fetches are allowable: but a nobler Conduct is expected from a Conqueror. If you are an Enemy to your Country, deal with me as yours, who am sincerely its Friend, and whose hands were only tyed by Famine from doing it well-meant Service. In this way of thinking, Sir, I was—I still am—and professing to be so, I commit my Person to your good Pleasure. But as for my noble Friends and the whole Army under my command, could you, Sir, receive sound advice from an Enemy? don't wreck upon them the Vengeance due to me; nor forget that you are a man, obnoxious to the reverses of Fortune like others—Cut not off the Resources of your own Safety and Power, by sealing with the Blood of thousands the inhuman Decree, that there is no Mercy for the vanquished. These very Men may yet draw their Swords in your Cause; and, to save yours, may often venture their own Lives. But if all advice from an Enemy be suspicious, I think it not below me on this head, to humble myself; and earnestly beseech you not to let my Faults or Fortunes prejudice the eminent Men that have followed them; their Guilt was mine, and let all their Punishment fall upon me. For this purpose I came down alone, that I might plead their Cause out of their hearing, and offer myself as a Sacrifice in their place.*

WHETHER this artful Speech, put into the mouth of Lucius by Appian, be quite genuine, is hard to determine. I am apt to suspect that the Patriotism of it is too pure, and the Sentiments too heroic, to tally with the Violence and Immorality of his Manners. The young Cesar, who knew him well, and the regard due to him upon account of his Brother, answered in few words—

‘ That

‘ That when he saw him coming down without a *Herald*, he  
 ‘ made haste to meet him without the Trenches, in order to  
 ‘ leave him still at liberty to consult his own Interest after their  
 ‘ Conversation : but that now by surrendering himself and his  
 ‘ Army thus *at discretion*, he took that Guilt upon himself in  
 ‘ fact, which he artificially endeavoured by words to throw upon  
 ‘ him : tho’ in this very Surrender he continued to injure him,  
 ‘ as, by his Confession, he intended to do from the beginning ; as  
 ‘ it deprived him of the Rights of Victory, which he had re-  
 ‘ served to himself in former Parleys : whereas now his hands  
 ‘ were in a manner bound up, and he must consider rather what  
 ‘ was fit for himself to do, than what he and his Followers de-  
 ‘ served to suffer. That however he would be sorry to frustrate  
 ‘ the Expectations that had brought him to take such a step,  
 ‘ and hop’d to appear not unworthy of so great Confidence and  
 ‘ Generosity.’

Lucius then returned to *Perugia*, and immediately sent down the Tribune in waiting, to receive the Word from the young *Cesar*, and obey him thenceforth as his General. Accordingly the Roll of the remaining Numbers of the Consular Troops was brought to him, and he ordered both Armies to keep as usual their distinct Guards that night.—

NEXT Day, a Tribunal was erected before the chief Gate of the City, and an Altar reared, on which *Cesar*, crowned with Laurel, in sign of Victory, was offering a grand Sacrifice, while his Army drew up on both sides in Battle-array. By and by the unhappy vanquished Squadrons began to file down to the Plain, having still their Arms, but equipped as for a March. When within hearing, they saluted CESAR—IMPERATOR or *Commander in chief*,—halted at an appointed place, and drew up separately as they were directed ; the *Antonian* Veterans by themselves, and the *new-raised* Legions likewise apart. Then *Cesar* and his Officers mounted the Tribunal, and first commanded them to lay down their Arms where they stood. It was done. Next he

P p 2

commanded

commanded the *Veterans* to come near the Tribunal; whether to pardon them, or reproach them, or to order them to be cut to pieces by his Pretorians, is uncertain—but certain it is, that his own Men, their former Camp-Companions, could not bear the sight: but breaking their Files, and leaving their Posts, they ran to their old Friends, and clasping them in their arms, with incessant Cries and Tears they begged of *Cesar* to forgive them. All Passions are *infectious*, and *PITY* not the least. The same Compassion touched the *other Cesareans* towards the *new-raised* Troops—The whole Army broke loose, and so mingled with the *Antonians*, that there was no distinction of Parties, nor end of their crying—*Pardon! Pardon!* In this Temper of his Troops, *CESAR*, however cruel, would not have found Tools to execute a bloody Purpose. He made signs for silence—and in the hearing of both Armies addressing his own, *My Soldiers*, said he, *you have on all occasions so behaved yourselves to ME, that I can refuse you nothing. I have little to say to the new raised Men, who were perhaps enlisted by Force: but these your old Companions, who served with you may a campaign, and gained many a Victory; I would have gladly asked, thro' what Fault of mine, or the Refusal of what Favour, or the Expectation of what Reward, they thought fit to change sides, and take up arms against you and me?—and with your Permission, I will still put that Question to them—*An universal Cry of *Pardon! Pardon!* was the only Answer returned by the Legions. ‘Well—said the Youth, since you will have it so, they *shall* be pardoned—let them only behave like You for the time to come.’ A Shout of Joy then rent the Air from both Armies; and could the young Tyrant’s Heart have been melted to Humanity, the moving Spectacle of so many Faces brightened with Rapture, and the Acclamations of intense Gratitude poured into his Ears, might have made him taste a Bliss far above the Licence of Victory. But he was not yet humanized, nor stripped of the fierceness that enabled him to dictate the Edict of the PROSCRI-

PTION in sport. The *Antonians* were ordered to encamp on the spot where they laid down their Arms—and then a Message was sent to LUCIUS ANTONY the late CONSUL, to come down from *Perugia* with the *Body of Nobility and Knights* that had taken arms with him and composed his Council of War. They descended in the Habit befitting their present low Condition: a miserable and moving Sight! There were in that illustrious unhappy Train upwards of thirty SENATORS and five hundred KNIGHTS, many of them Men of approved Worth and high Dignity in the Common-wealth. When they approached the Tribunal, they saluted the haughty Victor; and were immediately separated, and taken into private Custody by *Tribunes* and *Centurions*, untill farther Orders. The surviving *Perugians*, stretching forth their Hands from the Wall, and crying for Mercy, were ordered to send down their Magistrates and common Council, who were taken into custody in like manner; and then CESAR rose from his Tribunal, having passed the first day of his Victory in a manner that seemed to deserve it.

BUT the next rose the blackest that ROME had seen since the bloody Morn after *Philippi*; and has left a Blot of Cruelty upon his Memory whose Guilt is shared by no Partner.

IT WAS a Day of Execution—a Day of Misery and Horror both in the Camp and City. CESAR again mounted his Tribunal, and first commanded the Magistrates and common Council of *Perugia* to be brought forth and put to death in his sight. Then a select number of SENATORS, the best Men, and best affected to their Country, together with four hundred Knights of chief note were set apart for a terrible purpose: the greater part of the Remainder were immediately put to the sword in the Youth's Presence, who answered those that begged for mercy, or endeavoured to excuse themselves, briefly—*DEATH* was the WORD. This his bloody Nature was well known; and was not trusted by some of the *Great Men* embarked in this unhappy War. Immediately after the Surrender by *Lucius*, they;



they took the *Roman* Remedy for all Evils, and with their own hands put an end to their Lives. The Sack of the Town was intended by *Cesar* as a Reward to his Soldiers: But the Person of prime Dignity in that City *CESTIUS MACEDONICUS*, having amassed his Furniture into a Pile, he mounted, fell on his Sword, and ordered it to be set on fire. The March-Winds blew high—the Flames spread; and the ancient and populous *Perugia*, one of the famous *twelve Tuscan* Settlements, was laid in ashes.

AND now the *IDES* of *MARCH* were approaching; the day on which *JULIUS CESAR*, the Oppressor of the Commonwealth, had suffered as a *Tyrant* in the Senate House. When they came, a vast ALTAR was raised as it were to his *Manes*, or, in the fashionable stile, to his new-made Divinity. Then the illustrious Persons whom *Lucius Antony* had delivered over Prisoners without terms, were brought forth, and not *simply slaughtered* as at *PHILIPPI*; but in the sight of a Youth of three and twenty, a venerable Company of Senators, and four hundred noble Knights, were carried to the accursed Altar: on it they were laid like so many Beasts of Sacrifice, and had their Throats cut by the Veterans. This atrocious Mixture of Cruelty and Insult made people suspect that the young Triumvir, instead of smothering the first Commotions, had underhand fomented the War, to give the remaining Friends of Liberty a handle to take arms under *Lucius*, that he might have a new one to murder and confiscate as before. But I believe this to be a groundless Suggestion: the Youth had great reason to be apprehensive of this War in the beginning, and just indulged his own savage sanguinary Temper in the end of it. For no private Friendship nor personal Obligations could soften him. Among the great unhappy SENATORS that suffered on this occasion, was *T. CANUTIUS* the Patriot-Tribune, who, thro' some particular attachment, (when the young Man came first from *Apollonia*) produced him to the *COMITIA* or grand Assembly of the PEOPLE in spite of the then Consul, his present Colleague and former Enemy,

Enemy, who wanted to crush and destroy him. In short, the Victory at *Perugia* was prosecuted just in the spirit of the *Proscription*, and excepting some few Persons connected with his chief Officers, all the other Prisoners of note were in some shape or other given up to the sword. It is true he was once in imminent danger during the Siege. He was doing Sacrifice between his Works and the Wall, when a body of the desperate Gladiators sallied suddenly out, and had very near enveloped him and his Company. With the utmost difficulty he prevented their getting between him and the Trench, and escaped with Life into his own Works. But the Risques run by great Men, or even Wounds received by an *Agésilas* or a *Philip*, never provoked them to exercise cruelty upon the vanquished. In all History, I can scarce recollect a blacker Deed; or an instance of greater Barbarity committed in cold blood, than the *PERUGIAN-ALTAR*. It was more in the Stile and Temper of some *eastern Savage* or *Tartar-Chieftain*, than of a Youth bred in the *Grecian Elegance*, or *Roman Humanity*. It is a Stain that will never wipe off, but will mark him for a *blood-thirsty vindictive Usurper*, while Clemency can raise, or Cruelty depress, the Characters of Men.

THE DEFEAT of *Lucius Antony* was attended with various Scenes of Misery all over *Italy*. It determined the Fate of all the subordinate Parties that had been everywhere formed in his favour. He himself was dismissed by *Cæsar*; no doubt in consideration of the Power and Influence of the *TRIUMVIR*. What became of him at last I know not: the total silence in which his Name is buried, makes me apt to believe that he has not long survived the Disgrace of his Miscarriage, but has died soon after of Shame and Discontent in *Spain*, whither he was sent Lieutenant-General in shew, and Prisoner in reality. *FULVIA* received the News with Imprecations against Gods and Men—She soon found *Palestrina* could not protect her; and like to burst with rage, was forced to forsake *Italy*, where she hoped

to domineer, and escorted by three thousand Horsemen of *Ventidius* and *Pollio's*, took her weary way thro' the *Apennines* to the Coast, in order to embark on a Voyage to her Spouse, from whom she had reason to expect a very cold Reception.

I do not think it was possible for Woman to meet with a deeper Mortification than this Flight from a youthful Victor, who had not only slighted her Love (if he spoke Truth), but wounded her Honour in the tenderest part. The insulting *Epigram*, which I make no doubt she has seen, concludes with a cutting Insinuation, that *the Man who touched her, bid fair to lose his Manhood*. To an ordinary Female this was unpardonable—What must it be to a Lady of the highest Pride and Jealousy? She was of the first Nobility;—tho' not very happy in her immediate Progenitors; her Father's fluttering and Stupidity nick-named him *Bambalio*, and her Mother's Father, *Sempronius Tuditanus*, was next to a Mad-man. But the Gracefulness of her Person, her high Spirit and great Fortune (being an Heiress) had procured her successively the Addresses of the three Men in *Rome* of the most daring Courage and highest Ambition. That they were at the same time the most abandoned Characters, is true—but that did not hinder their succeeding with *Fulvia*. She was married first to *P. Clodius Pulcher* the infamous Tribune, to whom she bore the young Lady lately sent back (like a Queen of *Spain*) by her ungracious Son-in-law. The slighted Girl took the Affront so heavily that she died soon after, and must have redoubled the Mother's Rage against the Author of her Child's death. She was next married to the Fire-brand of the civil War, *C. Curio*, the eloquent Prostitute, who sold himself to *Cesar* and perished with his Army in *Africa*—and afterwards, if I am not mistaken, was *twice* married to M. ANTONY. It appears strange—; but I cannot, on any other supposition, reconcile the following Facts.

IN DCCV, under the Consulship of *C. Claudius Marcellus* and *C. Cornelius Lentulus*, happened the Battle of *Pharsalia*, in which *Antony* had commanded the Left-Wing of the *Cesareans*. At his return from *Thessaly* with the Army, *Cytheris* went to welcome him at *Brindisi*. Their Amour was at its height; and they made their second shameful Progress thro' *Italy*, riding sometimes in a Chariot drawn by Lions. *C. CURIO* was killed that same year in *Africa*, and left *Fulvia* again a Widow. Three years thereafter (in DCCVIII), the dreadful Battle of *Munda* was fought, when *CESAR*, despairing of the Event, intended to kill himself, that he might not fall into his Enemies' hands. *ANTONY* had been left in *Italy*, having almost broke with him for demanding the Price of *Pompey the Great's* Palace and Furniture, which he had bought the year before when exposed by *Cesar* to publick Auction. He was a Candidate for the Consulship, and made a Progress thro' the Countries and free Cities of *Gaul* as far as *Narbonne*, to bespeak their favour against the day of Election. In his return to *ROME*, he drove furiously thro' *Italy*, as if upon some pressing Affair; and by four afternoon arrived at *Red-jones*, a Village about twelve miles from Town. There he sat, and took his Glass till it was dark, wrote a fond passionate Letter to his WIFE, and having muffled himself up in a great Coat, took a Post-Chaise, and alighted with his Letter at his own House late in the evening. He knocked hard—was asked who he was—? answered—‘a Courier from M. ANTONY with Letters for his Lady—He was instantly admitted—delivered his Letter, and step'd aside into a Corner, while she was reading—untill ‘the Protestations of Passion—the Affurances of having for ever given up with the *Actress*, and ‘Vows of eternal Fidelity,’ filled her Heart with Joy and her Eyes with Tears. He then threw off his Disguise, sprang suddenly to her, and clasping her in his Arms, seemed resolved to keep his Word. This happened in *August* or *September* DCCVIII.

Now it is certain that he was married to ANTONIA his Cousin-German, and that same year divorced her under pretence of her intriguing with *Dolabella*, as he cruelly said in open Senate the first day of the ensuing, viz. DCCIX: But it is likewise certain, that he had, *before* this Divorce, patched up matters with FULVIA, and secured with her what CICERO calls *conditionem falsam*, or a *feigned and counterfeit Match* \*.

FROM the Orator's way † of telling the Frolic of surprising his Spouse, I suspect it has not been to the mild and Virtuous *Antonia*, but to *Fulvia*, that *Antony* played this Trick—perhaps as a Proof of Passion after Reconcilement. Be that as it will, the Suspicion of his former Marriage with FULVIA is founded on this: The Youth sent up to the Capitol the 11th day of *March* DCCIX, as an Hostage to *Brutus* and *Cassius*, is called in derision by TULLY *Puerum nobilem, M. BAMBALIONIS nepotem*—  
 \* a Boy of noble Blood, *Marcus Bambalio's* Grandchild. He had divorced his Cousin in the end of DCCVIII. *Fulvia* could scarce have brought him a Son by the beginning of *March* next year; or if she had, the Infant, must have been a few Weeks old, unfit to be sent with its Nurse to the Capitol. This same Youth received the *manly Gown* with great Pomp at *Alexandria* after the Battle of *Actium*; that is, had reached his seventeenth Year in DCCXXIII, which necessarily brings his Birth to DCCVII, the year before *Antony's* Marriage with his Cousin-German. Besides, it is not at all probable that *such* a Woman, and so *rich* a Match as *Fulvia*, would remain a young Widow from *Curio's* Death till the end of the civil War; that is, upwards of three years. The taking back a Wife after divorce was not forbid by the *Roman Law*. It might be obnoxious to the CENSO-

RIAL

\* Filiam (Patru) sororem tuam (patrualem) ejecisti, FALSA CONDITIONE QUÆSITA, ET ANTE PERSPECTA. PHILLIP. II.

† O hominem nequam!—ergo ut te catamitum, nec opinato cum ostendisses, præter spem mulier aspiceret, idcirco Urbem terrore nocturno, Italiam multorum dierum metu perturbasti? Et domi quidem causam amoris habuisti; foris etiam tupiorem.

RIAL Severity, if done upon unwarrantable Motives; otherwise it is authorized by *M. Cato's* Example. But both the public Manners and private Morals of the *Romans* were at this time extremely corrupt; and in nothing more than in *Marriage* and *Gallantry*. Love was banished from the one, and Decency from the other. *FULVIA* therefore, the haughty *FULVIA*, so often courted by the first Men of the State—so often a Bride to those of the highest Merit with the Ladies—so often Mistress of *ROME* and of the *EMPIRE*, to be now contemned, insulted, and driven by a scornful Youth out of *Italy* to (at best) a cold Husband, was a terrible tho' just Recompence of her Crimes.

OF the *Antonian* Generals, *Plancus* only accompanied her in her flight. He had left two Legions at *Camerino*, with whom *AGRIPPA* came up, and by Threats and Promises brought them over to his Master. *Plancus's* Character as a *Soldier* was much clouded, and indeed decreased from the day he had treacherously abandoned *Decimus Brutus*, and betrayed the Cause of the Common-wealth. The rest of his Army now abandoned him and went over to *Ventidius*; while he embarked with *Fulvia* on a Squadron of five Gallies brought from *Macedon* to *Brindisi*, to convey an unwelcome Wife to *M. Antony*. The other Generals, upon the News of the Surrender, decamped from *Foligno*, and marched back thro' the Hills to the *Adriatic* Shore; but not without danger and difficulty, being closely pursued and harassed by great Detachments of the *Cesareans*. *POLLIO* regained his old Quarters at *Ravenna* with seven Legions; and the other Leaders entrenched themselves in the little Towns along the Shore, where the Communication was open by Sea, and where Succours could arrive either from the opposite Coast, or from their next Neighbours in case of a Siege. *Lucius's* other Allies, not in friendship with the Triumvirs, escaped, some to *Enobarbus*, and some to *Pompey* in *Sicily*.

THE SOUTH-Parts of *Italy* were in no better condition than *Tuscany* and the *Milanese*. Among the young Nobility, no one

had a fairer Character than CLAUDIUS TIBERIUS NERO. He had early left off the usual Pursuits of Youth, and engaged in the proper Business of a great *Roman*. That was, by good Advice and good Offices to preserve and increase the Dependencies of great Cities and States, as well as of private Men, upon the Representative of the CLAUDIAN FAMILY. At his first appearing in public, and intermeddling with Affairs, CICERO, a *Connoisseur* in MEN, pronounced him a *noble, ingenious and sedate* Youth—commended him for a *generous, grateful* Turn of Mind, and stuck not to affirm, *That of all the young Nobility there was not one of whom he had higher Esteem or greater Hopes*. After the manner of his Countrymen, who must excell both in Arts and Arms, this young Patrician engaged soon in military matters, and eagerly embraced the Cause of the Republic. But being forgiven and courted by the *cunning* CESAR, he followed him as his QUESTOR to *Egypt*, and greatly contributed to his *Alexandrian* Victory. But soon after, endless Ambition having made him appear in NERO's Eyes as an Enemy of his Country, when the other Senators, and Cicero among the rest, were voting *Indemnity* only to the Deliverers of ROME; this great Man warmly pressed for *Honours* and *public Premiums* to the Tyrant-Killers, and obtained himself the Dignity of Pretor in the restored Commonwealth. The horrid Proscription and the ensuing Confusions made him retain his Command beyond the legal time, when hearing the Cause of the ejected Citizens was supported by a Consul the Triumvir's Brother, he zealously joined him, and raised an Army in *Campania* among the Clients of the *Claudian* Family.

ABOUT two Years before the Siege of *Perugia* he had married a young Lady of noble Birth\*, and of still greater Beauty; the Daughter of *Livius Drusus*, and Grand-Daughter of that great

\* She counted the famous LIVIUS SALINATOR, and the first CLAUDIUS, who obtained the Surname of DRUSUS (by killing *Drusus* a Gallic Chieftan) among her Progenitors.

great but over-bearing Man, whose unbounded Ambition and restless Temper having brought him to an untimely end, he asked his weeping Friends, 'WHEN will the Roman State produce such another Citizen?' The Defeat of LUCIUS, who was the Head of the War, having determined the Fate of his other Allies, *Claudius Nero* alone would not give up the Cause, and was forced to fly before *Cesar's* Troops to get over to *Sicily*, with his young Wife and her Infant-Son in her Arms. The Roads were all beset; they were obliged to travel by night, and ran many a risque of their Lives. From *Perugia* he had escaped first to *Palestrina*, *FULVIA's* Head-Quarters, and from thence to *Naples*, where he endeavoured to raise a new Army by proclaiming Liberty to the Slaves. But the Terror of the Veterans having rendered this measure ineffectual, a Party of whom broke suddenly into the Town, he narrowly escaped down to the Shore: for the Infant being suddenly snatched from the Breast by the Servants, and afterwards from the Mother's Arms, to quicken their Escape, squawled out so loud, that they were twice in hazard of being discovered and taken. This Child proved to be the cunning and cruel *TIBERIUS CESAR*, whose Death at this time would have saved the Lives of many a great and good Man, whom that fell Tyrant afterwards destroyed. He now escaped in a little Vessel with his Parents to *Sicily*, where the young Beauty and her Child were kindly received by *POMPEIA*, *Sextus Pompey's* Sister. She made a present to the Boy of a rich Robe, with its Clasps and Bells (*Bullae*) of Gold, that were long kept and shewn as Curiosities at *Baia*. But *NERO* not being immediately admitted into *POMPEY's* Presence, and being let know that he must lay aside his *Fasces* and *Lictors*, the Ensigns of Power; his high Spirit could not brook the diminution of his Dignity: He staid in discontent, and took the first opportunity of quitting the Island.

WHILE these things were transacting in unhappy ITALY, *M. Antony* was revelling with *Gleopatra* at *Alexandria*. The Lovers



Lovers minded nothing but Frolic and Luxury; and ANTONY seemed to have thrown off all Thought or Care of the Roman Empire, when two Messages roused him, as it were out of a Lethargy. One was, that his trusty Captain *Decidius Saxa*, whom he had made Governor of *Syria*, was beaten and killed by the PARTHIANS, who had over-run the whole Province, and were come down to *Judea*, in possession of *Jerusalem*, and within a few days March of *Egypt*. The other was, that his Wife and Brother having put every thing in confusion in order to ruin the young *Cesar*, were by him beaten, chased out of *Italy*, and the better part of his Legions won over by the Youth. The bulk of *Antony's* Forces were lying, as was said, on this side the *Alps*, under old *Calenus*, who being true to his Friend, and having, as a *Julian* Officer, a regard for the young one, would not intermeddle in the War. *Cesar* marched that way with his main Army, and his good Fortune removing at that nick of time old *Fufius* by death, he persuaded or terrified his Son the young *Calenus* to give over the eleven Legions (above sixty thousand Men) and the two Provinces without a Blow. This did put *Antony* in motion. He said little to the Deputations from the *Italian* Towns where his own Veterans had been settled, and whence they were partly ejected; but taking his leave of his new Mistress, sailed to *Tyre*, as if he intended to repel the *Parthians*; but having gathered a small Fleet, he embarked for *Cyprus*, and from thence steered directly for *Athens*.

HERE he found his haughty Dame arrived with her Children and *Plancus* her Attendant. Their Meeting was far from being happy. Reproaches too well founded on both sides: Arrogance and Folly objected to the Wife, and open Violation of the Marriage-Bed to the Husband. VICE is a baneful Ingredient that imbitters every Sweet, and poisons even the *cordial Drop* that gives relish to Life. The Insults she had met with from *Cesar*, Ill-Success, and the chiding of an angry Spouse, so broke her

Heart and Health together, that when *Antony* was to sail with *Plancus* for *Italy*, she was left sick at *Sicyon*, a Town on the west of the *Morea*. He had the cruelty, they say, to set sail without seeing her; or taking the least notice of her Distress: And this proudest and most insulting of her Sex, not able to digest such neglect, encompassed with gloomy Objects on all sides, would hear of no Medicines for her Disease, but found an Exit worthy of her Life, and dyed of Rage and Despair.

ABOUT this time, ANTONY, whose affairs were all in disorder thro' his negligence and profusion, received a Service of the last importance from one of his Lieutenant-Generals. I have already had occasion to touch upon the Character of *Herius Asinius Pollio*. He was one of those bold ambitious Men that resolve to be great, cost what it will. This Disposition first listd him in POMPEY's service, then carried him to *Cesar*, and at last attached him to *M. Antony*. They all gave him Commands, and thereby Opportunities to make a Fortune, which no man better knew how to use. His Spirit and Bravery gave him such Reputation among the Soldiery, that while his Friend *Plancus*, of higher Rank and Birth, was deserted by his Troops, *Pollio* was able to make head against *Agrippa* and *Cesar* with no less than seven Legions (as I lately mentioned) and to keep the better part of the *Venetian* Dominion in *Antony's* Interests. The Chiefs of the Republic were still Masters of the Sea; POMPEY Lord high Admiral on one side of *Italy*, and *Domitius Enobarbus*, *Brutus's* Admiral on the other. The cold Reception and indifferent Usage which some great Men had received from the former, who put his menial Servants into the highest Commands, seems to have made *Domitius* averse from joining S. POMPEY. He continued long upon his own bottom, honoured and beloved by his Officers and Seamen. But hearing of the Defeat of *Lucius Antony*,—seeing no hopes of the Recovery of the Common-wealth—and having no trust to put in the young *Cesar*, as being himself among the condemned by the *Pedian* Law,

Law, and among the proscribed, he at last listened to the artful Insinuations which *Asinius Pollio* (who was lying upon the east Coast) was constantly making him, and at last accepted of Proposals of an Accommodation with M. ANTONY. No piece of Service could have been more seasonable to the Triumvir. *Domitius* had a noble Fleet, and no contemptible Land-Army: *Antony* had neither; for tho' his Name was adored among the Soldiery, his Legions were incomplete and scattered—their Discipline was bad, and many of them had been seduced by *Cesar*. With a small Squadron therefore he and *Plancus* set sail from *Athens* for *Italy*; where he was not sure whether he was going to Peace or War. In the middle of the Passage, and in open Sea, a stately Fleet appeared in view, for which his small Squadron was no sort of match. The Captain of the *Admiral's Galley* came and acquainted the Triumvir—they went upon Deck to reconnoitre; when the polite *Plancus*, struck with the sight of a great naval Force bearing down upon them in Line of Battle, asked the General, *Whether he had good Assurances of Domitius's Fidelity*—and upon his answering that he had only *Pollio's Word* for it—*Why then, Sir!* said he, *had not you better sail back into some safe Port, untill you be sure there is no Treachery*—NO—replied ANTONY without hesitation, *I had rather perish with honour, than save myself by a disgraceful Flight*. He accordingly bore directly up to *Domitius*, who struck his Flag to him as his Superior, went on board his Galley, and as a grand Favour, which indeed it was, voluntarily delivered up the Command of his Fleet and Army. Thus reinforced he steered straight for the *Italian Shore*.

CESAR mean time, after his Victory and the great Acquisition of *Calenus's Army*, had returned in a sort of Triumph to dispeopled *Rome*. His Health was now confirmed; he was elate with Success, and fell into the licentious Course of Life that might be expected from a Youth without Morals, in the height of Power. At a certain time of Life, and a certain pitch  
of

of Vice, mere Pleasure palls upon the Taste, if it has not some Wildness (better it be *irreligious*) to give it Poignancy. It was this Taste that put *Alcibiades* and his Company upon maiming all the Statues of MERCURY about *Athens*. It was this Taste that put *Bussi Rabutin* and his Friends upon baptizing a Pig, and singing their scandalous Psalm on *Easter-day*. The young Triumvir of four and twenty was not contented with ordinary Intrigue and Feasting: He contrived a *private Masquerade-Supper*, where the twelve great GODS and GODDESSES should be represented by *six Men* in the Equipage and Ensigns of the Divinities; and *six Ladies*, dressed, or undressed, like their Females. *Saturn* had his *Scythe*; *Jove* his *Thunder*; *Apello* his *Lyre*; *Bacchus* his *Thyrse* and *Bunch of Grapes*; *Mercury* his *Cap* and *Caduceus*; and *Mars* his *Shield* and *Spear*. The Lady personating *Cybele* had her *Turret-like Attire*; *Juno* her *Scepter*; *Ceres* her *Sheaf*; *Venus* her *Poppies*; *Diana* her *Bow* and *Quiver*; and *Pallas* her *Spear* and *Helm*—for I do not suppose that it was to keep strictly to the Character of *Virgin-GoddesSES*, that these Ladies came there. It is pity we have lost that Edict which *M. Antony* published after his final Breach with *Cesar*, where he described the Impiety of this Revel, and particularly enumerated the Persons by Name and Sirname, who had acted the several male and female Deities. We can only guess by their Age and Characters that old *Matius* would represent *Saturn*, *Salvidienus* *Jupiter*, *Gallus* the God *Bacchus*, *Agrippa* *Mars*, *Mecenas* *Mercury*, while it is certain that the *young Cesar* played the bright *APOLLO*.

SOME unlucky Accident seldom fails on such occasions to marr the best laid Schemes of Secresy. A Lady of Quality, *MALLIA*, whom the Servants knew to be of *Cesar's Acquaintance*, and made no doubt of her being to bear a part in this Night's Frolic, happened to call in a little late in the Evening. She was immediately admitted without Questions—and being introduced into the Dining-Room, to her no small surprize, saw the six Gods and GoddesSES, if not very decently, at

least very lovingly laid in Pairs at a Banquet. Whether she shrieked and ran suddenly off—or whether the Masqueraders had not all their Wits about them, there seems to have been some Mismanagement in the matter. *Mallia* was big with the Secret, and kept it no longer than she could find a Confident; which is never difficult. The Story was over the whole Town before next Morning, and produced the following Verses, whose Author was kept anonymous by the Dread of Proscription :

*Twelve mimic Deities, equipp'd like Play'rs;  
When MALLIA saw, on Couches laid by Pairs;  
While impious CESAR Phebus' Form belies,  
And acts unheard-of Riot in the Skies;  
Then fled from Earth the real Pow'rs divine,  
And JOVE himself deserts his sacred Shrine\*.*

THIS piece of Riot was made the more odious, by its being committed in the height of the public Dearth, when the Citizens were in the want of ordinary Food. It took air immediately; and being blown over all the Town, the People could only revenge themselves by bawling out, *that the Gods had eat up all the Corn*. There was indeed a mixture of Inhumanity, as well as of Impiety and Lewdness in this profane Frolic: but as it seldom happens, that People indulging in *Pleasure* are at the same time inclined to *Severity*; *Cesar's* Ministers obtained a Pardon for one of *Brutus's* Officers, without which the learned and polite World would have lost one of their finest Entertainments. A Remission seems to have been procured about this time for Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS, if not the entire Restitution of his paternal Estate. The high Taste which *Mecenas* had for *Learning*, and consequently for the *Conversation* of learned Men, gave VIRGIL daily access to him amid all the Din and Hurry of Business in which he was plunged by a civil War. And, to the immortal honour of the Poet be it told,

\* The CAPITOL dedicated to JUPITER CAPITOLINUS.

told, that he employed his Interest with the prime Minister in favour of a Man who might one day rival it with him in the same Profession. *Virgil* it was, who first gave a great Character of the *Tribune* under *BRUTUS* to his new Patron; an Action, if I may speak my Sentiment, of higher merit than writing the *ENEID*. It shews a Mind wholly free from Suspicion or Envy, a Benevolence of Heart, a Nobleness of Nature that cannot be too much admired. In a day or two, he was seconded by a greater Man, and at that time thought to be a greater Poet. *L. VARIUS* made the same application to *Mecenas*, and was desired to bring *Horace* to the Minister's Levee next morning. When he was presented, *Mecenas* had the curiosity to ask him of his Estate, Family and Fortune. The young Man was in confusion; with a faltering Tongue and broken Accents, he told ingenuously, 'That he was of no ancient nor rich Family; that his Grandfather had been a Freed-man or manumitted Slave: that his Father had been a Collector, acquired a small Fortune, and given him an Education much beyond it.' He then made his Bow and retired; having obtained his Pardon, tho' he saw not the Minister for nine months thereafter. This Introduction and Rescue of *Horace* from death and poverty by two Gentlemen in the same way of Life, who had only their *Genius* and their *Pen* to recommend them as well as he, sets all the three, in my opinion, in *the most amiable point of Light*. Is it to be at all wondered, that Men capable of such exalted Sentiments and disinterested Friendship, should both raise themselves to consideration with the Great, and produce those Works that were and are the World's Admiration? *VIRTUE*, tho' banished by Ambition and Luxury from among the leading Men of the State, took shelter, as it were, among the less exalted, and gave even surprising Instances of her Influence upon those of the very lowest Rank.

ASINIUS POLLIO, as was above related, kept all the north-east-Coast in the power of *M. Antony* with an Army of near forty thousand Men. Partly for their Subsistence, and partly to raise a great Fortune to himself, he laid heavy *Contributions* upon the Towns, and exacted them with the utmost rigour. The unhappy *Paduans*, among the rest who had expressed a Love of Liberty and the Republic, smarted severely under his Displeasure or Avarice. He stripp'd them of every thing, public or private, that was valuable in their City: and with a strain of Inhumanity hardly to be excused even by a civil War, proclaimed a *Premium* to any Slave who would discover where his Master lay concealed: for the better sort of Citizens, unable to answer his exorbitant Demands of *Money* and *Arms*, had universally absconded. Under the Temptation of a considerable Sum proffered by POLLIO, and the still greater of their *Liberty*, it is scarcely credible, and yet is affirmed as a certain Fact, *That not one Slave in Padua was prevailed upon to betray his Master.*

BUT besides the Impunity of all Violence, and indeed almost of all Crimes in civil Commotions, *Pollio* could now act with more absolute Authority, not only as Lieutenant-General under ANTONY, but as CONSUL for this year\*. He and another Friend of that same Triumvir, *Cn. Domitius Calvinus*, had for some months exercised that once supreme, but now almost nominal, Office in the Common-Wealth. The Army therefore under *Pollio* was, properly speaking, a *Consular Army*; and had it been fighting, as usual, the Battles of the Republic, he would have had, in cases of necessity, a *legal Title* to tax the *Italian Towns* for its Subsistence. At present it only served to support one Tyrant against another; and to give *M. Antony* a footing in *Italy* in spite of the young *Cesar*.

AFTER his Conjunction with *Enobarbus*, their combined Fleet landed at *Pollento*, DOMITIUS' Head-Quarters, where he quitted his *Pretorium*, or General's Tent, to M. ANTONY: From thence they

they failed to *Brindisi* garrisoned by four of *Cesar's* Legions. As no formal Breach had been made between him and *Antony*, nor War openly declared on either side, the latter made no doubt but all the Harbours in *Italy* would be open to him; and was not a little surprized when the Commandant in *Brindisi* (whether of his own accord, or by private orders) drew the Chain across the Mouth of the Port, and refused him entrance. He turned to *Siponto*, a Town on the neighbouring Promontory, which he suddenly seized; and from thence returning to *Brindisi*, partly by *Enobarbus's* Fleet, and partly by a Wall run across the *Isthmus* on which it stands, besieged it straitly by Sea and Land.

AND NOW ITALY had been replunged into the Miseries from which it had scarce emerged, but for the Prudence and Address of two Gentlemen, *Cilnius Mecenae*, and *Cocceius Nerva*. ANTONY, enraged at his Exclusion from *Brindisi*, had immediately dispatched Messengers to *Sextus Pompey* in *Sicily* accepting of his Alliance against *Cesar*, which he ratify'd by his Oath, pressing him at the same time to make a powerful Diversion with his Fleet and Army, by a Descent upon the Coast of *Abruzzo*. He was eagerly obeyed by POMPEY: whose Rear-Admiral *Menodore* immediately sailed out with a strong Squadron and four Legions to ravage *Abruzzo*, and besiege *Thurium* near *Rossano*.

IT was like a Clap of Thunder breaking over the young *Cesar's* head to hear of a Conjunction between ANTONY and the old *Friends of the Republic*—an Event big with certain Ruin to him and his Party. Nor did it a little increase his Apprehensions that he found even his own *Veterans* averse to the War. The Case was altered with respect to the Brothers: They fought against *Lucius*; but would with difficulty be persuaded to draw a sword against the MAN whom they solely honoured, and whom they looked upon as their Saviour at *Philippi*. CESAR was forced to leave his Revelling, and take the Field with half-willing;



willing Troops, many of whom deserted by the way, and those who followed were well resolved to take the first opportunity of *compelling him to make peace with* M. ANTONY.

THINGS were in this ticklish state, when two pieces of News were brought to both Camps: First that *Fulvia*, whom her Husband had left sick at *Sicyon*, had departed this life; and next, that *Agrippa* had unexpectedly attacked and retaken *Siponto*. At the same time *Cocceius*, a common Friend, who, in company with *Cecinna* a *Tuscan* Nobleman, had carried Letters from *Cesar* to *Antony* the year before, and had been prevailed upon to pass the Winter with him in *Alexandria*, now asked him as a thing of course, *Whether he had any Commands for Cesar?*—Commands for *Cesar*! said he, No—But are you going back then?—Well, I wish you a good Journey—*But Sir! have you no Answer to send to the Letters I brought you from Cesar?* I sent an Answer to the Letters by *Cecinna*, of which you may, if you please, take a Copy—But what should I now write to an *Enemy*, except it were to scold or reproach him?—*Don't call the Man an ENEMY*, Sir, *who has used your Brother and Friends so handsomely, when he had them in his power.* Ay—he uses my Friends handsomely to seduce them—but he shuts the Gates of *Brindisi* against me, debauches my Army, and usurps my Provinces—*Cocceius*, having thus got what was at the bottom of his Stomach, took his leave without adding a word to irritate his impatient Temper, and went straight to *CESAR's* Camp. He no sooner saw him, than with seeming surprize—*So—Cocceius!* said he, *is this the return you make me for saving your Brother's Life to take part with my Enemy—!* It is very well, Sir! And is this the way you treat your Friends to seduce their Men, take away their Provinces, and then call them your *Enemies?* *Why do you think,* said *Cesar*, *when Calenus died, that such Force should have been left in the hands of a Boy his Son, while Antony himself was beyond Sea, and his Brother Lucius and his Lieutenant Pollio, and new Friend Enobarbus, were watching an opportunity*

opportunity to seize and turn it against us? Plancus' Troops I prevented from deserting to Pompey; which his Cavalry actually did. These things, replied Cocceius, tho' represented in a different light, Antony himself did not credit, until the Gates of Brindisi were shut against him as an Enemy. That, said Cesar hastily, was not done by my Orders; as I knew nothing of his Coming: But the Brindisians themselves, and Servilius Rullus the Commandant, hearing he had entered into an Alliance with Pompey, and seeing him advance with their known Enemy, shut their Harbour, of their own accord, not so much against Antony as against Enobarbus, one of my Father's Murderers, impeached and condemned by Law, who attacked this very Town after PHILIPPI, burnt my Ships where-ever he found them, and ravaged the whole upper Coast.—'Why, I suppose, you agreed, SIR! did you not? that you should severally make peace with whom you pleased. ANTONY has entered into no League with any Murderer of your Father, whose Memory he honours as much as you can. Enobarbus was none of them—nor so much as privy to the Design: but was unjustly condemned by the blind Passion of his Judges. If as BRUTUS's Friend, he be unpardonable; take care you condemn not the better part of the Romans by that same Rule. Nor did Antony accept even of Pompey's Alliance, till he was treated as an Enemy by your Officers—and has still a mind to use him, only in case of Necessity; or to reconcile him to you, if you listen to Reason: Tho' if there be any Fault here, you have yourself to blame—since Pompey and his People would never have ventured to solicit an Alliance with Antony, if they had not seen you endeavouring to drive him and his Friends out of Italy—I endeavour to drive him out of Italy! Manius, and Lucius, and Fulvia endeavoured to drive me out of Italy, and out of the World—and Pompey has only now begun to attempt the Coast in confidence of this new Alliance.—'Not merely in confidence of it—but by Antony's express Orders: for I think it my duty to warn you, SIR, that with a vast Fleet he will lay waste the Country far and  
near.

‘near, as you have scarce a Ship to oppose him, unless you  
‘Two come to a better Understanding.

CESAR, like a Boxer that receives an unexpected Blow, paused for some time; when recollecting himself—*POMPEY needs not crow upon his Success*, said he, *for I have certain Intelligence that he is repulsed from Thurium, and forced to raise the Siege with disgrace.* COCCEIUS, now Master of the Grounds of their mutual Disgust, began gently to turn the Conversation, and ask if he had heard the Circumstances of *Fulvia’s* Death? ‘that it  
‘was not doubted but the harsh Reception she had met with  
‘from *Antony* had thrown her into Melancholy, and the severe  
‘Reprimand he had given her for embroiling him with his  
‘Colleague had exasperated the Disease, as his final Disregard  
‘had hastened her Exit’—*and now She is gone, Sir, who was the bad Instrument between you, and in truth the Fire-brand of the War, I do not see that there is any thing else necessary for your Reconciliation, but that you should tell the plain Truth to one another, and confess the ill-sounded Suspicions that are making you undesigned Enemies.*—Having gone thus far, *Cocceius* let the matter rest, and passed that day, splendidly entertained by *Cesar*. The next, being to return, he presumed to beg, that as the younger Man, he would write to his Friend and Colleague, and prevent farther Mischiefs. *Cesar* said *he would write to no Man, young or old, that was acting as his Enemy*—but since he pressed him so much, he would write to his Grand-Aunt, *JULIA*, *Antony’s* Mother (the excellent Woman that saved the good *Lucius Cesar* proscribed by her Son) who had come over with him from *Athens*. He did so; and artfully took the pretence of ‘complaining of her Unkindness in trusting rather to  
‘*S. Pompey’s* Generosity than to *his* Affection, who loved and  
‘honoured her as a Parent, tho’ she ran from him as an *Enemy*. But the most weighty and successful Mediators were the *Veteran-Officers* in *Cesar’s* Army. They came all about *Cocceius*, seeing him ready to return: commended his noble Disposition to re-  
concile

concile the Chiefs, and bid him assure ANTONY, they would fight against that Leader who should obstinately refuse reasonable Terms.—He delivered their message most faithfully, and shook *Antony's* Resolution to prosecute the War. His new Alliances with *Pompey* and *Enobarbus*, of which he could not get rid with honour, principally stuck with him; for while they subsisted, *Peace was not to be expected with CESAR*. At this pinch, *Cocceius* advised him to send *Pompey* (repulsed from *Thurium*) back to *Sicily*, and give *Enobarbus* some splendid Government that would carry him to *Asia*, or other Parts at a distance from *Italy*. ‘And when we have done so, said he, perhaps *Cesar* will listen to no Terms, and then where are we?’ *Cocceius* took it upon him to answer for *Cesar*; that he would find him extremely reasonable—and *JULIA* at the same time interposing with her Son, he at last gave way, and made *DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS* Governor of *Bythmia*; writing at the same time to *POMPEY*, ‘That as he found himself able to cope with *Cesar* in *ITALY*, he might retire with his Army and Fleet into his own Ports, until their common Interest required his re-entering upon Action.’ In short, each seeing the Strength of his Antagonist; *Cesar* having the greatest Army, tho’ not all sure Men; *Antony* being all-powerful at Sea, and growing daily more so at Land; they both agreed to name Delegates, or rather *Arbiters*, who should adjust all Differences, and prescribe the Terms of their future Friendship. These were, *Asinius Pollio*, on *Antony's* part, and *Cilnius Mecenas* on *Cesar's*; and they both chose *LUCIUS COCCERIUS*, a common Friend to their Masters, to be their Umpire.

*MECENAS* was a Man of great *Reach*, and no less *Address* in Negotiation. He did not chuse to let little Punctilios, or adhering too scrupulously to the Letter of his Instructions, retard the Conclusion of important matters. I remember Monsieur D'OSSAT, Resident at *Rome* from the great *HENRY IV.* and one of the ablest Ministers of modern times, went boldly beyond his Commission, in concluding a Treaty with the *Grand Duke*, for

recovering the Isles of *If* and *Pomegues*. He frankly confesses in a Letter to the King, *that he had done so*, and adds, that he had learned from long Experience, that to prevent a greater Evil, and obtain a greater Good, it was best in Affairs of consequence *to hazard something—to nick the favourable Opportunity when it offers*, in order to get out of a Scrape as fast as possible \*. The three Commissioners now met, had one of the most important Affairs upon the *Tapis* that ever was in negotiation. It was nothing less than *to divide the World between their Constituents*: the glorious EMPIRE purchased by the Blood and Virtue of the old Republicans, and governed by the Authority of the most august Council on Earth, according to the Prescript of the Laws, was now without Law or Order, without *Decree* of the SENATE or *Vote* of the PEOPLE, to be divided by three private Delegates (tho' one was a *Consul* in appearance) between two of the worst of Men! I say *two*, because LEPIDUS, whom *Cesar* had lately sent over to *Africa*, was in a manner out of the Question. They therefore agreed upon the following Terms and Measures:

I. OBLIVION of what was passed on both sides, and AMITY for the time to come.

II. That the EMPIRE should not be parcelled out in *Provinces* between them as formerly; but that a *general Division*, as least liable to difficulties, should take place. That a LINE should be therefore drawn, as it were thro' the middle of the *Adriatic*, running northward, and striking upon the Town of *Scodra*: It is now the Head of *Albania*, called *Iskodar* by the *Turks*, and *Scutari* by the *Venetians*.

III. That all the Lands, Islands, Seas to the *East* of this Line all the way to the *Euphrates*, should belong to M. ANTONY; and all to the *West*, until you come to the Ocean, to the young CESAR.

IV. That both the Triumvirs should have equal Title to recruit in ITALY, and equal Access to the Honours of ROME.

V. That

V. That the Attainder passed against DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS should be taken off; and that he should be restored to his Honours and Estate, and the Terms granted to him by *M. Antony* should be ratified by the young *Cesar*.

THIS great and noble Person they pretend to have been the only Man not of the *proscribed Senators*, many of whom were saved, but of those condemned by the *Pedian Law*, for the Death of *Julius Cesar*, who not only escaped with Life, but returned with honour to *Rome*, and rose to the highest Dignities of the State. Whether he had any share or not in chastizing the Usurper, is uncertain. Within a few months of the Event, he is expressly named by CICERO among the Heroes who had dared to deliver their Country from Slavery\*. The after-Historians leave it doubtful. Perhaps *Cesar* and his Party have been willing to *flurr it over*, that the Treaty they were now forced to ratify might not be drawn into Precedent, as contradictory to their other Conduct.

IN the subsequent Age, when the *Slavery* entailed on a brave People by the Pride of one Man, and their own Corruption, had produced its *natural* effect; when their Minds were debased, and their Understandings blinded; they gave into that dastardly Opinion of FATE and FORTUNE—and very naturally. For in an *absolute Government*, VIRTUE meets not with its proper Reward. Honour and Respect, with Riches in their train, do not attend this *Sovereign of human Life*, as they *naturally* ought. On the contrary, in these Governments, she brings *Envy* and *Depression*, and often *Persecution* and *Death*†; while her proper Premiums are prostituted to Pimps and Flatterers—some of whom by the Caprice of a Prince, the Whim of a Mistress, or Humour of a Minion, shall rise from the lowest pitch of Infamy

S f 2

to

\* CN. DOMITIUM, non Patris interitus, clarissimi viri, non Avunculi Mors—non spoliatio Dignitatis ad recuperandam Libertatem, sed mea auctoritas excitavit! —

PHILIP. II.

† OB VIRTUTES certissimum Exitium.

TACIT.

to Power and Wealth, if not to Reputation. It was however this silly Principle that makes these wondrous wise Reflections so common among the *later Greek and Roman* Historians, 'that FATE was now preparing such an Event——that FORTUNE was by this circumstance intending such a Man's Ruin,' which perhaps had no more Influence upon the Action, than the innocent STARS.

WHEN *Cicero*, for instance, was pressing the SENATE to declare *M. Antony* an Enemy to his Country, being appointed to draw up the Decree of that august Body, ordering him to desist from besieging *Modena*, he did it, says *APPIAN*, fraudulently and perversely; putting in things which the SENATE never intended. 'This he did, continues that weak Writer, not from any stated Enmity between them—but FATE, intending to involve all things in confusion, and hatching mischief to *Cicero* himself, made him do so.'

HAD *M. Antony* been killed in any of the three Engagements at *Modena*, as many a brave Man was, FATE had probably been much out in his Designs. But the Historian did not reflect that there must be an irreconcilable Dislike between so worthy and moral a Man as *CICERO*, and so very a Profligate, a mere Soldier of Fortune, as *M. ANTONY*. Besides that, the Treasons and Vices of his Relations had forced *Cicero*, as supreme Magistrate, to draw the Sword of Justice against them. He had put *Lentulus*, his Father-in-law, to death, for being the second Man in the horrid *Cataline Conspiracy*. The infamous *CLODIUS*, *Fulvia's* first Husband, had been his bitter Enemy; and *MILO*, who killed him, his warm Friend: Besides that, there could not be two more incompatible Spirits than the two Ladies to whom they were married. For tho' *Cicero's* *TERENTIA* was not such a Fury as *Fulvia*, she was equally haughty, and equally prone to intermeddle in public Affairs. Her Husband did not stick to tell, that she was much readier to assume his Part in the public Management, than to impart her Family-Concerns to him. But the mortal spite between her and *Fulvia* must be highly enflamed by her

her having been the chief Instrument of *Lentulus's* Execution. CICEERO was still irresolute, when his Wife, in the middle of the Night, came Ambassadors to him from the *Vestal-Virgins*, denouncing a Prodigy that determined him to put the Convicts to death. These plain Reasons, and not *blind FATE*, made *Cicero* and *Antony* declared Enemies.

Or a piece with this Reflection is another, *That all the great Men who had dip'd in the Design against CESAR, came to an untimely End.* Could it be affirmed that *they alone* of all the other Romans died a violent death at that time, there might be some Presumption of the insinuated *Interposition* of Heaven: But if the greatest *Cesareans*, such as *Hirtius* and *Delabella*, and *Saxa*, and *Antony*, fell by thousands in the same inevitable Distractions; the Remark must be ranged among the Sprouts of Credulity and vulgar Superstition. For had either *HIRTIVS*, or more especially *PANEA*, survived the Victory—had not the young *CESAR* proved a *Traitor* to his Country, and refused to pursue its proclaimed Enemy—had not the worthless *Lepidus* joined Forces with that Enemy—had the Battle of *Philippi* never been fought, or won by *BRUTUS*—had *Titinius* made more haste, or *C. Cassius* less; or finally, had *M. Brutus* refused to listen to the Claimours of his Soldiers—if, I say, *any one* of these extremely probable Events had happened; the first would have prevented the base and bloody *Prescription*; and by the last, the Deliverers of their Country, who fell not in battle, would have with Splendor and Justice enjoyed those Honours that in virtue of the Veterans Swords were usurped by the Dregs of *Rome*.

Tho' there be some Shew of Justice in the five above-mentioned Articles of Agreement, yet the PARTITION was very *unequal* at bottom. The then uncultivated Lands of *France* and *Spain* (as a great part of them still lie) could not be compared with the rich and populous Provinces of *Asia*, *Syria* and *Greece*, and all the noble Islands, *Cyprus*, *Crete*, *Rhodes*—included in *ANTONY's* Department. But *POMPEY* was the grand Drawback,



who possessed *Sicily* and *Sardinia*, the two Granaries of *Rome*; and *LEPIDUS*, the third, the fertile *Africa*—so that *ANTONY* was a heavy Partner in the Division of the Empire, and kept at least two thirds of its Wealth and Dependencies in his own hands \*. But *MECENAS* who knew his Weight as a General, and how deeply he was rooted in the Hearts of the Soldiery, and saw inevitable Destruction to the *Cesareans*, in his Conjunction with *POMPEY* and the FRIENDS of the REPUBLIC, thought any Peace preferable to a War between the *Triumvirs*; especially as there were some Events just fallen out, that seemed to promise it would be durable.

C. *OCTAVIUS*, the young *Cesar's* own Father, had been twice married, first to *Ancharia*, by whom he had one Daughter, and then to *Atia*, *Julius Cesar's* Niece, by whom he had a Son and Daughter, *Octavius* and *Octavia*. What became of the Daughter of the first Marriage, whether she died young, or was married to some obscure Person, I have not discovered: but the younger *Octavia*, *Cesar's* eldest Sister, a Woman of great Accomplishments, had been for some years married to *Gaius Claudius Marcellus*, a Cousin-German of the famous *M. Marcellus*, so much admired in Banishment by *Brutus*. It is a common mistake, into which *Plutarch* has drawn many learned Men, that *Ancharia's* Daughter was *Marcellus's* Wife. It appears by the best Authority, that he was married to the young *Cesar's* full Sister †. *Gaius* was a zealous Friend to Liberty, and consequently an Enemy to *Julius*, whom he violently opposed, notwithstanding their Relation. He was *CONSUL* when that lawless man invaded his Country; passed over with *Pompey* to *Greece*, and ran all the fortunes of the Common-Wealth. Oppressed with melancholy for the Miseries of *Rome*, he died during the Preparations for the *Perugian* Campaign,

\* *Nec aquâ saltem portione, sed praegravâ Antonio.*

PLIN.

† *CICERO* in the III. *Philippic*, answering *ANTONY's* scandalous *Manifesto* against the young *Cesar*, and his mean Extract by his Mother *Atia*, has these Words, *Sed hoc viderint clarissimi viri, L. PHILIPPUS qui habet Aricinam. C. MARCELLUS qui Aricinæ filiam.*



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Campaign, and left two Daughters and a Son, named after the great MARCELLUS, his near Relation.

MECENAS and COCCÆIUS thought this an happy Opportunity of cementing the Rival-Triumvirs, and so uniting their Interests, that there should be little Temptation to a Rupture on either side for the future. They therefore proposed that *Antony*, being a Widower by *Fulvia's* Death, should marry *Cesar's* Sister, whose Virtue, Wisdom, and Sweetness of Manners, it was to be hoped, would win him from his wild Courses, and fix him to the Interests of her Brother. It was not difficult to persuade a Man of his Turn to marry a young Beauty; but *Cesar*, who extremely honoured his Sister \*, objected his Attachment to *Cleopatra*. ANTONY frankly owned his Fondness for the *Egyptian* Queen (as it would have been the most foolish Impudence to deny it); but said he was not married to her; that it was a transient Amour which he could easily sacrifice to the public Good, and to a Woman of such Merit as *Octavia*. She was in reality a Pattern of female Perfection: Beauty and Sweetness in her Looks, Grace and Dignity in her Motions; and what enhanced these inferior Charms, Wisdom and Goodness in all her Conduct and Conversation †.

WHEN the News of the Agreement of the Chiefs, and of its intended Sanction, were spread in the two Camps, they were seized with the most extravagant Fit of Joy that ever transported such a number of Men: Nothing was to be heard for that whole day and the following night but Shout after Shout re-echoed from Camp to Camp, and Demonstrations of Joy next to Madness. They had good reason: The Reconciliation of their Leaders delivered them from Misery, Wounds and Death, and secured to them the Possession of their ill-got Money, and

\* Ερεψε δὲ διαίφνης ὁ Καίσαρ τὴν ἀδελφὴν, ΚΑΡΜΙΑ ΘΑΥΜΑΣΤΟΝ. *Plutarch.*  
γενομένην.

† OKTAVIAN ἐπὶ καλλῶν ἡρώτων, σπουδῆς δὲ καὶ ἡλικίας.

acquired Estates. The two Armies mixed—many Salutes and much Embracing passed between old Comrades; and then Entertainments by turns in their Tents. The Generals set the Example—CESAR invited *Antony* to a sumptuous Supper, dressed in the *Roman* soldiery manner—and next day, ANTONY feasted *Cesar* and his Friends in the *Asiatic* and *Egyptian* Taste: After which having dismissed their (*Evocati*) Veterans (who had served their due number of Campaigns) to their respective Colonies, and cantoned their other Forces up and down *Italy*; they took their way to the still starving Capital, to celebrate *Antony's* Nuptials with *Octavia*.

PEACE and *Marriage-Fests* have a good Appearance, and seem to speak the Prosperity of the Country where they prevail; but at *Rome* it was all *out-side* Gayety, confined to the Plunderers of the State. It was like the rioting of *Pirates* after they have murdered the Crew, and burnt or sunk the Vessel of the fair-Trader. The Mirth was false and feverish, breaking out in the Excesses of a brutal Soldiery; while intense and home-felt Misery was preying upon the Vitals of the Empire. For by the Defeat of *Lucius* and this Agreement between the Triumvirs, the *Expulsion of all the landed Gentlemen and incorporated Citizens*, and consequently the *Overtbrow* of PROPERTY up and down *Italy*, was finally *fixed down* and *ratified*; and the unhappy Nobility and Gentry who had re-entered to their Possessions under the Consul's temporary Protection, and escaped the PERUGIAN ALTAR, *must now think of their House and Home no more*. Then the Flame raised in the Country by civil War, and the levying Men for four or five different Armies, had put a stop to all *Tillage*, had unfurnished the *Pastures*, and laid every thing waste—Nor could Corn be *imported* by reason of POMPEY's Fleet—so that *Universal Famine* prevailed, and principally pressed unhappy *Rome*. At the same time, the late *Opposition*, and the Resort of the Republicans to LUCIUS' Standard, had revived the Spirit of the PROSCRIPTION; and the *Pompeians*,

as they affected to call the Friends of the Constitution, were still hunted-out and murdered by the Soldiers. We have a cruel Instance of this in the Person of the then Consul's Father-in-law.

QUINTIUS LUCIUS \* had been sacrificed by *Pollio* at the bloody Congress near *Bologna*; perhaps to keep *Plancus* and the *Triumvirs* in countenance, who gave up their nearest Relations. He had escaped the general Massacre, and lay concealed by his faithful Servants till the Consulship of LUCIUS ANTONY. But after his Defeat, finding no Safety in *Italy*, he endeavoured to get over to S. POMPEY, the Refuge of all the proscribed Nobility. With great difficulty he got aboard a Vessel to carry him to *Sicily*, being hotly pursued by the *Cæsarean* Troopers: but meeting with violent and contrary Winds, and a raging Sea; he was in hazard of being driven back, and falling into the hands of the *Russians*: He could not bear the Thought; but jumped overboard in Despair to end his Misery among the Waves.—

POLLIO, as I said, was one of the Generals who *trimmed* after *Cæsar's* Death, and made great Professions of public Spirit and Love of Liberty to *Cicero*. He went so far as to say, *That all who wished the Preservation not only of the Empire, but of the Roman Name, should run to destroy M. ANTONY, as they would to extinguish a Conflagration*; and that for his Part, he was resolved *neither to be wanting to the Republic nor to survive it*†. The Compliment therefore to his Memory by *Velleius* (or rather to his living Son *Asinius Gallus*) ‘ that *POLLIO*, firm to his Purpose—was always averse to the *Pom-*  
VOL. II. T t peian,

\* Πλάγῃ μὴ ὁ ἀδελφεὶς Πλάτιος, Ἀσίνῃ δὲ ὁ πινδύς Κῶντος ———— Δεινίῃ δὲ, ὁ Ἀσίνῃ, τῷ ὑπατιμένῳ τότε πινδύς, φεύγει διὰ θαλάσσης, — ἐξήλθῃσαν ἑαυτὸν εἰς τὸ πύλαρος: tho' I suspect we should read 'Οὐερτίδης in the last Clause, who was CONSUL during the Proscription.

† Res cogit huic tanto Incendio succurrere omnes, qui aut Imperium, aut Nomen denique POP. ROM. saluum esse volunt — Nam neque deesse, neque superesse REIP. volo.  
C. Asin. Poll. Lib. x. fam. Ep 33.

*peian*, and true to the *Cesarean Party*\*, is like the rest of that Writer's Flattery, paid *at the Expence of Truth*. It was happy for him that the young CICERO, now in *Sicily*, or his Father's Secretary *Tullius Tyro*, did not publish the Copies of those Letters now extant, which must have made him appear in a mean or odious light: For he was become, as it were, ANTONY's Prime Minister—Nothing of moment was done without him in *Italy*; and being naturally haughty and assuming, he seems to have treated CESAR and his Party with some *provoking Contempt*: For soon after this, the young Man, who wanted neither *Wit* nor *Ill-nature*; and whose late Composition against *Manius* and *Fulvia* had been applauded, not caring to meddle with *Antony's* great Friend in a *severer* way, sat down and ridiculed him in a *Lampoon*. It was a scurrilous sort of Verse they called *Fescennine*, which admitted the lewdest Jokes and coarsest Names. Had they been on equal Terms, no Youth had ever been better paid in the same Coin. POLLIO, among his other Talents, excelled both in Verse and Prose, and had a Fire of Fancy and Strength of Expression that animated both his Words and Writings. When just come of Age, and entered into his twenty second year, he impeached the violent head-strong Tribune, CAIUS CATO, a Cousin of the great MARCUS CATO; and prosecuted that Accusation with such Spirit and Eloquence, that the SPEECHES he then made and published, were read with admiration by Posterity†. Upon reading the young *Cesar's* Satyr, he paused a little, and then turning to his friends: I'll be silent, said he, with a Smile—for it is not proper to draw one's

Pen

\* ASINIUS POLLIO, firmus proposito, Julianis partibus fidus, Pompeianis adversus—  
LIB. II. §. 63.

† Altero et vigesimo anno ASINIUS POLLIO C. CATONEM eis orationibus insecutus est, quas hodieque cum admiratione legimus.

De CAUSIS cor. Eloq. DIALOG.

*Pen against the Man who with a dash of his can take off your Head\*.*

WHILE the Peace of *Brindisi* was negotiating, *Menodore* one of *Pompey's* Captains (who tho' a *freed-man* had been bred to War both by Sea and Land under his Father) made a Descent upon *Sardinia*. He was at first repulsed by *M. Lurius* the Governor; upon whom however he suddenly turned, defeated his Pursuer, and made himself master of the Island. This inflamed *Cesar's* hereditary hatred so much, that he would not consent to *Pompey's* being included in the *Brindisian Treaty*, and consequently increased the Famine at *ROME*. In the height of it, the Nuptials were celebrated; and *Octavia*, tho' pregnant, was married to *M. Antony*. His open Nature, and facility to take up and lay down Friendships, made him do a thing at this time which was not generally approved.

THE MAN who had hitherto done the young *Cesar* the greatest Services—who was his *first General*, and till of late had been his *prime Minister*, was undoubtedly *SALVIDIENUS RUFUS*. He was of the lowest Parentage, having kept Cattle when a Boy; but entering into *Julius Service*, and soon distinguishing his Capacity and Courage, he rose step by step, until he was entrusted with the Government of the young *Octavius* his Grand-Nephew, and apparent Heir. In the discharge of this high Trust, he gave Proofs of such a Genius for both Counsel and Action, that he was quickly advanced to the great Offices of the State, and was made *CONSUL* of *ROME* before he was a Member of the Senate—an Honour which before him had only happened to *Pompey the Great*, and to his young Master. This Person was ruined by an Error too incident to Men who have mounted aloft merely by *personal Merit*. He viewed too fre-

T t 2

quently

\* *Temporibus triumphalibus, Pollio, cum Fescenninos in cum Augustus scripisset: At Ego, inquit, taceo; non est enim facile scribere in eum qui potest proscribere. It is not proper to play the Scribe against the Man who can proscribe.*



quently those Talents that had raised him from the most abject Original to Honours and Employments of the highest rank : And in a course of Years, finding the *Stress* of Business to ly upon himself ; and at the same time considering, perhaps too attentively, the *Vices* and *Infirmities* of his Master ; he forgot that the highest Abilities must have a CAUSE to prosecute, and a *popular Pretence* \* to turn out to the Multitude. He first despised the Youth in whose Service he had grown great ; and being disgusted, I suspect, by the growing Power of *Mecenas* the new Favourite, he actually plotted *Cesar's* Ruin. Familiarity, they say, breeds Contempt † ; and Contempt of an Enemy or a Superior naturally throws us *off our guard*, and hurries us blindly into measures that lead to certain Ruin. After the Surrender of *Perugia* and the Acquisition of *Calemus's* Force, SALVIDIENUS was sent with the *Gros* of the Army into *Languedoc* and *Provence*, to disburden exhausted *Italy*. He was lying upon the Banks of the *Rhone*, when M. ANTONY come from *Greece*, had laid Siege to *Brindisi*, and when nothing but War was expected between him and *Cesar*. At that Crisis, did *Salvidienus* dispatch a trusty Servant to ANTONY, offering to desert to him with his whole Army, and to bring over likewise the better Part of the Legions under *Agrippa*. What Terms he required on his part, does

\* That great Party-Chief the CARDINAL DE RETZ said, he wanted a big blooming Figure of a Man, with a fine Head of flowing Hair, to play off as a Pageant upon the Multitude, and found it in the Person of the Duke of BEAUFORT. MEM. Liv. iv.

† BRUTUS and CESAR—! what should be in that *Cesar* ?  
 Why should that *Name* be sounded more than *yours* ?  
 Write 'em together—yours is as *fair* a Name :  
 Sound 'em—it does become the *Mouth* as well :  
 Weigh 'em—it is as heavy : Conjure with them—  
 BRUTUS will start a Spirit as soon as CESAR.  
 Now in the Name of all the Gods at once,  
 Upon what Meat does this same CESAR feed,  
 That he is grown so great——!

SHAKESPEAR.

does not appear : no doubt they would be proportioned to the nature of the proffered Service ; which, if successful, was the highest that Conjunction could possibly bear. This Letter *Antony* (having no occasion to answer it by the sudden Peace of *Brindis*) now betrayed, shall I say, or shewed to his new Brother-in-law, the young *Cesar*. A Courier was immediately dispatched to *Salvidienus*, desiring him to come in all haste, and receive Orders for a private Expedition which he was to undertake with the Army under his command. He, not suspecting that his Secret was discovered by *Antony*, instantly obeyed—came to *Rome*, was first arrested, and then openly accused by *Cesar* of Treason and Perfidy in the Senate, to whom he pretended to refer the Cause—*Salvidienus* was convicted by his Letter—condemned by the few remaining Fathers, and put to death without delay. He was more regretted by the Soldiers than Citizens ; and had such Interest with the Officers of his own Corps, that *Cesar* did not think fit to trust them any longer, but made over that whole Army upon the *Rhæne* to *M. Antony*. At the same time another great Man (if Wealth and Power can make one so) met with his Fate, who was still less regretted. It was *Manius Rosius*,—a shrewd, intriguing busy Fellow, whom *Antony* now sacrificed, apparently in consideration of *Cesar* (against whom he had instigated the Consul *Lucius*, and had a chief hand in raising the War), but in reality, because he had blown the Coals of Jealousy, and inflamed *Fulcia* upon *Cleopatra's* Story, and his passing the Winter with her at *Alexandria*.

MEAN TIME the Famine in *Rome* growing every day more intolerable, and the Spirits of the People being rather irritated than softened by the feasting of the Chiefs, there was a Necessity either to make Peace with *Pompey*, now all-powerful at Sea, or to open a Passage for the Import of Corn by destroying him. But neither of the *Triumvirs* had left themselves the means of carrying it on. Not only all the Money raised by the thousand lawless and cruel Methods they had taken, was gone ; but the  
very

very Funds from whence it was possible to raise more, were swallowed up. The *VETERANS* were an insatiate *Abyss* not to be filled; besides the high Luxury in which they and their Associates lived. They had recourse to their old Expedient before *Philippi*, and affixed a triumviral *EDICT*, imposing *one half* of the Slave-Tax, which all Masters had paid in *DCCXI*; so much a head for every Slave, and one *fifth* of all Legacies or Heritage. The *ROMAN PEOPLE* who found themselves reduced to Famine, not by any Punishment from Heaven or foreign Calamity, but by the Ambition and Discord of their own *Magistrates*, had often dared to insult both *Antony* and *Cesar* in the Theaters and public Places; calling them *Names*, and crying for Peace with *S. Pompey*: but at the sight of this new Imposition, they lost all patience—they went furious in a Body, and tore down the *EDICT*: and sharpened by Famine and Misery, began to reckon with these Rulers, and resume the Language of free-born Romans—*It was not enough*, they said, *for the Triumvirs to have emptied the public Treasury, to have plundered the Provinces, to have exhausted ITALY with Excises, Contributions and Forfeitures, and brought Famine on the City itself, if they did not strip them of the little Remains of their Living—and all this for no foreign War, or Acquisition of new Provinces to the Empire; but to satisfy their private Enmities, and to establish that tyrannical Power, for which they had made such havoc with Proscriptions, Banishments, Massacres and Famine, as almost to extinguish the Roman Name.* All the open Places of the City were filled with Crowds crying out for *Peace and Corn*, and throwing Stones at every Man they saw, who did not join them, with threats to come and burn his House. The whole *PEOPLE* seemed to be animated with the same Spirit, and on the brink of some great mischief; when *Cesar*, attended by some Friends and a few Guards, ventured to go among them to appease them. He had no time to sooth them, or make an Apology as he intended; for enraged at his first appearance, they began to pelt him and his Company with  
Stones

Stones and Dirt; nor were they to be softened by seeing him stand, and lay himself open to their Blows. ANTONY, informed of his danger, ran hastily to rescue him. As he came down *Holy-Street*, the Multitude did not pelt *him*, as thinking him willing to treat with *Pompey*; but desired him to retire; and only began to abuse him upon his Refusal. He had then recourse to his *Veterans*, and suddenly called in a Cohort that was lying without the City. The PEOPLE, in a vast Body, had occupied the whole Breadth of the *Holy-Street*, and would not make way for the Soldiers. They divided, and slipping in by the sides of the Piazzas, or making little circuits, they set upon the unarmed Multitude from the heads of Alleys and openings of Courts, cutting down the first Persons they met. The miserable Citizens, penned up on all hands, and unwieldy by their own numbers, had no means of Escape. Wounds, and Groans, and Murder raged in the *Roman Forum*. ANTONY hardly pushed thro' to his Colleague, and on this occasion, plainly saved his Life. When the Multitude was dispersed, the number of the murdered Citizens appeared so great, that the Soldiers were employed to take up the dead Bodies, and throw them into the *Tiber*. The horrid Shew they made, tumbling along, or stopping the Stream, raised a new Horror; while the brutal Veterans and most notorious Ruffians were busy stripping the best dressed, or carrying them off to spoil them at leisure. Thus ended the unavailing Attempt of starving the Citizens—and the Execration in which they held the Triumvirs encreased the growing Famine.

To soften it, and get the better of *Cæsar's* obstinate Aversion to *Pompey*, ANTONY called some of *Scribonius Libo's* Friends, and insinuated to them that it would be well taken, if *Libo* came over from *Sicily* to congratulate with the young Man upon their new Alliance; that it might perhaps produce some good effect, and that he himself would undertake for his Safety. *Libo* set sail with a Squadron of his Son-in-law's best Ships, arrived on the Coast of *Italy*, and dropped Anchor at *Inarime*,

one of the little Islands in the Bay of *Naples*. When this News reached *Rome*, the People again ran together, and with Cries and Lamentations conjured *Cesar* to send a safe Conduct to his Brother *Scribonius Libo*. He was forced to comply. On the other side they obliged *MUTIA*, *Pompey's* Mother, to make a Journey to *Naples*, to help forward the Peace, under pain of having her House burnt in *Rome*. Famine is deaf to all Entreaties, and knows no Respect of Persons. *Libo*, finding the *Triumvirs* distressed and disposed to listen to Terms, said, ' he could not take upon himself so important a Transaction; that the CHIEFS should meet *in person*, and settle among themselves the Terms of a lasting Peace.' This the *Roman* People by Threats and Violence likewise extorted from *Cesar*, and he and *ANTONY* took their way to *Baia*.

THE whole Nobility and Gentry about *POMPEY* with one Voice desired him to make Peace. His *Chef-d'Escadre*, *Ménodore* alone, wrote to him from *Sardinia*; either to push the War, or at least to protract it: That Famine would fight for them, and with a little Patience, procure them much better Terms—bidding him at the same time beware of *Statius Mureus*, whom he suspected of some ill design.

THIS great Person had with high dignity and sufficiency supported his Character as Admiral, and continued in the same uniform Conduct ever since he had joined with *C. Cassius* in *Syria*. No Change of Circumstances, no good or bad Fortune, had changed him: he was the same before the Conquest of *Rhodes* and after the Defeat at *Philippi*. *S. Pompey* had the misfortune of but an indifferent Education, either among *Soldiers*, in the Broils of the civil War, or amidst his own Freed-men and Slaves; wandering by Land or scouring the Seas. He had been but little in *Rome*,—was naturally keen and fiery, and had an unhappy Tincture of domineering. This made the noble Spirit of an independent *Roman* uneasy to him. He was in his Element among his Inferiors, and out of it with his Equals.

Being

Being therefore prejudiced against the steady *Murcus* before, this Letter from *Menodore* totally alienated him. *Murcus* was no more called to Council—retired to *Syracuse* in high discontent, as he had good reason, after bringing such an Army and Fleet to join *Pompey*. He was followed by some trusty Officers, under the Name of *Guards*, before whom he on purpose vented his Displeasure against their Master. They made a faithful Report; and POMPEY in passion basely and foolishly bribed a Centurion who had served under *Murcus* to make away with him; and then gave it out, that his unsufferable Pride had provoked his own Servants to kill him.

YET the Voice of the *Majority*, advising him to make Peace with the *Triumvirs*, prevailed. He sailed with vast Pomp from *Sicily* to the Bay of *Naples*, and displaying all his maritime Splendor, passed by *Pozzuolo* under the Eye of the *Triumvirs*. He took LIBO his Father-in-law on board—and next day a wooden Pier (if I may say so), or a Water-Scaffold, was erected in the Sea with great Piles driven into the Sand just off the Promontory, now Cape *Miseno*. Another of the same sort joined the Land's Point, with a pretty large Space of Sea between them; so that they must raise their Voices to be heard from one to the other. On these POMPEY and LIBO advanced on one side, and *Antony* and *Cesar* from the other. Their Interview was but short: POMPEY imagined that he was to be admitted as a Sharer in the Government of the Empire; and upon finding that they offered him nothing but what they called a PARDON, and Restitution of his private Fortune, he turned with LIBO, and walking into his Galley, left the *Triumvirs* to think of other Terms. Many Proposals were carried backwards and forwards by their common Friends. *Pompey* stood upon high Terms, and would probably have sailed away, if a Deputation from the illustrious Body of Senators and Knights that had put themselves under his Protection had not arrived, pressing him by all means to conclude a Peace. He was struck with the

Message—looked upon it as a sort of Desertion; and was so offended, and enraged that, they say, he laid hold of his Robe and tore it—complaining that he was betrayed *by the very Persons for whom he fought*, often calling upon *Menodore's* Name as the *able General* and the *firm Friend*. At the warm Instances however of his Mother *Mutia* and of *Scribonia* his Wife, he again met the Triumvirs on the Scaffolds erected in the Sea, tho' not without Guard-Ships, and Tenders full of Troops, lying all around them on their Oars. There they at length agreed upon the following Terms.

I. THAT SEXTUS POMPEY, Lord high-Admiral, should keep undisturbed Possession of *Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica*, with all the other *Islands* he then held, together with the *Peloponnesus* or *Morea*, only paying the yearly Quantity of Corn formerly enjoined by the Republic.

II. THAT the *noble Romans* under his Protection should be divided into *three* Classes: 1. Those condemned by the *Pedian* Impeachment for *Cesar's* Death: 2. Those who had been *proscribed* by the Triumvirs: and 3. Those who thro' fear had spontaneously fled from *Rome*. That the *first* should not return to the Capital, but live unmolested in any other part of the Empire: that the *second* should be restored to their Country, and to one *fourth* part of their Estates: and that the *third* should be reinstated in their *whole Fortunes*, their *Moveables* only excepted.

III. THAT all the Slaves who had enlisted in *Pompey's* Service should be emancipated; and declared *free-men*; and that all free-Men who had borne Arms under him should receive the same Premiums as the *Veterans* had received from the Triumvirs.

IV. THAT POMPEY should name any one of his Friends to the *Consulship* for the next year; and should be himself admitted a Member of the most sacred Order of the *Priests*.

ON THESE CONDITIONS, he was, on his Part;

V. To maintain Peace by Sea and Land with the Triumvirs, and especially to guarantee an open Sea; and that no Ship should be stopp'd carrying Corn or other Merchandize to ROME.

VI. He was forthwith to evacuate and withdraw his Garrisons from all the Towns, Forts and Havens which he possessed along the Coast of *Italy*, or in any other part of the Empire, except the Countries above mentioned: And

VII. He was immediately to send a certain number of Corn-Ships to *Rome*, and thenceforth receive no *fugitive Slave* into his Service.

THESE Articles were formally sworn, signed and sealed; and, as was the custom in solemn Transactions, were sent to *Rome* to be deposited in the custody of the *Vestal Virgins*. Then followed a new Scene of Rejoicing and Jollity. The three reconciled Chiefs, all on an equal footing, would leave it to Chance *who should entertain first*. They drew their Lots eagerly, when the first turn happened to fall to POMPEY—Well, said ANTONY in his open way, (who by the by had *Pompey's* fine House in *Rome* called the FLEET)—*and where are we to dine, pray?—Why where should you dine*, said SEXTUS, *but in my FLEET?* In the height of their Mirth after Dinner, *Pompey* was called out to the Antichamber, where he found *Menodore* newly arrived from *Sardinia*—Who drawing him aside with an Air of Secrecy and Importance, Now Sir! said he, *you have it in your Power at once to avenge your Great-Father and Brother's Deaths, and make yourself Master of ROME at a blow. You have the two Tyrants in your Power—Let me only cut the Cable, and carry you a little way out to Sea—I'll take care not a Soul of them shall escape—*

POMPEY paused—but was not long to seek for an Answer—! I wish, my Friend! You could have done that without acquainting ME. Were I *Menodore*, perhaps I might have thought as you do—But *Perjury* would ill become SEXTUS



POMPEY. *It must not be*—and so saying, he turned in to his Guests with the same Gayety in his Looks as before.

THE admirable FENELON, whom I always name with Honour, has, in his Dialogues of the Dead (writ with great Spirit and Knowledge of Characters) *refined* a little upon Pompey's Answer, and found out that the first part of it is not consistent with rigid Morality. Perhaps it is not: But are there not some Grains of Allowance to be made to great Men engaged in high Contests for Life and Honour, amid the Shocks of Fortune and Swirls of Passion that attend them? A Philosopher in his Closet, and a General at the head of an Army, or a Chief at that of a Party, have very different Points of view. The Conduct of Life in this respect resembles, methinks, that of a Poem. Perhaps no Poet ever composed from a *System*; or was worth the reading if he did. Carried along, or rather hurried away, by the Fire of his Fancy and the Lustre of Imagery dancing before his eyes, he indulges his Vein without regarding *Aristotle* or *Bossu*. In the same manner, if, amid the Convulsions of high Life, and mighty Struggles for Glory and Empire, the general Strain of a Chieftain's Conduct shew Magnanimity and a generous nature; we are not I doubt, to canvass it minutely by the Rules of refined Casuistry. From the whole Tenor of *Sextus's* Conduct, from the humane *Anti-triumviral* Proclamation which he nobly fulfilled, from his glorious Refusal to purchase the Empire of the World by *one* base Deed, may we not presume, that had he lived under the Common-wealth, and been happy in a *truly Roman* Education, he would have proved a Son not unworthy of POMPEY the GREAT? In *that* case the disingenuous *Tiberian Flatterer* would neither have had the *Impoliteness* of his Manners\*, nor the *Impropriety* of his Language, to have objected to him—as the liberal unconfined Virtue, of which he would have seen many Patterns in their *civil Contests*, would have  
set

\* Hic adolescens erat Studiis rudis, Lingua barbarus, Manu promptus, Cogitatione celer, Impetu strenuus, Fide, Patri dissimillimus. VELL. PATERC.

set him above the *little envious Piques* that now blemish his Character with the Blood of BITHYNICUS and of STATIUS MURCUS the *Cassian Admiral*.

AFTER a Tract of such terrible Calamities as for nine years had laid *Italy* desolate, *any sort* of PEACE was like a-favour from Heaven. Even the Soldiery, now pretty well satiated with Slaughter, if not with Plunder, wished for respite from Arms and a Settlement of the public Tranquillity—But, as private Alliances and Family-Relations were now the narrow Tyes that had come in place of *true Honour* and *public Spirit*; before the three Chiefs parted, their Friends and Officers wished them to *contract some Kindred* that might farther unite their Interests and consolidate the Peace. *Antony* and *Cesar* were sufficiently connected—but *Cesar* and *Pompey*, whom they chiefly suspected, had but slender Consanguinity—Neither of them had Children, at least that were marriageable—But *Cesar* had a Nephew, the noble *M. Marcellus*, now *Antony's* Son-in-law, whom they would have engaged by a Contract of Marriage to *POMPEY's* young Daughter *Pompeia*, tho' he was about twelve, and she scarce eight years of Age. It was comply'd with; the Parents plighted their mutual Faith; and the Contract was ratified amid Rejoicings, that from the adjoining Camps resounded throughout all *Italy*.

THIS is the famous Peace of *Misene*, which gave the first Breathing to the Empire from *Fire* and *Sword* and *Rapine*, since the lawless *CESAR* had passed the *Rubicon*, and involved Mankind in Confusion and Misery. After its Conclusion, and the alternate Feasting was over, the Chiefs separated. *SEXTUS* sailed back to his Islands; *ANTONY* set out for *Asia*, where his Presence was much wanted; and the young *CESAR* returned to *ROME*. Let us accompany him farther for a little; and we shall soon follow his Collegue into a busy Scene beyond Sea.

WHEN *Antony* came over from *Greece* to *Brindisi*, the greatest Man next to *ENOBARBUS*, who had graced his Train, and the excellent *Tiberius Ners*. He went to *Rome* with the

Triumvirs after the Peace of *Brindisi*, and could not miss being present at the Marriage-Ceremony. His young Wife was among the Ladies who attended *Octavia*, and there made such an Appearance, that in *Cesar*'s eyes, she effaced all the Women he had ever seen. She was indeed a striking awful Beauty,—not so sweet as *Octavia*, but tall and graceful, with a Look that commanded Respect and Love. We are left in the dark as to the manner in which *Cesar* made his first Addresses to her, and likewise of their Reception. He did not use to be *over-respectful* to the Ladies; and some Suspicions afterwards arose about this Commerce, which, it is hard to tell, whether they were well or ill founded. Certain it is, that he lived on *no good terms* with his new Wife *SCRIBONIA*: and if what *DION* says, be true, *that he sent her a Writ of Divorce that very day she had bore him a Daughter*; it shews an inhuman Hardness of heart on one hand, and a vast hurry to get rid of her on the other. He pretended that she was a perfect Shrew; that she had made him weary of his Life, and forced him to divorce her by the *Perversity of her Manners*: But others said it was for having too freely complained of the *Power and Influence of his new Mistress*. Mean time a Message, very ticklish to deliver, and very cruel in its Import, was sent to *Tiberius Nero*; ‘That *Cesar* was in love with his Wife: and would take as it a singular Obligation, if he would willingly resign her.’ We know the Fetch which *Hortensius* used in making a Proposal of the same sort to *Cato*, by first asking his Daughter, the famous *Porcia*, then *Bibulus*'s Wife, *before* he mentioned his own Wife *Marcia*, whom he wanted and obtained. We also know the Art employed by the discreet Physician *Erasistratus*, in procuring *Stratonice* from *Seleucus* the father, to save the Life of *Antiochus* the son—But I can find no accounts either of who was employed to go upon this invidious Errand, or with what Delicacy it was managed. The young Tyrant's general Conduct makes me apt to think there has been more *Terror* than Persuasion applied to obtain

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obtained Nero's Consent. It would be insinuated to him, *'that he was extremely obnoxious, having been not only in Arms with LUCIUS against CESAR, but continued in them obstinately after his Defeat—that it would cost the Triumvir but a Word to make LIVIA a Widow, and at liberty to marry whom she pleased: that it would be no hard matter for him to find another Wife,—and much better do that with a good Grace, which, if refused, might have terrible consequences.'*—It amounted in effect, either to a shocking *Act of Power*, to tear Man and Wife asunder against both their Wills—or to a *secret Insinuation* (fraught with *Poison* to a Lover), that the Lady was content to *change* him for the Triumvir. However it were, the injured Nobleman resolved to put the best face on it, and make a Deed, extorted by the Awe of twelve Legions, appear as it had been voluntary. He not only consented to give up *Livia* to *Cesar*, but acted the Parent, and as if she had been his Daughter, delivered her out of his hand to the new Husband. But it is strange, the *Lady's* Behaviour all this while was so nicely tempered, and she had such Command not only of her *Words* but *Looks*, that it was impossible to guess whether it were *Power* that forced her, or *Love* that gently led her to *Cesar's* Arms.—Uncommon Art at *eighteen*! There was another unusual Circumstance in the Marriage. The Lady was about six months gone with Child—and so impatient was *Cesar*, that he would not wait the Time of the Birth, but would have the Ceremony instantly performed, and the Bride brought home with her big Belly. I am not apt to suspect either of them to have been troubled with *Qualms of Conscience*; but perhaps *Decency* required, that the Scruple arising from her Pregnancy should be publicly removed.

THE COLLEGE of AUGURS, the most solemn in *Rome*, was a mixed Institution, partly political, and partly divine: but the grand Assembly of the PRIESTS, consisting of several Colleges, had:

had the supreme Direction of religious Ceremonies\*. They prescribed the sacred Rites at *Games, Processions, Sacrifices, Consecrations, Expiations*, and every sort of divine Worship—*Marriage-Rites* too were of their resort, and dubious Cases were referred to their Decision. The CHIEF-PRIEST, or in his absence his *Suffragan*, was now desired to call an Assembly; when a Question was gravely laid before them, and an Answer required in *Cesar's Name*; *Whether a Woman, with Child by her Husband, could be lawfully married to another Man before Child-birth?* The Solution was worthy of the Difficulty. After mature deliberation, they gave it as their Opinion, like true Casuists, *that if it were a doubtful Case, whether the Lady were pregnant or not, it would be an illicit Marriage; but as it was certain and confessed, that she was with Child to her present Husband, nothing hindered her being married to another.*—Whether this Step proceeded from Anxiety in the fond *Cesar* to have the Marriage quite legal, that there might be no room for ever questioning its Validity, or from the same derisory Temper that contrived the *Supper of the Gods*, as a suspicious Author insinuates†, is a dubious Point; but we need not doubt either of the Convocation of Divines answering in the *Affirmative*, or of their having afterwards one of those exquisite Suppers, elegantly served with the richest Wines that were famous to a Proverb‡.

WHEN the Company was sat down to the Nuptial-Feast, a little Accident hapened that must have created some Uneasiness

\* MAJORES nostri statas solennesque Caeremonias PONTIFICUM Scientia; bene gerendarum rerum Auctoritates, AUGURUM observatione explicari voluerunt. VALER. MAX. LIB. I. Cap. 1.

† Consulti per ludibrium Pontifices.

TACIT.

‡ PONTIFICUM potiore COENIS.—

HORAT.

One of their Bills of Fare is preserved by *Macrobius*, and translated by Dr. Arbuthnot.

finess. To understand it thorowly, we must remember that the Ancients did not *sit* at their Meals as we do, but *lay on Couches* set round the Table, leaning on their left Elbow \*; and these Couches were commonly large enough to contain *two* or *three* Guests †. Their late Dining after all the fatigues of the day, and after using the Bath, invited them in a warm Climate to that Indulgence. But such was the original Severity of the *Roman* Manners, that tho' the *Men*, fatigued with rustic or military toils, were allowed a Couch; the *Wife* and *Daughters* sat on *Chairs* at their feet. We may believe this Custom would not be of long continuance. It was sacredly preserved in the *Feasts* of the Gods, where a Chair was carefully set for *Juno*, at the foot of *Jupiter's* Bed of State: But it wore out among *MEN*, who soon invited the Ladies to take a share of the Couch ‡. They dined therefore laid by pairs, a Gentleman and a Lady (commonly Husband and Wife) on the same *Settée*.

ANOTHER ancient Custom necessary to be known, was to have a pretty prating Boy, from three to seven years of age, dressed out like a *Cupid*, without other Covering than Bracelets and Flowers in his Hair, going about in a great Company, and by his Sallies enlivening the Conversation ||. One of these was at the Marriage-Feast, who knew both *Tiberius* and his *Wife*. As he was roving from Couch to Couch, he came to the

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Bride

\* *Et Cubito remanete pressis.*

HORAT.

† There were usually *three* of them in a Dining-Room; whence its Name *TRICLINIUM*; and the Table was open before, in the Form of a Horse-Shoe, to give easy access to the Servants.

‡ *Fœminæ (olim) cum viris cubantibus sedentes cœnitabant—quod genus severitatis ætas nostra diligentius in CAPITOLIO, quam in suis domibus servat.*

VAL. M. Lib. II.

|| It was *such* a Boy who took the Tyrant *COMMODUS's* Pocket-Book ornamented with Jewels, from under his Pillow, and carried it to *MARTIA* his Mistress. She read her own Name in the Dead-List, and formed the Conspiracy that destroyed the degenerate Prince.

HERODIAN.



Bride and Bridegroom's; and seeing *Livia* lying by *Cesar*, where he imagined she had no business, with a Boy's pertness he laid hold of her gown—and, *Madam!*—said he, *what have you to do there?—that is not your Husband—yonder is your Husband, Ma-* dam! (pointing to *Tiberius*) *on the other side—go and lie down by* HIM. And since I am got into this familiar Strain, let me tell another curious Story from a grave Author.

ONE day, after *Tiberius* had given his Consent, and the Marriage-Contract was passed, while *LIVIA* was sitting in the Garden, an Eagle came soaring over her head, and dropped a Hen, milk white and unhurt, into her Lap. The Wonder increased, when upon a closer inspection, she perceived the Bird held a Twig of Laurel loaded with Berries in its Bill. The *Aruspices* (something better than our Fortune-tellers) were consulted of course—and they ordered the Hen and her Brood to be carefully preserved, and the Twig to be planted in a proper Soil: both which were duly performed in *Cesar's Villa* upon the *Tiber* nine miles from *Rome*, on the *Flaminian Way*, where the white Hen's Race so increased, that it gave the Name of THE POULTRY to the *Villa*, and the Bay-Twig shot forth so strongly, that *Cesar* at his first Triumph took his Crown of it, and a Branch to hold in his hand, which was a Precedent to the succeeding *Cesars* on the like occasions \*. This was not the only Omen of future Greatness that had happened to *Livia* †; but such Stories would require Readers equally persuaded of their Truth and Sanctity as she was, to be now worth repeating.

NOT quite three Months after Marriage, she was delivered of her second son, who was immediately sent to *Tiberius* his reputed Father: But there was a Pasquinade put up in a *Greek* Proverb, much repeated by the Jokers,

ΤΟΙΣ ΕΤΤΥΧΟΤΕΙ ΚΑΙ ΤΡΙΜΗΝΑ ΠΑΙΔΙΑ.

Happy Men have *three-months-Children*.

And

\* PLIN. Hist. Nat. LIB. XV. C. p. 30.

† SUTTON. TRANQ. in TIBERIO § 14.

And indeed the ardent Affection which *Cæsar* discovered on all occasions for this Youth, did not bely their Suspicions. Neither were they diminished by the untimely Death of the noble *NERO*, which trod upon the heels of this Birth. His Resolution and Learning \* (in which he had made great Progress) might support him for a while, and enable him to go thro' the public Ceremony of delivering over his beautiful Wife with a good grace—But if he *really* loved her, I am afraid they would fail in private. There the Thoughts of the *cruel Indignity*,—of the public Affront, proclaimed to the utmost Limits of the Empire, has, I doubt, sunk deep into his Heart; and no hopes of better Times, nor prospect of Redress appearing, has at last thrown him into melancholy, and cut short the days of the most promising Nobleman in *Rome*.

THE CITY, meanwhile, and indeed, *all ITALY* was transported with a Joy which they had not tasted for many years. It was raised not only by the Prospect of Peace, and Delivery from the terrible Hardships they had been groaning under, but principally by *the Sight of so many illustrious Persons returned in safety to the Capital*. It was the great Company of *Senators, Knights, and eminent Commoners*, who had taken Refuge in *Sicily*, and were now restored to their Country, if not to their Fortunes, by the Peace of *Miscno*. Weary of Exile, and after the *Death of Statius Murcus*, suspicious of *POMPEY*, they first pressed him, as I said, to prefer *any Terms* to a Continuance of the War; and upon the Conclusion of the Peace, they came hastily to take leave of him before he sailed from *Pozzuolo*, and from thence steered directly for the Mouth of the *TIBER*. At the sight of this illustrious Body, the *Roman* People seemed in hazard of running mad with Joy: Nothing but sacrificing, feasting, and Shouts of gladness were to be seen or heard thro' *Rome* all that night—and upon their appearance next day in the *Forum* and *Senate* the same Scene was renewed.

THE Chief Patricians then restored were *Cn. Calphurnius Piso*, *L. Scribonius Libo*, *M. Tullius Cicero*, *L. Sergius Galba* the son, *M. Junius Silanus*, *Q. Pompeius Sabinus*,—*C. Sentius Saturninus*, *L. Arruntius* the son and *C. Titius* the father, married to *Minatia*, *Plancius*' sister, with a great Train of inferior Names—The very Ruins of a magnificent Fabric are stately : half an Arch standing shews the *Portico* ; a Cornish determines the *Pillar*, and a maimed Trunk (like *Michael Angelo*'s School) points out the Proportions of the exquisite *Statue*. But of all human Productions, the most glorious political Structure that ever was reared, was that of the ROMAN CONSTITUTION and EMPIRE. The Men it formed in its purity, were more than Mortals—the Members of its *Senate* were above *Princes* ; and its *People* an Assembly of HEROES. *Traces* of that Heroism, (*Features* of an *ancient Roman*) were still carried down, thro' all the Corruption of Manners, to those of their Descendants that were Friends to Liberty and the Common-Weal. THESE now returning,—the few surviving Sons of their eminent Patriots, put the PEOPLE (who had been *terribly* chastized for their Corruption and Venality) almost *besides themselves*, and gave them some small glimpse of Hope, that they might yet live to see LAW and JUSTICE remount their Throne. Some other Changes to the better, contributed likewise to raise their Expectations. For from this period, the TRIUMVIR'S Family began to assume something of the appearance of a *regular COURT*. Hitherto it had been rather the Slaughter-House of a Tyrant, or at best the Head-Quarters of a General, than the peaceful Residence of a supreme Magistrate. But his Cruelty being glutted, his Ambition so far satisfied, and being now soothed in his Love, the *young CESAR* began at last to *relent*, and to mould both his Temper and Conduct to an apparent Civility. I cannot say he has the sole Merit of the Change : for about this time (in DCCXV.), a grand Design was set on foot by his Ministry, and principally by the Favourite, MECENAS, a man of *real Humanity*. It was no less than to *subdue* and *re-model* the



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the PRINCE HIMSELF; and never did an ambitious, headstrong Youth stand more in need of it. From his tender years he had been brought up in view of his Uncle's usurpation and violence: The *News* he would hear, and the *Conversation* he would be entertained with at School, would be the Battles of *Pharsalia* and *Thapsus*—the Deaths of CONSULS, PRETORS, and noble Romans cut off by *Cesar's* Sword. He had himself dipp'd deep in *Disimulation*, in *Treachery*, in *Massacre* and *Executions*: He had for a tract of time been plundering, banishing, and murdering every good Man, every Friend to Liberty he could lay hands on; and was living at the same time in all the licentiousness of absolute Power. Such a Leader was in great hazard of growing into a *brutal Monster*—*delighting in Carnage and human Misery*. To reform him was no ordinary Enterprize; nor could it have been committed to better Hands.

CILNIUS MECENAS was of the highest Nobility, being descended, as it was given out, of the ancient *Tuscan* Kings. He was perhaps the Man of the greatest *Address* of that, or of any age. It required not half his Sagacity to perceive the slippery Ground or rather Precipice on which his Master stood—but scarce a Minister among a thousand would have thought of the proper way of saving him—*Contradiction* and *Austerity* would have only landed in his own Disgrace—*Mecenas* artfully assumed a quite different Character; and a Train of Life, the farthest, at first sight, from his real Design. He chose to appear *sunk in Sloth and Effeminacy*: he came abroad in an odd negligent Garb, between dress and *deſhabille*:—when he went to the *Forum* or *Senate*, he had not mettle enough to keep his *Robe tight*, but let a Corner of it trail on the ground: and tho' Lieutenant-General, instead of two *Tribunes*, or at least two *Lictors*, he appeared in all public places attended by two *Eunuchs*:—as we may all remember to have seen a great and generous Peer of our own Country appear, I cannot say in Parliament, but at the *Play-house* and *Opera*, without other Attendants than two *Negro-Boys*.

THESE

THESE Manners, and this strange *Stile of Life*, served two great Purposes. People had been terrified with the *first Part* of CESAR's Conduct; and no wonder: The horrid *Inscriptions*, the Massacre at *Philippi*, and the *Perugian Altar* streaming with Blood, were terrible Specimens of his Nature. He was generally believed to be *barbarous*, *merciless*, and *domineering*—and this Character bore a very malign Aspect upon their Affairs. The sagacious Minister perceived it, and artfully *eluded* its pernicious effects by turning the eyes of the Public upon his *own Peculiarities*. For the rest of his Retinue was of a piece with his Eunuchs—his House was full of *Musicians*, *Players* and *Buffoons*; and his Domestics had all some Oddity or Quaintness that marked them for *his*—Could *harsh Measures* or violent Counsels proceed from a Minister of *such* a Turn?—every thing about him shew'd the same Whim, and the same Supineness—his Closet was adorned with Trinkets and Rarities—It was stored with precious Ointments, Balsams, Perfumes, Essences, and all the Implements of Luxury. Could a Man employed in procuring and enjoying *such* things, be hatching Mischief, or contriving Cruelty?—This then was the *Face* which MRCENAS' Negligence and Luxury wore to the Public: his Equipage, his Dress, his Manners, were so many *Antidotes* to his Master's Barbarity—they were *Palliatives* of the Poison which *Cesar's* Insult and Perfidy had infused into Men's Minds; and a more effectual Strain of Politics than *Alcibiades'* cutting off his favourite Dog's fine Tail, to give the *Athenians* something else to talk of than his private Behaviour.

BUT the same Delicacy about his Person, and *Leisure* of Life and Dress, was not ill Policy even *with the Prince himself*. He could never be *afraid* of a Minister sunk in Pleasure: nor ever suspect him of forming intersticed or ambitious Designs to his prejudice. It is with these sort of People that *Palaces* are most at *their ease*, and with whom they turn *freest familiars*. What such a one says is *without consequence*: his whims are

powerful

graceful Slips give handles for joking, and procure him the important Privilege of saying *serious* things *in Jest*, and throwing in a well-timed Reproof in the height of Raillery. For an easy careless Man—or employing his transient Cares in gratifying a *Taste*, is seldom suspected of ill-nature. The negligent undesigning Air with which he speaks and acts, makes all he says be favourably received, because of its apparent *Simplicity*.

CESAR had however entrusted this singular Person with the sole Government of *Rome* and of *Italy* in his absence \*. Among his Mother *ATIA*'s Jewels, he found *two curious Seals*, cut to so exquisite a Likeness that there was no distinguishing their Impressions. It was a *Sphinx*, the *Egyptian Emblem of Wisdom and Power*. One of these he left with *Mecenas*, and carried the other himself; that whatever Letters or Edict it should be proper to write or publish in his Name, the Minister might make them *authentic* without delay; the Seal of the Ancients being equivalent to our Subscription. It is so still in the *eastern* Countries; and the single Ceremony of creating the greatest Minister on Earth, whom I take to be the *Vizir-azem* (or Grand Substitute) at the Porte, is the Sultan's delivering his *SEAL* into his hands. But *MECENAS*'s *own Seal* had now the *Triumviral Power* annexed to it, and came in room of a *Decree* of the Senate, or *Vote* of the People. Of his own plenary Authority, by his simple letter he could order any Nobleman in *Rome*, or any Inhabitant, great or small, throughout *Italy*, to pay the Sum of Money, at which he thought proper to tax him for the public Service.—So that the sight of his Seal, importing an uncontrollable Order for the imposed Rate, threw every Man who received his Letter into a Fit of Trembling. This tremendous Seal bore the mean Image of a *Frog* †.

PEOPLE.

\* Caeterum AUGUSTUS bellis civilibus CILNIUM MAECENATEM, equestris ordinis, cunctis apud Romam atque Italiam praeposuit. TACITUS.

† In magno terrore erat Maecenatis RANA propter collationem Pecuniarum.



PEOPLE are more frequently provoked by *Insult* and an overbearing manner than by the *Substance* of an Injury. I believe the Inhabitants of the once flourishing City of ANTWERP were not more irritated by the heavy Taxes levied upon them than by the sight of the odious *Statue* of their Governor, the haughty DUKE OF ALVA, which represented him *trampling the Provinces under his feet*\*. There is no greater Address in handling thorny Affairs; than intermixing some *Circumstances of Alleviation*—some Oddity; to draw off the Attention of the Sufferers from the substantial Severity, and soften it by a sort of Amusement. In this view, MECENAS's loose Dress and Manners served a good end, in soothing or diverting an oppressed People. But he wanted great *Assistance* to accomplish his purpose upon the PRINCE himself, which he partly procured, and partly found provided already.

EVER since the Conquest of *Macedon* and *Greece*, a Custom had been introduced into ROME, that there was no great Family without a *learned Grecian* in it, who was a Companion to the Master, and a Governor to his Children. The great *Emilian* SCIPIO had in his House the Author of the most exact, instructive and masterly view of human Affairs that I know now extant, the incomparable POLIBIUS. POMPEY the Great, upon a Trial of THEOPHANES, his Companion's Abilities, raised him first to be his *Secretary*, and then his *prime Minister*. The magnificent LUCULLUS had ANTIOCHUS from *Ascalon*, CICERO had APOLLONIUS from *Rhodes*, and M. CATO had ATHENODORE, called *Cordylus*. Even JULIUS CESAR stole some time from War, Politics and Love, his usual Occupations, to bestow it upon *Agatharchides* the *Gnidian*, and *Artemidore* his Son. Their Profession was WISDOM and KNOWLEDGE, or in other Words, Morality

\* *Effigies armata,—pede statuas ex aere duas premens, hoc est duos è tribus Belgii ordinibus, NOBILITATEM POPULUMQUE :—quod Simulacrum, mirum quantum omnium odio invidiaque spectatum sit.*

Morality and Learning. Their Lives and Conduct were Patterns of the first, and their Writings and Conversation were adorned with the other. When these were once admitted into great Families, with vast Dependencies, they soon introduced a number of their Countrymen, learned like themselves, to be Sub-Preceptors, and lay the foundations of higher Proficiency. By this means, the *Grecians* came in process of time to have the *Roman Education* wholly in their hands: for both *Life* and *Learning* had been polished in *Greece*: and, after many Trials and much Emulation between the free independant States, had been *truly proved*, and brought to a STANDARD. The *Romans* were moulded to nothing but War and the Maxims of Government; which gave them a rude domineering turn, that had great need of the finer Arts to soften and civilize it.

THE young *Cesar* had been bred under APOLLODORE, a Native of *Pergamus*, recommended, I suppose, by his Townsman *Mithridates*, JULIUS CESAR's Favourite\*. *Apollodore* was an able Master in his Profession, which was Eloquence. He had reduced it to its first Principles, and from thence he drew certain *Rules* of Composition, so much admired and followed, that he became the Head of a Sect called the *Apollodorean*†. With him *Cesar* was reading the *Grecian* Orators at *Apollonia*, when he received the News of his Uncle's Death, and brought him over-sea with him to *Rome*, where *Apollodore* still continued in his Family. CESAR had an admirable Genius for that kind of Learning, had made great Progress, and consequently loved his Preceptor—happy for him and for his Country, had he equally profited under his *Master in Morals*! It was the famous ATHENODORE of the same Name and Country with *Cato's* Companion, (being both *Tarshians*) but younger, and commonly designed by his Father's Name, *Sandon*. He was one of the wisest and best Men of the Age—a true genuine Stoic—not in

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\* See pages 27, 214, of this Vol.

† Ab hoc *est* *Apollodorea* inter Rhetores initium sumpsit.

our abusive Sense of the Word ; but in a firm Persuasion that HONOUR and HAPPINESS are inseparable, and in a Life steadily conducted by that divine Principle. How much of the *Theory* of his Philosophy the Youth might have learned before his Campaign at *Modena*, would be hard to determine—but never did Scholar more disgrace its *Practice*. *Balbus*, and *Matius*, and *Segulius Labeo*, with *Salvidienus* and the *Cæsarean Swordsmen*, proved too many for *Athenodore*, who had scarce seen him, except by starts, and when he was sick, from his meddling with Affairs till a little before his Marriage with *LIVIA*. He now lived at Court ; and *Cesar*, who had sense enough to perceive that Virtue in another which he did not practise himself, treated him with particular respect.

ABOUT nine Months\* after *HORATIUS FLACCUS* had been introduced to *Mecenas*, and obtained his Pardon for taking Command under *BRUTUS*, he was sent for by the Minister, and after a very gracious Reception, was desired to look upon himself as one of his Friends, and to frequent his House accordingly. I believe *VARIUS* and *VIRGIL* have not only renewed their good Offices in his favour, but have shew'd *Mecenas* some of those early *Poems*, which *HORACE* ingenuously owns *Poverty* put him upon writing after the Forfeiture of his small paternal Estate, when he had not a House to cover his Head. Upon a farther Acquaintance, that great Man found this Youth's Learning so wide, his Wit so lively, and his Manners so agreeable, that by degrees he became a kind of Domestic, and outstripp'd his Introducers in his Patron's Favour ;—But untainted with Ingratitude, and above Envy (the meanest of Passions) he preserved a true Sense of his Obligations, and endeavoured to acquit them to the utmost of his power, by doing justice to the superior Merit of his valuable Friends.

LET us imagine the House of a first Minister, not only frequented by mere men of Business, who must be there of

course,

Nonno revocas post mense, jubesque  
Esse in Amicorum numero

HORAT. Sat. vi.

course, but like the great JOHN Earl of SOMERS's, filled with Men of Wit and Learning, and these kept to pass the Evening, instead of \* \* \* \* and Cards: and we will have some Idea of *Mecenas's* Company—some *Notion* of those easy hours

—*pass'd in sweet Follies—Frailties to be seen*

*By Friends alone, and Men of generous Minds\*.*

There was *Cornelius Gallus*—there was *C. Valgius*—there was *C. Fundanius*, *Plotius Tucca*, *Varius*, *Virgil* and *Horace*, intermixed with Tribunes—Clerks of the Treasury, and the Philosophers just mentioned. But among these, the Minister seemed particularly to distinguish a Man of equal Worth and Knowledge with *Athenodore*, but professing a milder Philosophy, and more adapted both to the Sweetness of his own Temper, and to the then prevailing Manners. It was *AREIUS* the *Platonist*, a Native of *Alexandria*, who had escaped the Infection of Luxury in that lewd Town, but had taken a Tincture of Elegance in his Language, Dress, and Behaviour, that fitted him for living in a Court.

THIS was the Posture of public Affairs, and the Court wore this face, when the great Design of *taming the savage CESAR* was set on foot by *MECENAS*.—his Pride was to be abated, his Passions allay'd, and he brought to a proper *SENSE* of *Humanity*. To compass it gently, and almost imperceptibly, the *Men of Letters* were pitched upon as the fittest Instruments; who, by the help of the *Muses*, could at once *sooth and instruct*; and unambitious themselves, could give *unsuspected* Lessons of Moderation to their Master. It is as hard to persuade a Leader of a victorious Army, that *Force* alone cannot do every thing, as for a very rich Rogue not to think that *Fraud* is the way to Wealth; and that *Wealth* and *Happiness* are one and the same thing. To undeceive the *Leader of the Veterans* on this grand point, to give him a Subject whereon to *meditate*, and draw salutary Conclusions—to turn his Views from the *Fierceness* of the *Cesarean* Legions to the *POWER* of *Wisdom*, *Justice*, and *Clemency*; the art-

ful HORACE was employed to write, in a Strain untried in *Rome*\*, those striking Odes to CLEO, and the Sister-Muses that are Master-pieces of Lyric Poetry. They seem in themselves wild and incoherent—rambling from image to image, taking the masque of Fable, and shewing their real Face but by starts: but viewed in this light, they discover the most refined Address and the deepest Morality.

THE real POINT OF VIEW, once found out, diffuses lustre over all the Prospect. Let us take one or two of this new Favorite's first Performances, that seem filled with fabulous Stuff for the Amusement of Boys; and try them by this Touch-stone, whether they be Wisdom's genuine Children.

I take the second Ode of Book I. to be among the Poet's first Productions after his Introduction to Court, and one of the first that would be put into *Cesar's* hands by his wise and learned Minister. In it every thing is represented as in the most dreadful Disorder. 'Jove, enraged at a corrupt World, darts his red Thunder, and threatens the Earth with Tempests, Inundations, and Desolation. ROME—unhappy ROME is like to be overwhelmed. The *Tiber* scorns his Banks, and sweeps away the *Palladium*† of the Empire: But chief the bloody CIVIL WAR has robbed her of her Sons—whose thin Remains must at once hear of the Battles and Crimes of their Parents,—of the Swords, designed to chastize the *Parthians*, plunged into *Roman* Breasts. What is to be done in this public Distress? the *Empire* threatens *Ruin*—*Vesta* is deaf to their Prayers—what God must they implore?—whom will Jove employ to expiate the public Guilt—to retrieve the sinking State? Shall they call upon

\* Libera per vacuum posui vestigia, *Princeps*;  
Non aliena meo pressi pede——

† Ite dejectum Monumenta REGIS  
Templaque VESTAE.

HORAT.

In the burning of ROME under NERO, says Tacitus, Vetustissima religione, Templum quod Servius Tullius *Lunae*, et magna Ara Panumque quae praesenti *Herculi* Arcas *Evander* sacraverat, Aedesque Statoris Jovis vota *Romulo*, NUMAEQUE REGIA et DELUBRUM VESTAE, cum PENATIBUS Pop. Rom. exustae. Lib. xv.

‘ upon the sooth-saying *Apollo*?—will *Mars* or *Venus* have mercy  
 ‘ on their own Progeny? No—it will rather be *Maia*’s winged  
 ‘ Son, who is come to Earth in the figure of a *Youth*, and con-  
 ‘ descends to pass for the AVENGER of JULIUS-CESAR. Long  
 ‘ may he stay among Men! long may he be the *Parent* and Pro-  
 ‘ tector of the *Roman* People! and instead of intestine Broils,  
 ‘ turn his Sword against the insulting Enemies of the Empire!’

I will ingenuously own, that in the heat of Youth, I could not read this ODE without some Emotions of Indignation: An Officer of *M. Brutus* to-sawn upon the young *Cesar*!—to compliment him upon prosecuting the deserved Death of a Tyrant, was a Strain of Complaisance I could not digest. But upon a closer Survey, and due Consideration of Circumstances, I admire the Poet’s Art, and approve his Intention. Let any one capable of judging, take the Original in his hands, he will perceive the greatest Address and Delicacy. No doubt, says the artful Poet, the killing *Cesar* was a Crime——But *Ilia*, his Progenitress, carries her Resentment *too far*—Jove does not *approve* of it—he means not to extinguish the *Roman* Name—and has sent *Mercury* in the figure of *Cesar* to preserve it. Let us not injure HORACE so far as to imagine, that he flattered for any *mean* Interest of his *own*: that he wanted Favours from *Cesar* either for himself or his Friends; and renounced his Honour and Patriot Principles to obtain them. No—he refused Favours—he flattered for the PUBLIC GOOD—to reform a Prince who had the Lives of thousands in his power—an *End* which in *so far* justifies the Means, and which alone can free Flattery from the lowest Imputation..

NOT long after, the Poet took up a higher Strain. He addresses the Muse, in a Stroke borrowed from a *Grecian* Bard, with a Question, What Man, Hero or God, she chose to sing?\*

He

Quem virum aut Heroa, lyrâ vel acri

Tibiâ fumes celebrare CLIO——

Quem Deum——?

Ἀναξιδόμουλτος, ὕμνος

Τίνα ΘΕΟΝ, τίς ἩΡΩΑ

Τίνα δ’ ἈΝΔΡΑ κηλαδίζουσιν.

ΠΡΩΤ. ΟΔ. 6.

He singles out the Gods; who by their *Wisdom* as well as their *Power* have the chief Government of the Universe; and enumerates the great Men whose Virtues had raised *Rome* to be Head of the World. Among these M. CATO, *Cesar's* mortal Enemy, is not forgot—then after a Compliment to the noble *Marcellus*, and a nicely concealed one to *Cesar* himself, he again addresses almighty Jove——

THOU God and Guardian of the human Race!

Fulfil the FATES immutable Decree——

To guard great CESAR; and assign his Place,

To rule th' obedient World, under THEE.

WHETHER he quell th' insulting *Parthian's* Pride,

And bind them Captives in a *Roman* Chain;

Or in just Triumph o'er the *Indians* ride,

And to the eastmost Ocean, glorious reign——

To THEE submissive—and like THEE, all just,

With mildest Sway, he the wide World shall rule;

While thy dread Thunder crushes into dust

Th' unhallowed Grove—and shakes the starry Pole.

Of a different Nature, were the Instructions of *ATHENODORE*. He was a Man of Spirit, to whom his Virtue gave a Dignity and Weight that allowed him to take great Liberties with his Pupil. Whether before or after his Marriage, I know not (for he did not suddenly reform \*), *Cesar* had forced a Lady to give him an Affignation. Men in high Stations can have no Secrets of that kind. Witness the whole Train of *LEWIS XIV's* Amours, whose smallest Circumstances are better known than any private Man's who has writ his own Adventures. *ATHENODORE* had often honestly warned the wild Youth not only of the

*Infamy*

\* Circa Libidines hæsit.

SUETON. in Octav.

*Infamy* but of the *Danger* of such an unworthy Commerce. He had paid no regard to his Admonitions; when having been either informed by the prating Servants, or his Assistance perhaps implored by the reluctant Lady, he bethought himself of an Expedient to put an end to this involuntary Intriguing. At the appointed hour, he stepp'd himself into the Chair; was brought with close-drawn Curtains to *Cesar's* Apartment, who came hastily to receive the fair one into his Chamber—when of a sudden *Athenodore* sprang out with a drawn Sword in his hand, which he pointed at his Throat. The Remedy was harsh; but adapted, we may believe, to the Disease. What Resentment *Cesar* might express immediately after the Fright, is not related: but to his honour, this severe Reproof encreased his Esteem, and Confidence in his Master.

NOR did *Mecenas* himself refuse to bear a Part, and indeed the chief one, in humanizing the merciless *Cesar*. He was seated one day on his Tribunal, judging capital Causes of a good number of unfortunate Gentlemen arraigned for the *Offences of the Times*—for having born arms under *Brutus*—for having expelled the Veterans with *Lucius*, or risen with *Tiberius Nero*. Some of them *Cesar* had already condemned, and there was little doubt what would become of the rest; when *Mecenas*, whether by chance or design, dropped into the Court. It was extremely crowded; and quite impossible to approach the Tribunal. He took out his Tablets, wrote a Sentence in them, put his Seal upon the silken Cord that tied them, and desired them to be handed to the Judge. *Cesar* opened them and read this small Sentence.

SURGE JAM TANDEM, CARNIFEX!

EXECUTIONER! IT IS TIME TO RISE.

CESAR was struck—instantly deserted the Tribunal, and the arraigned were acquitted to a man. These two Adventures shew both the Prince and his Ministers in a very advantageous light. How few Minions about any modern Court would have had



the Courage or Integrity to *shock* their Master for his own Interests—and how few Princes, inured to fawning and unmanly Submissions from their Servants, would have *bore* it? The old Roman Manners, free and fearless, as the Produce of Independency, made *Meceñas's* Freedom not so *barsh* in reality, as it appears to a modern Courtier: and yet the bearing it, was the most promising Sign that had yet appeared about the young *Triumvir*.

AT the Court of *France*, when their last-mentioned King was much about *Cesar's* Age, some abject Courtiers were entertaining the young Prince in public with the Policy of the *Turkish* Government—‘That the Sultan had nothing to do but *say the Word*, and whatever it was, whether to take off a great Man’s Head, to strip him of his Employment or Estate, there were a Train of Servants they called *Mutes*, who executed it *without Reply*.’ *Voilà*—said the sprouting Tyrant—*Ce que c’est que regner !* That it is to be a KING ! The old Count of *Grammont*, who heard the Corrupters of the Youth with indignation, immediately interposed—But, SIR ! *Of these same Sultans I have known three strangled by their own Mutes within my memory*. This silenced the Flatterers ; and the Duke de *Montausier*, the *French Cato* (if that be not a *Solecism* in sense) who was lolling in a Chair behind the Circle that surrounded the King, forced his way thro’ the Press—and publicly thanked *M. de Grammont* for his noble and seasonable Liberty.

By the Death of *Salvidienus*, the supreme Command of the Army devolved upon *M. Vipsanius Agrippa*. He was of little better Parentage than his Predecessor ; his Father being so obscure, that all the Son’s Splendor has not transmitted the smallest notice of him to Posterity. He had risen by degrees thro’ the various Toils and Miseries of a Life spent in Marches, Encampments, and conversant with Wounds and Death\*. Yet his Heart was not tainted nor his Head turned. He continued not only a brave but

\* *Misera juvenia, exercito acvo inter arma mortescit.*





but a humane and generous Man \*. M. ANTONY took a particular liking to him, and, according to the frankness of his Nature, interested himself in his private Concerns. The elegant *Epicurean*, *Pomponius Atticus*, whose Services to *Fulvia* had saved him at the Proscription, still enjoyed the respect due to his former Character, when he lived connected with *the Friends of ROME*. He had no Son: *Pomponia*, his only Daughter, was to inherit his great Estate; and this Lady, by *Antony's* means, was now married to *M. Agrippa*. It is not to be doubted but this Relation to the first *Roman* Knight would be useful to the *Cesarean* General; for tho' the old man was too selfish to *bazard* any thing for the public Good, his Dispositions were found, as consequently the Advices would be which he gave his Daughter's Husband. It is not therefore improbable that *M. Agrippa*, if he took no actual share in turning their Master from Cruelty to Mildness, would cordially *approve* of the salutary Design of putting their affairs upon a more favourable footing than Usurpation and Violence.

ALL these Circumstances conspired to *humanize* the young CESAR, and to facilitate the Return of the proscribed and banished Citizens stipulated by the *Peace of Miseno*. I am sensible that what I am going to say of this Peace will appear surprizing to many; but hope they will acquiesce upon farther reflection. The CONJUNCTION of *Domitius Enobarbus* with *M. Antony*, and the RESTORATION of the Republicans by *Cesar*, seemed to be two desirable Events: so many brave Men as followed *Domitius*, so many noble *Romans* banished from *Rome* and proclaimed Traitors as had repaired to *Pompey*, to be at once *pardoned* and *restored*, if not to their Houses and Lands (which were sold or assigned to the Soldier) at least to their native CITY, to live in peace with their Families and Friends, seemed a Completion of the Wishes of all good Men. I believe it was partly so—and

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yet

\* Vir ingentis animi; qui solus ex his quos civilia bella claros potentesque fecerunt, faelix in publicum fuit. SENEC. Epist. xciv.

yet cannot help looking upon these two Treaties as the *finishing Strokes*, the last *mortal Blows*, to the ROMAN LIBERTY. The *Probability* of the glorious REPUBLIC ever again raising her Head fell, with *MARCUS BRUTUS* at *Philippi*. But while her remaining Friends continued *in arms*, under any Leaders, especially under so great Men as *Enobarbus* and *Pompey*—while they kept together, commanding great Armies and powerful Fleets, asserting her CAUSE, there was still a *Possibility* of some grand tho' unforeseen Accident declaring in their favours: such as the Death of the Usurpers—Discord between their Armies, or one of those unheeded Events that prove the Springs of great Revolutions. But now this Hope was totally cut off. *Domitius*, by his Treaty, in a manner gave up the CAUSE; and by surrendring, or to speak more properly, *joining* himself and his Followers to one of the three TYRANTS, first broke the remaining Patriots among themselves—and the Peace of *Miseno* coming soon after, finally destroyed their *Bond of Union*, and was a tacit Submission to downright Slavery. It disarmed all the old Nobility: it denuded *Pompey* of his most venerable Support, and left him the Head of a Body of *Mercenaries*, instead of the august Company of great Romans that had the *Species* of a Common-wealth. For the SENATORS and KNIGHTS that returned in virtue of the Treaty, gave up all Thoughts of again taking arms in defence of LIBERTY. Glad to have escaped with their Lives—to have once got back to *Rome*, they put up with their present condition—submitted to the Ruin of their Fortunes, and sat tamely down in that *Shadow* of a SENATE that met under the terror of the Veterans, and dread of the Triumviral Power: a strange ROMAN SENATE it was!—

*alas! how fallen—how changed;*

*From what I knew thee in the Realms of Light!*

from the sublime Assembly that presided over the World!—that sat Sovereign of Nations—Arbiters of Peace and War, and supreme Guardians of the Rights of Men—

O all conquering Rome! Thou Pride of Earth, and Perfection of Society! Mother of Heroes! Civilizer of Nations! Fountain of Justice and Terror of Tyrants—how art thou debased and made vile!—how is thy Glory effaced and thy Honour laid low! Thy CONSULS, at once the hope and dread of the World, are but an empty Name—Thy God-like SENATE, where Wisdom, Goodness, and inflexible Courage shone in combined lustre, lies slaughtered thro' all thy Provinces—thy *Pretors* and *Quæstors*, Parents of the People—thy *Tribunes* and *Ediles*, Guardians of the City, are perished by the *Cæsarean* Sword—thy once tremendous Tribunals are filled with Sycophants—thy awful Forum, where thy grand Assembly created the Princes of the Earth, is either streaming with the Blood of Citizens, or thinly trod by a servile Herd, sawning upon the base Usurpers. What is become of that *high-spirited People*—that noble haughty Race, whose Arms raised Rome to the Head of Empire—who filled her invincible Legions, manned her terrible Fleets—ruled her loud Forum, and were jealous of their Privileges to Madness?—and much more, what is become of that exalted Stock of Heroes, the *Fabii*, the *Metelli*, the *Scipio's*, the *Cato's*, those Princes of the Senate, and Patterns of mild but immoveable Virtue—the *Fathers* of Rome and *Friends* of Mankind—who serene in dangers and humble in Victories, checked the Pride of Kings, and cherished the Privileges of the vanquished—who in the height of Grandeur forgot not they were *Men*, and tho' secure from the weak Attacks of Passion—above Flattery, and untainted with Avarice, yet bore with the giddy tumultuous Crowd—screened them from the effects of their own Follies—and, like public Parents, forced them, unconscious, to seek their own Happiness.—Instead of *these*, low *Tools* raised from the Dunghill—sturdy *Troopers* bold in mischief—mean *Pensioners* (the debauched Remains of the old Nobility) mixed with the

Dregs of the Provinces, now made *Senators* by CÉSAR\* and his *Successors*——†. No wonder CLAUDIAN should exclaim,

*Hei mihi ! quo Latii vires URBISQUE potestas  
Decidit ? in qualem paulatim fluximus Umbram—?  
Armatis quondam Populis, Patrumque vigebam  
Consiliis : domui terras, hominesque revinxi  
Legibus : ad Solem victrix utrumque cucurri—  
Postquam Jura ferox in se communia CÉSAR  
Transtulit—elapsi MORES ; defuetaque priscis  
Artibus, in gremium Pacis servile recessi ‡.*

IN READING this lamentable Tale, this final Catastrophe of a glorious Empire, let us look a little farther than *mere Amusement* ; and try if we can take a *Lesson of Consequence* to our Country, to ourselves, and to our Posterity.

HOWEVER WE may in times of Prosperity make light of VICE, and sneer at CORRUPTION, it is a secret solemn Truth, that as the *Spirit* and *Dignity* of a People is inseparable from their independency and Freedom, that *Independency*—that supreme Gift of Heaven, and Happiness of Earth, *LIBERTY*, *sinks or swims with their MANNERS*. These arise complexly from their *Principles* and *Habits* ; but much more from the *last* than the *first*. A Youth bred up in the highest Notions of Sobriety, who hears constant Panegyrics upon the antient *Persian* Diet, the *Spartan* Black-Broth, or *Roman* Porridge, and is himself daily crammed with *French* Cook'ry,

is

\* Civitate donatos, et quosdam è semibarbaris GALLORUM recepit in Curiam. And the famous Placart, BONUM FACTUM : Ne quis Senatori novo CURIAM monstrare velit. SUET. in Jul.

† SENATORUM—deformis et incondita turba—erant enim supra mille, et quidam indignissimi, et post necem Caesaris per gratiam aut præmium allecli, quos ORCINOS Vulgus appellabat. IDEM. in Octav.

‡ CLAUD. de Bello Gild.

is likely to prove but a poor Proficient in Temperance. Now LUXURY and SLAVERY are *indissolubly* linked by the Law of Nature—They are, as it were, *Brothers-German*, that reciprocally introduce and support one another. For under despotic Sway, the MANNERS of the People are just the *Reverse* of those practised in a free and legal Government. While LIBERTY raises their Views and dilates their Heart, the PUBLIC is their Care, and their COUNTRY their Pride: When SLAVERY takes place, little SELF rules in chief, and draws every Thought and Design to its narrow Center. The Magnanimity of a free People makes them live sparingly in private and contented with a little; but when placed in Commands, and doing honour to the Offices of State, *then* they aim at Splendor and Magnificence. In ordinary domestic Life, Frugality and Temperance are not only salutary, but *decent*—but Pomp and Grandeur fit well on a *public Character*. The very *contrary* of this is infallibly practised in every State and Country from whence Liberty and Virtue have been banished by Usurpation. Look thro' the Subjects of any absolute Court in Christendom, you will see their *own* Power, their *own* Fortune, their *own* Equipage and Pageantry, is *all in all*; while their Country is *nothing*. It is a Rule that never fails, nor was ever falsified in any one instance. A virtuous People are neither *to be frightened nor bribed out of their Rights*—a vicious one lies open on all sides to *Force, Fraud, or Corruption*. It was the Loss of the Roman Virtue that encouraged *Catiline* (a sagacious daring soldierly Man\*) to attempt, and enabled *Julius Cesar*, his more cunning Associate, actually to overturn the Roman Commonwealth. The bulk of the *common People* all followed *Catiline*, and were keen for *Julius Cesar* †.—Why—? Because they were become *vicious*; because they loved Idleness, Shews, and Debauchery—

\* Habuit enim (CATILINA) permulta maximarum, non expressa sed adumbrata signa virtutum—vigeant etiam studia rei militaris.

CICER. Orat. pro M. COEL.

† Omnino cuncta PLEBES Catilinæ coeptis favebat.

SALLUST.



bauchery—because they had lost all Sense of Honour, Worth, and the public Good—because they could sneer at Frugality and Temperance—despised Order, hated the Laws, and could throw dirt at a *Cato*, a *Cicero*, a *Marcellus*, who stood by them. Here was the *Root of Bitterness*, and here lay the *deadly Poison*. The abused Power of the *Tribunes* was a violent Vehicle in which that Poison was administred, and which inflamed its mortal Operation. Even after the Chastisement of the Tyrant, and the Restoration of Liberty by *Cassius* and *Brutus*, that same strain of VICE, that same Love of Debauch, and consequently of Rapine—the same want of Truth, Humanity or Religion, supplied the barbarous Triumvirs with *bloody Ruffians* to support them in effacing the Remains of the VIRTUE and LIBERTY of the ancient Republic—as on the other hand, ANTONY and CESAR's *dissolute Education*, the bad Company they kept—the worse *Pattern* they followed—the *Vices* they indulged, made them Pests of the Public, and secondary Instruments of their Country's Ruin.

LET us, on this important Subject, that nearly touches every Man, and none more nearly than a *free-born Briton*; let us, for entire Conviction, carry our Views upon the Nations around us—we will find the *same Clew* faithfully conduct us thro' the *Fates* of any People, be they ever so perplexed by Politics, or bewildered with revolving Mazes, like a Labyrinth. What Country has changed more Masters than SPAIN—? The PHENICIANS did not conquer it—they gave it its *Name*—settled *Cádiz* and some few Colonies along the Shore. Nor did their Descendants the *Carthaginians*, tho' Masters of the Coasts, penetrate into the inland Country.—The subduing of that, was left to the *Romans* in a long, cruel, and bloody Struggle of near two Centuries, as the Natives were then *incorrupted* and *free*. It was the *Dint* of the *Roman Discipline*, not their Valour or Strength, that

\* SPANIJA, i. e. the Country of *Genys*, from the multitudes of these little Animals they saw on the Islands and along the Coast.

that overbore the bold *Spaniards*—witness *Numantia*, *Viriatus* and *Sertorius*, who often foiled the Legions, and reduced the Aggressors to stand on their defence \*. But when once thorowly subdued and made tributary Slaves, they sunk into Luxury with the other Provinces—and instead of *Centuries*, were over-run in two years by the *VANDALS*, and taken possession of by the *GOTHS*, as if they had been their paternal Possessions. These conquering *Goths* became debauched in their turn—and in their turn were with facility overcome by the victorious *Arabs*; who possessed all the fine Countries from *Cabo de Greos* projecting from the *Pyrenees*, to *Cape St. Vincent* on the Ocean. The vanquished Inhabitants, Descendants of the *Goths*, *Vandals*, and old *Spaniards*, fled to the Mountains of *Asturias* and *Biscay*, where they lived a hardy penurious Life, defending themselves partly by arms, and mostly by the strength of their Situation. The *Moors* remained contented with the rich Valleys and noble champain Countries in *Andalusia*, *Valencia* and *Granada*, and never pushed their Conquests beyond the bored Rock in *Biscay* †. There they lived in Luxury, became lazy and effeminate, gave themselves up to Gallantry, Equipage and Shew, until that handful of the old Inhabitants, hardened thro' necessity by Temperance and Toil, issuing from among the *Asturian* Mountains, drove them out of Province after Province, and at last expelled them from *Spain*, and made *Granada* itself their Conquest. But let us see in what condition these People were before their alternate Expulsions. ‘Under *DON RODRIGO*, says the grave Historian *MARIANA*, ‘Nothing can be conceived more dissolute than the Manners of ‘the

\* IN HISPANIIS per annos cc. multo mutuoque ita certatum est sanguine, ut amissis P. R. Imperatoribus exercitibusque, saepe contumelia, etiam nonnunquam pericula Romano inferretur Imperio. VELLEIUS.

† Por bastantes testimonios se puede mostrar qui los MOROS en ningun tiempo passaron de un lugar que en Viscaya vulgarmente se llama la PENA HORADA. MARIANA.

‘ the *Spaniards*; nor was there ever a Nation more abandoned to all manner of Pleasure—so that the Dominion and Power gained by *Courage* and *Valour* was destroyed by *Affluence*, and its usual Companion, *Luxury*. That high Courage and Prowess that had formerly atchieved so great things was now enervated by *VICE*, which at the same time, wholly unhinged the *Discipline of the Army*\*.’ In this condition were the *Spaniards* in DCCXI. before the *Moorish* Conquest. Let us next consider the Manners of the *Moors* about the time that they began to decline: Wealth and Wantonness first made their Leaders fall out among themselves, and occasioned Insurrections and intestine Wars †. These, says the Historian, are the Fountains of all Mischiefs, and the Cause that no State can long enjoy perfect Tranquility; since

*In want of foreign Foes—they’ll spring at home ‡.*

WHEN *Don FERNANDO* King of *Castile* took the field in MDCXXIII, *Mahomet* a *Moorish* Prince sent an Embassy, humbly offering him homage and obedience; that he was ready to meet him with the Keys of *Baęa* his royal Seat, and to send Money and Provisions for the use of his Army. ‘ The *Moors*, adds the Author, were become Cowards—*los Deleytes, los tenean estragados,*==

\* *Los Espanoles* no eran iguales a los *Africanos*, por estar debilitados con el largo *Ocio*, y con el Cebo de los *Deleytes*—

El Imperio y Senorio ganado per Valor y Esfuerço, se perdió per la Abundancia, y *Deleytes* que de ordinario le accompanavan. Todo aquel Valor y Esfuerço, con que tan grandes cosas acabaron, los VICIOS le apagaron, y juntamente desvarataron toda la Disciplina militar. No se pudiera hallar cosa en aquel tiempo mas *esfragada* que las COSTUMBRES de *Espana*; ni Gente mas *curiosa* en buscar todo genero de *Regalo*.  
HIST. Lib. iv.

† Adelante, con el gran Aumento que tuvieron los Arabes, y por sus muchas Riquezas, resultaron Alborotos, y de uno, seh izieron muchos Imperios. ID.

‡ Las *Riquezas* y el *Ocio*, fuentes de todos los Males, eran la Causa; y ninguna Ciudad puede tener sosiego largo tiempo, porque

*Si fuera le saltan Enemigos, le nacen en casa.*

El mismo, Lib. vii.

\* *gados*—Pleasures had unmanned them; and their civil Discord, their Family-Quarrels, and Wars between the *Zegries* and *Abencerrages*, had brought them to the brink of ruin.

THE Rule therefore, that *Luxury* and *Slavery* go hand in hand,—that *Liberty* and *Temperance* are inseparable Companions, holds infallible, and is verified by the Fates of all the Nations whose History can be traced thro' its different Periods to their virtuous Original. The *Roman* military *Discipline*, and *Habits* introduced by their *Republican* *Virtue*, were for some time a Defence to the later Empire—But when that Discipline and these Habits, undermined by Vice, and openly suppressed by Tyranny, had worn out, they grew dastardly and dispirited; and by low Cunning and cob-web Politics endeavoured to supply the place of Wisdom and Valour. This needs no Proof: the History of the later Emperors afford a thousand. But one Instance taken at the Fountain-head, from a genuine Imperial Performance, will be most convincing.

CONSTANTINE *Porphyrogenitus*, reputed a great Politician, has left a *Treatise of Advices* to his Son and Successor, which contains the *Arcana Imperii*, or Mysteries of State. It is such a Work in earnest, as the Cardinal de Richelieu or *M. de Louvois*' political Testaments, left with their humble Counsels to their Masters, are in their half-jocular Strain. He introduces it with a pompous Preface; that if the young Prince will listen to his Suggestions, and put his Precepts in practice, he will then reign with Honour and live in Splendor: the barbarous Nations, he says, will dread him more than Fire, and his Wrath more than a barbed Arrow. But in the Sequel of the Work, these Suggestions and these Precepts amount to a Variety of *Tricks* and *Cheats*, which he directs the Youth to play off upon the *Bul-*  
VOL. II. A a a *garians*,

\* Πρόδησονται γὰρ σέ, — καὶ ὡς ἀπὸ ΠΥΡΟΣ φεβύονται — ἐφθήσῃ αὐτοῖς, φεβίρας καὶ ἀπὸ πρῶτον οὐ τρέμεις λήψεται αὐτὸς; καὶ σὺ ὁ ΠΑΝΤΟΚΡΑΤΩΡ ὑπερασπιστὴς.  
ΚΟΝΣΤΑΝ. ΠΟΡΦΥΡ. ΠΡΟΟΙΜ.

garians, Moravians, Serblians, Alans, and Rus, that with other Bosphoranean Tribes were making yearly Incursions into the Empire. To these Tricks, varied in many Shapes, he evidently trusts for the Security of his Dominions; and indeed to any thing rather than the Discipline of the Roman Legions or the superior Virtue of his People.

THE LOSS of that VIRTUE, and the incredible Meanness of Spirit and Manners to which the all-conquering Romans were reduced, appears no where more striking than in the History of Procopius. He was a Soldier and a Courtier, and perfectly acquainted with what passed both in the Closet and the Field. The Pictures he has left of the Weakness of the one and the Dissoluteness of the other, are astonishing. ARCADIVS the Emperor, on his Death-bed, makes a formal Deed and Will, and commits his Son and Empire to the Tuition of a Barbarian, Isdegird, to save him and it from Ruin: and such was its Weakness, that he did actually save it, by his Authority and the Awe of the Persian Power. But his son Vararanes, having received some displeasure, put himself at the head of his Cavalry, and made an Inroad into the Roman Territories. ANATOLIUS was at that time Prefect of the eastern Provinces under Theodosius. This Governor, instead of drawing an Army together or taking any measures to make head against the Invader, with a small Retinue and without Arms, sets out to meet him in person: But, when yet at a distance and within sight, he alights from his Horse, and in humble posture approaches his Majesty as a Suppliant—begs he will proceed no farther, but receive him as an Ambassador from Theodosius. The PERSIAN'S Pride was flattered by the Submissions of the Roman General—he graciously condescends to return to his Capital and give him a Hearing. What would have induced L. LUCULLUS or CN. POMPEY, the Conquerors of Mithridates and Tigranes, to have made the same Submissions? For this was no temporary Expedient in Anatolius

to extricate himself *at a pinch*: the degenerate Spirit had taken root, and warped itself about the Vitals of the State. CABAD and CHUZ-RÖSHT (*Chosroes*), who succeeded *Vararanes*, had the same Obedience paid to them by the *Roman Patricians*, as they could expect from their most abject Slaves. RUFINUS prostrated himself on the floor before the last-named King, humbly entreating his Majesty to defer a threatened War, and flattering that hot-headed Prince in a manner quite unworthy of a *Roman Ambassador* \*.

IN process of time therefore, the *Romans*, from being the Terror of all Nations, turned an *easy Prey* to every bordering People. Incursions were made into their frontier Provinces, and first one and then another of them torn away from the Body of the Empire. How did this happen? not for want of *Numbers*: The Country was still populous and the Cities crowded. They could have raised more numerous Armies than when they were in a course of Conquest and Victory. But the MEN were become *good for nothing*: they were *vicious*; they were *Cowards*; they were oppressed by Taxes, and sunk in Sloth and Debauchery. The northern Nations, their Invaders, tho' far from polished, were *free*—were *manly* and *temperate*; and by the fixed eternal Law that governs the World, and transfers Empire from one People to another, in the strength of *these VIRTUES* they subdued the degenerate *Romans*. 'No wonder, says an Eye-witness of the *Gothic* Conquests †, that 'vicious as we are grown, we cannot stand before the northern 'Powers. Where-ever the *Romans* go, they pollute every thing 'with Lasciviousness; the *Barbarians* on the other hand cleanse 'all their Possessions with Abstinence and Chastity. We love

A a a 2

' Lewdness:

\* Τθαυσιελοντες δι' ΧΟΣΡΟΗΝ δι' πρίστεις, επαρώγα τε πολλὰ ἔλεξαν, καὶ ΡΩΜΑΙΟΝ ὡς ἥκιστα ΠΡΕΣΒΕΣΙ πρέποντα. ΠΡΟΚΟΠ.

† Quae ROMANI polluerunt fornicatione, mundant BARBARI castitate—Impudicitiam nos diligimus, Gothi execrantur: Puritatem nos fugimus, illi amant. SALVIAN. de Gubern. DEI. Lib. V.

'Lewdness: the *Goths* detest it. We laugh at Purity of Life  
'and Manners: they practise it.' These Virtues were no doubt  
*habitual* to the Northerns, partly from their Climate, and more  
from their civil Constitution. They are mentioned here, as the  
*Causes of Conquest*; and their Oppolites, as the *Causes of Slavery*.  
But as Vices is the sure Fore-runner of public Ruin, so *Luxury*  
and *Oppression* are never disjoined. The Title once so awful—so  
honourable—of a *Roman Citizen*, which used to be purchased  
with vast Sums\*, became first an empty Name, and by degrees  
a grievous Burden. The condition of the Commons in the Pro-  
vinces was so servile and so low, that no longer able to endure  
their Bondage, nor the Extortions of the Tax-gatherers, they  
went voluntarily over to the *GOTHS*; chusing rather with the  
appearance of Servitude to live *free in effect*, than with the spe-  
cious name of Liberty, to be *in reality Slaves*†. Nor were the  
Inhabitants of the *Capital* on any better footing. I could never  
survey their low estate, as it is feelingly painted by *CLAUDIAN*,  
who saw and felt their public Ills, without Commiseration.  
He introduces the *GENIUS* of once mighty *ROME* humbly  
petitioning the Father of Gods, in these piteous Lines.

*I pray not——that my Consul's awful Name  
Should terrify the Tribes on Oxus' Stream !  
Nor that his FASCES o'er the quivering Pride  
Of Parthian SUSA should in Triumph ride !  
Nor that his EAGLES awe the eastern Flood,  
And stain the Red-Sea with Arabian Blood !  
No—these, ah ! once were mine—but now I come  
To beg bare Sustenance for starving ROME !*

FROM

\* *ERG. TACIT. HIST. LIB. II. C. 10.*

*EPAR. AMB. LIB. II. C. 10.*

† *Nomen Civium Romanorum non solum magna estimatione, sed magno  
emptum, nunc ultro repudiatur ac fugitur: nec vile tantum, sed etiam abomina-  
bile pene habetur.*

*SALVIAN. IBI.*

*Adrenic*

FROM this miserable Fall of ROME, and this Deduction of its Causes, we may conclude, that, let Men expatiate never so much, let them harangue never so floridly upon matters of State ; let them talk of Depth of Foresight, Reach in Politics, and a perfect PLAN ; it is still a certain Truth that LIBERTY cannot be securely maintained but by *Temperance* and *Industry*. This is its original genuine Bottom ; and *these* the plain but *massy* Pillars on which the fair Edifice alone can stand. All others, inconnected with *these*, are *rotten Props*, which will soon give way, and draw after them the Structure they were meant to support. Sumptuary Laws, Creations of Officers, shining Titles, are but shuffling Expedients—Tricks of Statesmen who contrive Palliatives, that instead of curing, increase the Disease.

IT is true, LIBERTY may be sick, tho' not unto death ; and that Sickness may require Applications of different kinds to be made. She may be violently attacked from without, or some one of the nobler Parts (our *own* Case not a hundred Years ago) may be vitiated within ; to repel or restore which, *Address*, and what we corruptly call *Politics*, may be of real Service—and in either case, Force or Stratagem may be fairly applied. But this inestimable Treasure seldom vanishes at once. The heavenly Nymph generally dies of the *English* Distemper, a CONSUMPTION ; the most sovereign Remedy for which is *Temperance* and *Industry*. These Sister-Virtues commonly go hand in hand—and in whatever Breast, Family, or Country, they take up their residence, they never fail to bring their Companions, Health, Vigour, and Independency.

BUT

Advenio Supplex, non ut proculcet Oaxem

CONSUL ovans—nostraeque premant pharetrata secures—

SUSA ; nec ut rubris Aquilas figamus Arenis :

Haec nobis, haec ante dabas : nunc FABULA tantum

ROMA precor—

DE BELG GILDS.



BUT let us not pass over the terrible Example of ruined ROME, and the Doctrine it loudly preaches, too superficially. We have, I am afraid, too great need to view it with the strictest attention, and minutely trace the Method of this Plague's Operation. One of the first Effects of LUXURY is to render Men *idle* and *useless*—I say USELESS: and consequently contemptible: many a Man miscalled *Great*, is less *useful* to Society than the meanest Peasant; and many a Gentleman of Family is not of such consequence to it as the little Boy in his Kitchen. The Death of a Spendthrift is Salvation to his Wife and Children; and that of an idle, eating, drinking, hunting Squire, is Relief from a burthen to the Earth and them. How many noble Things might even Persons not born to great Estates do by influence and example? The Man of *Rest*, most justly celebrated by our Poet, and the beneficent Dr. M---n in Ireland, are shining Instances of it. I would ask with *Horace* those whom Fortune has favoured, Is there indeed no public Work, yet undone—no Gymnasium to build—no Bridge to lay—no Portico to rear—no Science to promote—no piece of Ingenuity to encourage \*?—Would you, ye expensive Pursuers of Pleasure, taste real Joy? Try, for once, *one beneficent generous deed*! If sincerely done, you will find it the highest Enjoyment, the most constant, the most serene—the sweetest seasoning to every other Delight.

On the other hand, how inglorious does that Man go to the Grave who has eat and drunk, carded and squandered, all his Income: who has centered all his Wishes and sunk all his Revenue in his little Self—who has thrown away on Sickness, Riot and Repentance, what might have purchased a Life of Health  
and

\* Quod superat, non est, melius quo infumere possis?  
Cur eget indignus quisquam, te divite? quære  
Templa ruunt antiqua DEUM? cur, improbe, caræ  
Non aliquid PATRIÆ tanto emetiris acervo? SAT. II. Lib. 2.

and Vigour—a Life of Reputation and Honour—heightened by conscious Worth, and the Hopes of a glorious Memory ! For that same Person might with a little *Temperance* have saved a hundred, perhaps, thousands a-year, which, in the space he enjoy'd his Offices or Estate, would have enabled him to do some *signal Service* to his Country that would have eternized his Reputation.

TIME was, and that not very long ago, when every Gentleman in *Great-Britain* thought himself obliged to *be good for something* : and believed that a *Knowledge* and *Deportment* becoming his Rank was more necessary to distinguish him than *Liveries* and a *Tinsel-Equipage*. It is surprising how many private Gentlemen in *England and Scotland*, from Queen *Elizabeth* and *James I.*'s Reigns to the Restoration, discovered great Talents for Letters and Affairs. I do not restrict them to the *civil War* ; because *Necessity* then, like a Ferment in Liquors, called forth every latent Power, and gave play to every dormant Qualification. But tho' perhaps the few learned Mën now in *Britain*, and the few Men fit for Affairs, may be more *universally* learned, and much more *polite*, than they were at that Period ; I am apt to think there were then ten Country-Gentlemen *substantially* learned for one that is so now. Capacity and Knowledge were in Reputation, and were proportionably cultivated—Now they are too often, like *Virtue under absolute Power* (LAUDATUR ET ALGET) called pretty—and neglected: Cards, and Dress, and Trifling did not then engross their time—expensive Diversions and gaudy-Shows did not drain their Estate : foreign Dainties destroyed not their Health, nor did their Bill of Fare occupy their Understanding. They thought—they studied—they exercised—they entered upon Life with a Resolution to excel. Accordingly what an illustrious Race of Men composed Queen ELIZABETH'S Court ? Their various Characters and real Excellencies afforded our ingenious SPENCER the Foundations of the moral Allegories

in his FAIRY QUEEN: for the Gentlemen picked out by that great Princess were all marked by Eminence in some *one* Virtue; and that VIRTUE, taken from *the Life*, is transformed into a feigned Person by the fanciful Poet.

A SATYR upon the present Age, or upon the present State of *Britain*, is the farthest thing in the world from my Intentions. But as a sincere and good man ventures to insinuate affectionately what he would wish to be corrected in his Friend: or as a Lover gently hints a *Foible* to his Mistress; I, who am proud of my Country, and deeply *feel* our national Happiness, hope for indulgence if I point out the Vices that threaten our Destruction.

IT is past dispute, that LUXURY has of late made too great Progress among us: a Curse which in the natural course of things seems to be entailed on Wealth and Prosperity! It is likewise past dispute, that LUXURY has been in all Nations the constant source of Corruption, of Treachery, of Cowardice, and of consequent inevitable Ruin. Now, thanks to propitious Heaven! there is yet a noble Struggle between BRITISH WORTH and this Canker that aims at our Vitals! To an impartial Eye and ingenuous Mind there are Objects of high Satisfaction and Confidence\* that present themselves every where throughout this happy Nation; Proofs of disinterested Virtue, and happy Presumptions that we are still *sound at the Heart*. What noble CHARITIES, for instance, have been done, and are daily doing in and about the City of LONDON—and indeed about most of the Cities within my knowledge in the Island? How many *Associations* are there of private Gentlemen voluntarily erecting themselves into Societies for promoting a Variety of the most laudable Purposes in Life, Learning and Religion; and sparing neither Expence nor Pains for attaining them? How many Men of vast Fortunes do we see despising Pomp, living plain, delighting in Acts of Generosity, and only distinguished in public by the unfeigned Veneration paid to their Virtues?

What

What an active gladsome Spirit of Industry appears diffused thro' all Ranks—Arts, Agriculture, Manufactures propagating and improving from Town to Town, and that same Spirit transfused thro' our thriving *Colonies*, of whom we have planted and peopled more within these thirty years than all *Europe* has done beside? I will not resume the happy Foundations of our Hope already mentioned \*; nor the pleasing Prospects of *Britain's* future Welfare, which are daily increasing: But as to Morals, I acknowledge with pleasure, that at their Source, in those places where Immorality of every sort once prevailed, Decency now reigns—and a Pattern of Sobriety is set to the People. Good Patterns however are not always followed; and there are many Instances where Subjects leave Virtue to be practised by their Superiors. We have many excellent Laws for curbing Immorality, and some public-spirited Magistrates to put them in execution: But the Experience of all Nations assures us, that LAWS of themselves are not able to retrieve *public Manners*, nor stop the Torrent of a general Corruption. A Multiplicity of Laws and Lawyers is a certain Sign of *many Vices*, as Doctors multiply in proportion to Distempers. It would be extremely preposterous to load an innocent State with Prohibitions of Crimes which it never knew: as there was no Statute in *Lacedemon* against Adultery, nor in *Athens* against Parricide. But when LUXURY comes in like a Flood, and threatens swift Ruin, then *Laws* afford a feeble and temporary Relief.

In that unhappy Case, the *only effectual* Remedy is pointed out (that I may enforce it with a great Authority) by FRANCIS BACON Lord *Verulam*. “The chief Concern of  
“Princes, says he, ought not to be so much employed in  
“restraining Corruption by *Laws*, or in punishing *Offenders*,  
“as in regulating and watching over the EDUCATION OF  
“YOUTH”———This is indeed the HINGE upon which every  
things turns: *Here* all the Severity of the Laws should be

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exerted,

exerted, and the Attention of their Executors chiefly pointed. Youth *wholesomely educated*, under a sober manly Discipline, would supersede the Cob-web Penalties that catch the small, and let go the great Offenders. The Vices acquired by mean Habits and an effeminate Education that now occupy our Tribunals would then disappear: whereas a *low loose* Education renders not only *Individuals* worthless in themselves, but destroys that general *Subordination*; that *Regard to Authority*, that Obedience to Magistracy and legal Power, on which the Welfare, and at last the *very Being*, of a Nation comes to depend. It prevails, I suspect, but too much in *Britain* at this day—is one of the most threatening Symptoms to our LIBERTY, and therefore the POINT that chiefly calls for the Attention of the LEGISLATURE.

Is it not really strange (to instance in one Particular), that in such a Country as *ours*; there should be no School where the *British Youth* might be instructed in our greatest Happiness, our CONSTITUTION? while there are some well known Seminaries, where they may unlearn it, and, if they please, get rid of the Morals they brought from home. Is it not hard that it should be left, as it were, to chance to inform us, *where* our Strength and Safety lies? *what* it is that protects us from Oppression and Slavery—that *exalts* us above the servile Nations around us, and prevents our becoming as abject and crouching as they—? that the *Model* of our Government, the *Essence* of the *British* Liberty consisting in the *Prerogative of our Kings*, and the *Powers and Privileges of our Parliament*, should be kept a kind of *Secret* among Lawyers, or the experienced Members of those honourable Houses that are the Depositaries of our most sacred Trust? Under these disadvantages, I have often wondered to find so many private Gentlemen acquainted with, and Lovers of our *Constitution*, as there are thro' *Britain*: a certain Proof of a noble Disposition, that deserves to be cultivated among so brave a People.

THIS is not the proper Place to propose the PLAN of a BRITISH EDUCATION, fit for stemming the Tide of Luxury and Immorality that is breaking in upon us: It is too complex and important a Subject to be slightly treated: and if Life and Health permit, I may perhaps humbly offer to the Public, what long Experience may have taught me of the Government of Youth, and what I have the Joy to see in part practised with success in the UNIVERSITY of ABERDEEN. But in the mean time, amid abundance of Impertience published on the Subject, let me recommend a small *Treatise on Education*, writ by the great JOHN MILTON, to the Perusal of all who wish well to LIBERTY and MORALS—Objects, if I aught discern, worthy of the Care of the Prince—worthy of the Pains of the Patriot, .

*qui velit* PATER URBIUM; *subscribi* Statuis,  
who wishes to be deemed the FATHER of his COUNTRY, and to prevent GREAT-BRITAIN from undergoing sooner or later the dreadful Fate of degenerate ROME.

## B O O K IX.

A LITTLE before ANTONY and OCTAVIA had left *Rome*, the Triumvir was surprized with a Visit from a Man he little thought of seeing in *Italy*. It was the brave HEROD, whom he had lately appointed Tetrarch of *Judea*. His Errand was lamentable; and being at the same time interwoven with the Affairs of the East, it is proper to deduce the affecting Story from its Origin.

AMONG the young Nobility who took side with BRUTUS, was T. LABIENUS, the Son of that great Man who claims a large share of the Honour of *Cesar's* Conquest of *Gaul*; and who left the Usurper as soon as he began to turn his Arms against his Country. The young Man inherited his Father's Spirit, and was pitched upon by *Cassius* to go Ambassador to *Orodes*, to procure another Body of *Parthian* Horse, besides what his own Reputation had brought into his service. *Labienu*s was at the Court of *Parthia* when the news arrived of the Defeat at *Philippi*, of the Death of his great Friends, and the Slaughter of the Nobility after the Battle. He therefore chose to remain some time in *Parthia*, when being informed of the Disorders and Discontents in the Provinces, and of *Antony's* Debauchery in *Egypt*, he persuaded the old King (still elate with the defeat of CRASSUS) to put his Son *Pacorus* at the head of a great Army, which he (*Labienu*s) promised to lead to the assured Conquest of *Syria*.

HE was no worse than his Word: ANTONY had left the trusty SAXA and his Brother, to command in *Syria*, where they had behaved like true *Cesarean Veterans*; while at the same time

time the Towns were garrisoned by *Cassius's Men*, who had surrendered after *Brutus's* death. The greater Part of these opened their Gates willingly to *Labienu*s; while *Saxa* was drawing his Legions hastily together to make head against the Invaders. They came to blows—and fought obstinately; when *Saxa* was overpowered by the *Parthian* Cavalry, who attacked his exposed Flank. He fled first to *Antioch*, and from thence to *Cilicia*; whither *Labienu*s pursued him so hotly that this old sturdy Biscayner, who had cut many a brave Man's throat in *Cesar* and *Antony's* Service, was now forced to cut *his own*. LABIENUS' Progress was rapid: from *Cilicia* he marched down to *Caria*, and reduced the chief of the *Asiatic Towns* one after another. Upon his Approach, the polite and faithless *PLANCUS*, who had been sent back by *Antony* to fleece them, thought fit to take shipping and retire to the Islands. *Labienu*s could not pursue him for want of a Fleet, else he had probably met with *Saxa's* Destiny. But the young Chief's Displeasure fell heavily upon the unhappy Towns of *Mylassa* and *Alabanda*.

I have already observed, that the *Romans* in their Conquests left the free Cities in *Asia* and *Greece* the full exercise of their own Laws, and their old Form of Government. The Affairs of these Communities were still canvassed in their Assemblies, and determined by the *Votes of the People*. This left room for Men of parts to display them and distinguish themselves by their Capacity and Eloquence: and this is the true Source of the *florid Asiatic Manner*, which prevailed in these Cities, in opposition to the *correct Attic Elegancy*. It was no Invention of *Rhetoricians*, or *Declaimers in schools*, as I see some learned Men have imagined; it was the *Asiatic Style* that took with *Greeks*, and was actually used in transacting Business in their independent States.

EUTHYDEMUS, a Native of *Mylassa*, born to a fair Estate, had so improved the Introduction which his Fortune gave him into the Administration, that he became not only the chief  
Citizen



*Citizen* of *Mylassa*, but among those Chiefs of *Asia* that were honoured by POMPEY and the succeeding Roman Governors. He was a wise and worthy Man; and used his exorbitant Power for the public Good; sometimes forcing his giddy fellow Citizens to consult their own Interests against their Will. This Gentleman was in the height of his Cr dit, when a young popular Orator, who was opposing him, told him openly in the Court, *You are a strange Man—Euthydemus! a necessary Evil to Mylassa—there is no living with you—nor without you.*—This young Orator, HYBREAS by Name, had been left without other Patrimony than one Mule and a Slave to drive it.—The Wages earned by carrying Wood served to maintain the Youth for a short space, while he studied under *Diotrephes* Professor of Rhetoric at *Antioch* in *Pisidia*. At his Return to *Mylassa* he farmed sometimes one and sometimes another Branch of the City-Revenue, till having made a little money in that way, he began to intermeddle in public Affairs, and ventured to speak in the grand Assembly of the People. He was a shrewd, bold, sagacious Fellow; had great command of Language, and spoke with surprizing Grace and Fire. He was heard with admiration—shared the Authority with *Euthydemus* during the Remainder of that good Man's Life—and was esteemed as the first Speaker, and acknowledged as first Citizen after his Death. He grew great and eminent thro' all *Asia*; acquired a vast Estate, and built a House with *Porticos*, *Gardens*, *Groves* and *Cascades* like a royal Palace. He was in the meridian of his Power in *Mylassa*; as ZENO, another Orator, was in the *Phrygian Laodicea*, when LABIENUS, surrounded now with Roman Legions, was over-running ASIA quite down to the *Ionian* Shore.

The other Cities, little caring under what Roman Governor they lived, for the most part opened their Gates to him and his Army—as did at first the two chief ones of *CARIA*, *Mylassa* and *Alabanda*; with their Neighbour *Laodicea*: but at the instigation of the two Orators, they took the opportunity of a Festival

Festival to their great God JUPITER OSOGO\*, to cut their Garrisons in pieces, and declare for the *Triumvirs*. LABIENUS in great Wrath marched against *Mylassa*, being, besides the Treachery, piqued by a piece of *Hybreas'* Wit. After his Success against *Saxa*, the Soldiery as usual had saluted him IMPERATOR or *Generalissimo*, and had added the Epithet of *Parthicus* (as SCIPIO was called *Africanus*, and METELLUS, *Numidicus*, from the Countries they had conquered). So they called LABIENUS *Imperator Parthicus*, the *Parthic Generalissimo*. *Hybreas* hearing this preposterous Title, as he thought, either from *Labienu*s himself, or some of his Friends—Ay—said he, *Parthic Generalissimo*!—and why pray may not I then take the Title of *Caric Generalissimo*? No Words were ever worse formed to stand together than those two: for tho' the Appellations of *Carians* and *Phrygians* sound tolerable in *English*, they are quite barbarous in their Original†, as the Nations themselves were marked for Barbarity in their Language so early as *Homer*‡, and for a low slavish disposition ever after; nor is there any Nation in *Europe* so abject, whose designation joined to the Word *Generalissimo* would have founded half so ridiculous, as the quaint CARIC. The Joke cost him dear: *Labienu*s laid siege to *Mylassa*, and took it: the Orator hardly escaped to *Rhodes*; but his sumptuous Dwelling with all its Ornaments was razed to the Ground; as was the greatest part of the Town for his sake. It fared no better with the other two Cities that had driven out their Garrisons, *Laodicea* and *Alabanda*; *Labienu*s being Master of all *Asia*, excepting *Stratonicea*, a *Macedonian* Colony defended by its impregnable Situation||.

THE

\* DE JOVE autem OSOGO, says the learned Is. CASAUBON, adhuc quaero. It is plainly the same with *Pronubus* (the Epithet given by the Romans to JÜNO) from the trite Syriac Term נוס נuptialis: GENIAL JOVE.

† ΦΡΥΞ—ΚΑΡ.

‡ ΚΑΡΕΞ ΒΑΡΒΑΡΟΦΩΝΟΙ!

|| ΣΤΡΑΒΩΝ. Γεωγ. Βιβ. ιζ.

THE rich and fruitful Province of SYRIA was almost in the same situation with respect to the *Parthians*, as *Flanders* is with respect to *France*: It lay on their Borders, was coveted, and usually the first Country that was over-run upon a Rupture. They now took possession of it from one end to the other, except the single Town of *Tyre*, which they could not besiege without Shipping. But while their Army was thus lying as it were idle upon the Confines of *Judea*, having no body to oppose them after *Saxa's* Defeat; ANTIGONUS, the surviving Son of *Aristobulus*, and *Hyrchanus's* Nephew, enraged at his Exclusion from the Government, entered into a Treaty with them, for deposing *Hyrchanus*, expelling *Phasaël* and *Herod* the Tetrarchs settled by *Antony*, and establishing him in the Throne of *Judea*. In this Event he engaged to pay to them a sum of *two hundred thousand Pounds*, and another Subsidy of an extraordinary nature; *five hundred Women* of fashion for their Seraglios. This was no new Species of Tribute in the East, nor was it discontinued by the Conquerors from that Climate. When the *Moors* were Masters of all *Spain*, excepting the little Kingdoms, shall I say, or Districts of *Oviedo*, *Leon* and *Biscay*, they obliged DON AURELIO, who began to reign in DCCLXVIII. to buy his peace with a certain number of young *Ladies* delivered yearly by way of Tribute\*: and some time thereafter, MAUREGATO, a Bastard-Son of *Don Alonzo*, who usurped the Crown, could obtain Support from the same Nation, on no other Terms than giving up to them annually *one hundred Girls*, fifty of them nobly born, and fifty of the Vulgar; which shameful Contract was executed for ten years—Nor were the *modern Moors* more addicted to

Lewdness

\* Amançilò la Loia de tota su vida con un Asiento muy feo que hizo con los MOROS, de darles cada un ano cierto numero de *Donzellas* nobles, como por Parias——MAUREGATO, hijo bastardo (nacido de una Esclava) de Don Alonzo, alcanço ayudo de los *Moros*, con assentar de dalles cada un ano——cincuenta *Donzellas nobles*, y otras tantas del Pueblo.

Son los MOROS mas que ninguna otra Nacion inclinados a la Desho-  
nestidad.

MARIANA.

Lewdness than the ancient *Parthians* \*. They accepted *Antigonus's* Offer, concluded the Treaty, and *PACORUS* in consequence of it marched along the *Phenician Coast* with the main Army, while a grand Detachment under his Name-sake, the King's Cup-bearer, advanced into the heart of the Country by the way of *Mount Carmel*.

THE News of their Approach and Intentions no sooner reached *Jerusalem*, than *Fasacl* and *Herod's* old Enemies betook themselves to their Arms, and rushing into the City made a sudden Attack upon the Palace, which was, at the same time, a Place of Strength. They were repulsed not without slaughter, and repeated their Attempts with the same success; the Town was filled with Violence and Blood. But their grand Effort was concerted to be made on the approaching day of *Pentecost* †, when, under pretence of the Feast, they could call to their assistance from the Country what numbers they pleased.

No Nation ever seems to have hated their Neighbours more cordially than the Jews. The *Samaritans* on one side, and the *Idumeans* on the other, were the Objects of their most sincere Aver- sion. *Fasacl* and *Herod's* Extraction therefore from the latter, dashed besides with *Arabian* Blood, rendered them extremely unpopular in *Judea*; while the Heat of the younger Brother's Temper, and the imperious Tone on which he took up the Government, no doubt exasperated the Opposition. Then the deep-rooted Regard to the *Asmonean* Line, that had retrieved

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their

\* PARTHI—in libidinem projecti—Uxores, dulcedine variae libidinis, singuli plures habent JUSTIN. Lib. xli.

This explains a curious and obscure Passage of the TALMUD. The Rabbi's to characterize Nations, and do honour to their own, say, that when GOD made MAN, he took his Body from Babylon, his Head from Judæa, his other Parts from different Countries מֵאֶרֶץ בָּבֶל מֵאֶרֶץ יְהוּדָה וּמֵאֶרֶץ אֲשֶׁר עָלָה אֶת אֲבֹתֵינוּ et Pudenda ejus ex Acra-Agina: a Corruption of the modern eastern Name of PARTHIA, viz. IRAC. AGEMI.

GAEMARA San. cap. 3.

† Γνωμῶν δ' ἐστὶν αἰρεθολισμῶν αὐτοῖς, ἀρμυνοὶ οἱ πολέμιοι τὸν ἐκ τῆς χώρας ὄχλον, εἰς τὴν καθ' ἡμέραν ΠΕΝΤΗΚΟΣΤΗΝ· ἰερὰ δ' ἐστὶν αὐτῇ μάλιστα ἡμέρα. ΙΩΣΗΠ. Αἰχ. ΙΔ. § κδ.

their lost Kingdom, filled them with Rage, when they saw their place occupied by an upstart Family.

ANTIGONUS had hitherto lived like a private Person in *Jerusalem*, and was not molested by the Tetrarchs: Nor could they pretend to shut up the TEMPLE on the grand Feast, or refuse Access to the City. HEROD only kept guard in the *Palace* (which adjoined to the Temple), and FASAEL commanded the *City-Wall*. Many thousand *Jews*, therefore, armed and unarmed poured into the Town on the day of *Pentecost*, and took possession of the Temple and all the open Streets, making a kind of Encampment or Head-Quarters without, hard by the Wall. On these *Herod*, issuing with his small but resolute Band, fell with such fury, that he quickly made that great Body give way: some of them fled to the Temple; some to the Town; some threw themselves into the Moat at the Wall foot, where they fell a prey to *Fasael's* Men from above. Things were in this situation when *PACORUS* arrived; and at *Antigonus'* entreaty, entered *Jerusalem*, escorted only by five hundred of his Horse-Guards, with design, as was given out, to put an end to the Tumult, and make up matters between *Antigonus* and the *Brothers*; but in reality to fulfil his Engagements with the former, and receive the stipulated Reward.

FASAEL, who was in effect Governor of *Jerusalem*, received and entertained the *Parthian* Prince as became the Son of a great King: and that contrary to his Brother *HEROD's* Opinion, who was for attacking him and his Troop, and driving them out of the City. But his noble-minded and unsuspicious Brother, wishing if possible to compose things amicably, was persuaded by the *subtle Barbarian* to take *Hyrcaeus*, and go along with him to treat with *Barzapharnes*, who (as he said) was his Father the *Parthian* King's *Prime Minister*, and who was lying at some distance, I think in *Galilee*, with the main Body of the Army.

At first they were received in his sumptuous Tent with all the Demonstrations of Friendship: they were caressed, entertained,

tained, and had the Presents usually given in the east to amuse them, until HEROD should be decoyed from the Palace and made Prisoner. That was not easily done: he had a just dread of the *Parthian* Perfidy \*, and would not believe *Pacorus* the royal Taster, (who had been left in *Jerusalem* with some of the Household Troopers) and who assured him, ‘That matters between his Brother and the Prince were accommodated; and that he should go out and meet the Messengers who were bringing the Treaty, to accelerate its Ratification.’ On the contrary he was persuaded that the shew of a Treaty was a Trap laid for his Brother, and that the Letters which should have informed him of its being so, had been intercepted by the *Parthians*. He was not mistaken: *Hyrchanus* and *Fasael*, tho’ honourably dismissed by the PRINCE and *Lieutenant-General*, were surrounded by flying Bodies of Horse all day, and close guarded, tho’ at a distance, at night; when at a Village called *Ecdippa*, they received full Information of the Treaty with *Antigonus*; of the two hundred thousand Pounds, and the five hundred Women, who were intended to be chiefly the Wives, Daughters, and Relations of *Hyrchanus* and *Antipater’s* Family. *FASAEI*’s Friends pressed him to fly and save himself by Sea—He disdained it—and went directly to the royal *Satrapa* *BARZAPHARNES*, and reproached him to his face with the intended Treachery—adding that if it was *Money* he wanted, they would pay him double the Sum promised by *Antigonus*. The false Barbarian laid his Hand on his Breast, and solemnly swore, *there was no Treachery intended—that his Suspicions were groundless, and he would find them to be so*—But scarce had he turned his Horse, and rode off to the Prince, when *Hyrchanus* and *Fasael* were seized and put in chains.

HEROD, who had got some dark Hints of this Villainy, was in a deplorable state. He had no Troops to oppose to such a

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Force

\* *INGENIA* Genti (*Parthorum*) tumida, seditiosa, fraudulenta, procacia.

Force as the *Parthian* Army—the City was full of his bitter Enemies—nor had he any Prospect of Relief, should he fortify the Palace and try to stand a Siege. There was nothing left but a dangerous and almost impossible Flight to *Idumæa*, from Men who watched all his motions, and who upon the first notice of his Escape had the fleetest and best disciplined Horse in the World to intercept him. He was inexpressibly tortured: His Soul could not bear the Thought of falling into the hands of the faithless Barbarians; and much less that his young Bride—his *Mariamne*, should be an Implement of some *Parthian's* Seraglio; nor that the other Ladies of his own and his Brother's Family should be given to them in tale by *Antigonus* as part of his Bargain for the Crown. These racking Reflections, joined to the Entreaties of *Mariamne's* Mother (a Woman of quick Perception and sound Judgment) who conjured him not to trust the perjured *Parthians*, made him resolve to try an Escape. He summoned up all his Firmness, and prepared to use the opportunity of the only Night left him by the *Taster and his Troopers*; who believing him ignorant of their Treachery were still keeping up a shew of Friendship, in order to entrap him without noise or trouble. He therefore made ready with as little Stir as possible, and set out as it began to grow dark. It was a miserable and melting Sight—so many Ladies of Quality with their little Infants in their Arms, forced to abandon their House and Home with the most dismal prospects—leaving their Fathers, Brothers, and Husbands in chains, undertaking a desperate Journey—weeping in silence for fear of a discovery!—But *Herod's* Presence and undaunted Spirit supported them; tho' it had almost deserted himself upon an unlucky Accident by the way. They were but a few miles from Town, the Women and Carriages going before, and he and his Troop guarding the Rear, when driving furiously in the dark, the Coach in which his Mother and *Mariamne* rode, overturned, the Axle-tree broke, and the old Lady was almost bruised to death. The Anguish of this Misfortune, and the dread of being over-

taken.

taken by the delay, assailing a *rankled* Spirit, made him finally lose Patience. In rage and despair he drew his Sword, and was hardly prevented by his Officers from giving himself the fatal Blow—But by their Interposition, and especially the Cries of the Ladies—if he meant to abandon them to the Parthians, he recovered his Temper, and taking such care of his Mother as the present Circumstances would permit, he pursued his hazardous Journey. It proved so in effect—for the *Parthian Taster*, soon informed of his Flight, sent out Party after Party who attacked him—and what chiefly enraged him, his *own Country-men*, the spiteful Jews, came and made an effort to destroy him. I believe few Men were ever more terrible in arms than the young HEROD was that night, when all that was dear to him was at stake. He faced about with his chosen Band, and repulsed them liker a Man long prepared for daring Deeds, than one reduced to the fatal necessity of flying his Country with precipitation.

BUT nothing in the course of this advent'rous Journey gave him such pleasure as the Chastisement he had given his inveterate Countrymen—as appeared when he came to be King, by his building a noble Palace upon the *very Spot* where the Action happened, and raising a City around it, which he called HERODIA from his own Name. It was about six miles from *Jerusalem*. And now a good many of his Friends and Soldiers hearing of his Escape, came to join him, and among the rest his younger Brother JOSEPH met him at *Thressa* with a considerable Body—Here being in some Security, he made a halt to refresh his frightened Convoy, and consult what measures to take according to the distressed situation of his Affairs. It was resolved to put the LADIES, and every thing of value into the strong Fort of MAZADA with a stout Garrison, while HEROD should go in person to seek Succours from those neighbouring Princes, whom he or his Father the brave *Antipater*, had laid under Obligations.



THE Morning after his Flight, the *Parthian* Army entered JERUSALEM; and being Masters of every thing, and having no longer measures to keep, they fell a plundering that *unhappy* City without mercy. They spared nothing except *Hyrcaus* the deposed High-Priest's House, whose Wealth was to enable the new King *Antigonus* to fulfil his Engagements: and not satisfied with the Spoil of the CITY, they ravaged the *Country* all around it, leaving every where miserable Traces of their Avarice and Cruelty. *Hyrcaus* and *Fasael* were delivered over to *Antigonus* in Chains; and the old inoffensive High-Priest had his Ears cut off by his Nephew's Order, that he might be no longer capable of that sacred Dignity; tho' in another place the Historian says, that *ANTIGONUS* *flew upon his Uncle like a wild Beast, and with his own Teeth tore off the old Man's Ears.* The noble *FASAEI*, understanding what was preparing for him, did not bely his Blood or Character: but his hands being loaded with Irons, and having no other door by which to get out of Life, he dashed his Head with such Violence to a Pillar in the Prison, as put it out of his Enemies' Power to disgrace his Exit. *Antigonus* ordered a Surgeon to dress the Wound, who, it was said, applied Poison instead of a Plaister. Be that as it will, *Fasael*, before he expired, being informed by a Maid-Servant, that his Brother *HEROD* had escaped, chearfully resigned his Breath, saying, *It was well—he had left a Man who would call his Enemies to account for the base Treatment he had met with.*

Of these Transactions, the *Roman* Historians give us no other accounts but in general, 'That while the Romans were employed in their civil Wars, the Parthians made a great Impression upon SYRIA.' It is indeed a piece of Partiality or of Art they have been accused of, 'That tho' they do not misrepresent or falsify the Actions of their Enemies, yet by passing over their Successes with a bare Relation that such things happened, and giving a clear and particular Detail of the Conduct and Enterprizes

of their own Generals, they so fill the Reader's Fancy with Images of the *Roman* Bravery—of their Constancy in Misfortunes and Address in retrieving them, that they leave *no room* to reflect upon the Wisdom or Courage of those Nations, who struggled with them for Liberty or Empire.'

THE PARTHIANS in the mean time continued to plunder miserable *Jerusalem*, and lay waste the Country far and near: They razed the City of *Marissa* from the Foundations, and where they met with the least Resistance, *put all to the sword*. Thus that wretched People lay open to the Invasions of every Nation who *exercised Arms*, and had a mind to spoil or to conquer. And indeed when I reflect upon the Misfortunes of the *Jews*, from their Beginnings until they were destroyed under *Vespasian* by *TITUS* his Son, they seem to me in their temporal Concerns to have been among the unhappiest People that ever settled into a Common-Weal. From the time of their great FOUNDER and his *Successor*, until the *Royalty* was established, they had for the most part ANARCHY at home, and were therefore obnoxious to continual Invasions and frequent Captivities, from every petty Prince in their Neighbourhood. Nor was that Form of Government sooner settled, than the new State was over-ran by an Army from *Palestine*—the *King* and his *Son* killed, and the Kingdom dismembered by a Secession of two powerful Tribes; until their *second King*, one of the most accomplished of the eastern Princes, reunited it, and left it, with the Fruits of many a War, to be enjoyed in a long and peaceful Reign by his wife and magnificent Son. It was then *at its height*: for no longer than the *third* Descent, it was again dismembered for ever: and, in that divided State, was constantly warring upon itself, or alternately joining the *Syrians* or *Egyptians*, now powerful Kingdoms, to distress one Part the other, with all the Miseries of War and Slavery. They continued in this harassed Condition during a long Succession of Kings, tho' not without *lucid Intervals*, either when a Man of Spirit happened to reign and revive their Discipline,

Discipline, or after some signal Miscarriage of their great Oppressors (not uncommon among such unwieldy numbers of untrained Men as are brought into the Field by the Princes of the East) \* until the mighty *Chaldean* Conqueror, (who from a Province of the *Medes* had raised his Nation to the Dominion of *Asia* and *Egypt*) went near to extirpate them from the Earth and abolish their name. But his Posterity proving milder than himself, and his Empire falling in two or three Generations under the *Persians*, whose Policy was more humane than the other *Asiatic* Conquerors, the Jews had a little Respite—tho' still treated as the lowest of their Vassals: nor had they a King of their own until *Matathias*' Family, the *Maccabees*, set up for themselves—They enjoyed however a kind of *Slavish Quiet*, under the Shadow of that mighty Body (the *Persian Empire*) as long as it subsisted: but when it was overturned by ALEXANDER, and at his untimely death, parted among his Generals, they were continually distressed and ravaged between the *Grecian* Kings of *Egypt* and *Syria*. For lying conveniently for both, and seeming an easy Prey as a headless and undisciplined Multitude, the Frequency and Violence of the Calamities they underwent was unspeakable. This Struggle continued, tho' with great *Alleviations* under the *Asmonean Race*, until the ROMANS reduced these two ancient Kingdoms, *Egypt* and *Syria*, first to be tributary, and then *Provinces* of their Empire. But as good Fortune seldom comes without alloy, JUDEA lost its own Rulers with the rest of the East; and tho' it shared the advantages which the *Roman Regulations* diffused thro' all their Conquests, yet both its domestic Broils and the incredible Extortions of their imposed Princes kept the People dispirited and low. At last, when  
upon

\* Οὗτοι δὲ καὶ στρατὸς πολλὸς ὑπὸ ὀλίγῳ διαφθείρεται κατὰ τοιοῦτον· ἱππὶν σφίσι ὁ ΘΕΟΣ φρονέσας, ΘΟΒΟΝ ἰμεῖσιν, ἢ βροτῶν, δι' ὧν ἰσχύσαντες ἀνελθόντες ἑαυτῶν. ΗΡΟΔΟΤ. Περσικ.

Νυνταρ δὲ καὶ ἐν ταῖς Ἑλλήσιν ἡγούμενοι τὸ βραδύτατον ἐντὺ γὰρ ἔκιστα διασπᾶται τὰ στρατιώματα καὶ δι' ἀσπασθέντες, πολλὰ καὶ περιπλάττειν ἐλλήσιν, καὶ ἀγνοῦντες κακὰ ποιῶσι καὶ πάσχειν.

ΒΕΝΟΦ. Ανάβ. βιβ. ζ.

upon the Death or Misdemeanour of *Herod's* Progeny, it was converted into a *Province* subject to a Governor from *Rome*; where *Tyranny* now reigned in its turn, and spread its baneful Influence thro' all its Jurisdiction; the *Jews* were so cruelly treated by a Succession of corrupt and oppressive *PREFECTS* as laid the Foundations of that Rebellion; which ended in the final Destruction of their *CITY* and *NATION*.

THIS surprizing Train of Misery, the most learned and intelligent of the *Jewish* Writers (who are sensible of their *national* Misfortunes) turn to their highest honour and happiness. They pretend that *their* Country was, as it were, *exempted* from the general *LAWS* of *NATURE*; that the Operation of the natural Causes that bring good or bad Seasons, healthy or pestilential Years, peaceful Periods, or Times of War, in *other* Nations, was *suspended* as to *THEM*;—that God let these run in their stated course over all the rest of the World; but *interposed* as to the *Jews*, taking the Management of *their* Plenty or Famine—of *their* Health or Mortality, Slavery or Freedom, *immediately* and *miraculously* into his own hands: that he neither rewarded the Religion nor punished the Impiety of *any other* People; but solely minded what the *Jews* did, and blessed or chastized them *alone* according to their Works. ‘*The dead Nations*, said they, *that wanted to imitate and vie with the living Nation (the Jews), could never attain to more than an external Resemblance: They erected Temples to God, and no Sign of the divine Presence appeared in those Temples: They sanctified themselves, they fasted, they prayed, they abstained from strong Drink, that the Spirit of Prophecy might descend upon them, and it did not descend: They sinned,—they provoked God—they rebelled against him, and neither Fire from Heaven fell upon them, nor sudden Mortality*’\*.

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BUT

\* Y continuareis en la Tierra santa, y será su prosperidad y adversidad por modo divino, según vuestras Obras: y se gobernara todo el mundo según el curso natural excepto Vos OTROS.

BUT this extraordinary Destiny of the Jewish Nation, and more extraordinary way of accounting for it, has drawn us away from our Subject. HEROD according to the Resolution already mentioned, having secured his Family and Treasures in the strong Fort of *Mazada*, proceeded to *Arabia*, where his Father *Antipater* had lodged considerable Sums in the hands of the chief Men of the Country, as a Resource, I suppose, in case of Misfortunes at home. These Sums, with what else he could raise, he was preparing as a Ransom for his Brother, of whose Death he was still ignorant; and MALCHUS\* the new King, *Hareth's* Successor, having received important Services from their Family, he hoped for Welcome and a powerful Assistance. But he was cruelly disappointed: The Money and Favours produced a very contrary effect. *Malchus* had forgot, or was unwilling to remember, his Obligations to a Fugitive; and his *Courtiers*, that they might not be forced to refund the deposited Sums, caused an Order to meet HEROD; *not to advance a Step farther*. Tho' incensed, as we may imagine, at this Indignity, yet being in the Heart of their Country, he gave the Messenger good Words, and turned his face towards EGYPT; that being the only Egress now left, while the *Parthian* possessed the upper Coast.

AFTER some Dangers escaped, and Traverses surmounted, he arrived at *Alexandria*, and was magnificently received by the QUEEN; who having some Enterprize in view, thought Heaven had kindly sent her a Commander to execute it. But neither She, nor the Enchantments of her Court, were able to retard his Journey to ROME; where, after a most dangerous Winter-Voyage with the hazard of his Life and loss of his Baggage, he arrived about the beginning of the Spring. He went streight to his Patron M. ANTONY, and informed him of his Brother *Esfael's* unworthy Death by the *Parthian* Treachery, and of  
*Hyrcanus*

\* A Name given to many of the eastern, and especially Arabian Princes, thro' their Neighbour's mistaking the appellative Name מלך *Méléc* THE KING for a proper one.

‘*Hyrcanus*’ being led away their Prisoner—that they had made  
 ‘*ANTIGONUS King of Judea*, in consideration of two hundred  
 ‘thousand Pounds, and five hundred Women: those of Quality,  
 ‘to be his (*Herod’s*) nearest Relations—that he had hardly escaped  
 ‘with them by night thro’ a thousand dangers, to a Castle where  
 ‘they were then besieged, and in hazard of being taken and sent  
 ‘to *Parthia*—that as for himself, he had regarded no Perils, had  
 ‘been deterred by no Storms or Tempests, from repairing to  
 ‘*Rome*; having *no Hope* left him in the world, but in the *Roman*  
 ‘Arms, and *his Friendship*.’

ANTONY was touched with the Recital of such a Change in the Fortunes of an illustrious Family. He remembered the Civilities and Services of the brave ANTIPATER his old Host, and was well acquainted with the *Spirit* and *Generosity* of his Son: so which joining Indignation at *Antigonus* for affronting the *Roman* Majesty, in applying to their bitterest Enemies for the Crown, he got his Collegue, CESAR (not ignorant of *Antipater’s* Merit with his Father, nor unwilling to oblige a brave Man) to assist him in persuading the SENATE, to declare the young Tetrarch KING of all JUDEA. It was put upon his late Acquaintance and Patron in the East, the noble MESSALA CORVINUS, now shining by his Eloquence at *Rome*, together with *Sempronius Atratinus*, to present HEROD to that once-august Meeting—to recount his and his Father’s Attachment to the *Romans*, and exaggerate the Indignity of a *Parthian-made-King*. ANTONY, keen in his Interest, had been at pains to influence his Friends—The SENATE unanimously passed the Decree; and HEROD, who had only hoped to obtain the Crown for his Bride’s Brother, a Youth of the *Asmonean* Line, came himself out a King, walking in royal State between ANTONY and CESAR. He took a few days to view the Magnificence and Order of the late HEAD of THE WORLD; but could not be long detained from prosecuting his great Undertaking. He had a Kingdom to conquer, and a Mistress to relieve. *Mazada* hung in his head—

head—whose impregnable Situation on a high Rock could not free him from Apprehensions that his loved *Mariamne* might fall a prey to the *Parthians*—Having therefore obtained an Order to the famous *VENTIDIUS*, whom *Antony* had dispatched to command in *Syria* after *Saxa's* death, to assist *HEROD* with all his Forces; and having persuaded the Triumvir's Favourite *Dellius*, well versed in eastern Affairs, to accompany him, he sailed for *Judea*, and landed at *Ptolemais*.

HE was engaged in no easy Enterprize: for how disagreeable soever the Manner might be of *Antigonus's* Accession to the Throne, yet his being of *Asmonean* Blood, for which next to their old Royal Stock, they had the greatest Veneration, made the BODY of the NATION his Friends. On the contrary, *HEROD's* *Idumean* Extraction, as I already observed, with the ENVY that always attends sudden Growths and tow'ring Advancements, made him inexpressibly hateful to a bigotted People. But he had at least as much to bear from Friends as from Enemies. For the Roman General *VENTIDIUS*, commanded to assist him, and his Lieutenant *Silo*, having nothing in their view but to fleece these *Easterns* and make money, took all of them Bribes from *Antigonus*; and in return, retarded *Herod's* Advances, marred his Designs, and meanly prompted their Soldiers to mutiny for want of Pay and Provisions. Under these disadvantages, the Affairs of another had proceeded but heavily, if they had not gone entirely to wreck: But to say the truth, *HEROD's* own Courage, Vigilance, and Activity supplied all Defects. He quickly brought, not only such Plenty, but Profusion of every thing into the Roman Camp, as left no colour for murmuring, and far less for retreating as they basely designed; and with his own Troops reduced all the rich Country of *Galilee* to his Obedience.

IF any one wants to know what became of the LADIES designed for the *Parthian Seraglios*, who were all this time besieged by *Antigonus* in *Mazada*—that Fort was not to be taken by Storm;

Storm ; and they had plenty of every thing within, except *Water*. It at last began to fail ; and in a few days reduced them to such despair, that JOSEPH, *Herod's* Brother, was thinking to take two, of the eight hundred in Garrison, and sword-in-hand cut their way thro' to the *Arabs* : But he was happily prevented by a sudden and unexpected Rain, which fell in such abundance, that it filled the Cisterns, and put them in condition to stand the Siege for many Days. It was in *Ventidius'* power, had he been so inclined, to have raised the Siege, and relieve the Ladies, while *Herod* was yet in *Italy* ; but having nothing in view but to amass Money, he encamped very near *Jerusalem*, as if to attack it and overturn the *Parthian Establishment* ; and when, under that pretence, he had sufficiently squeezed the new King, he marched away after the *Parthians* to *Syria*, leaving his Lieutenant UPPEDIUS SILO with a part of the Army, who did not fail to follow his Example.

BUT HEROD, now at the head of a great Force, was over-running *Galilee* as fast as the double dealing of his Allies would permit ; when the ancient Town of JOPPA stopped his Career, and felt the dreadful effects of standing between a Conqueror and his dearest Relations. From the Sack of *Joppa* he marched streight to MAZADA, which the very Fame of his Approach had relieved from the Siege ; and brought out his Mother, Mother-in-law, Sister, and young Bride, with the inexpressible Joy that blesses a Meeting after Absence, Anxiety and imminent Danger. Soon after this, the Ladies were carried to the pleasant Town of *Samaria*, where they continued in perfect Safety, under the protection of *Herod's* Army, that lay between them and *Jerusalem* ; until MARIAMNE should come of age to consummate a Marriage that promised her happiness in an ardent Lover and a Crown.

MEAN-TIME, ANTONY and OCTAVIA had come over-sea, to *Greece* to pass the Winter at *Athens*, whose Harbour lying open towards *Asia* and the *Islands* made it a proper Seat for a Sovereign  
of



of the EAST, while the agreeable Manners of the People—the public *Shews*, *Processions*, and *Philosophers*; afforded infinite Entertainment. But before the Triumvirs parted, a small Circumstance is said to have damped *Antony's* Gayety. *Cesar* and he lived much together, and were extremely familiar. They played at Tennis, they amused themselves with Cock and Quail-fighting, and frequently tried their fortune at Dice. But it so happened, that at all these Games *Antony* was constantly the Loser. Great Men's smallest Diversions are observed. ANTONY's Ill-Luck became a Subject of Conversation, and was talked of with displeasure by all his Attendants. Among these, was a Man of a Character then beginning to be much courted, and always in greatest vogue in the times of *Vice* and *Slavery*. He was skilled in the Stars, predicted Futurities, and gave an Air to his Art by being a *Native* of EGYPT. This sagacious Person seeing the Triumvir one day pensive after being worsted at Game by CESAR, is said to have taken the liberty to address him thus—*What Business have you—SIR! with this young Man—? you ought to avoid him—you have a superior Reputation—you are older than he—you have a wider Command—you have gained more Victories—you have greater Abilities: But your GENIUS is afraid of his—and your FORTUNE, tho' great in itself, yet cringes to his, and if not kept far asunder, will desert you and go over to HIM.* \*

IT is not the winning of many Battles nor the commanding of many Nations that delivers Men's Minds from *Superstition*, or sets them above *vulgar* Infirmities. This Story is said to have sunk deep with ANTONY—and that he was observed from that day

\* Ω ἀδελφε, τί σοι τράχημα πρὸς τόντον τον ναιίσκον; φεύγει αὐτόν· ἰδοξότερος εἶ—πιστότερος εἶ—ἀρχὴς πλείονων ἐνθάδε πλείονσι, ἰμπερία διαφέρεις, ἀλλ' ὁ σὸς ΔΑΙΜΩΝ τὸν τέτε φοβεῖται, καὶ ἡ τύχη σὲ, καθ' ἑαυτὴν ἐπὶ μεγάλην κολάσκειν δὲ τὴν τέτε; καὶ ἵαν μὴ μακρὰν ἦ, διχόσεται μεταβάσαι πρὸς αὐτόν.

ΠΛΟΤΤ. πρὸς ΡΩΜ. Τεχ.

day to make haste to be gone. So far the *Egyptian* Astrologer's Observation was well founded, that *Antony* and *Cesar* were Men of a very different Cast both in their Business and Pleasures. ANTONY had great natural Parts, and *could* dissemble when his Affairs required; as well appeared by his artful Conduct immediately after the Dictator's Death. But his Temper and Management was naturally *open*: trusting to his own Courage and the Affections of the Army, he *covered* few of his Designs; and when once engaged in any Attempt, he pushed it fearlessly, until it either miscarried or he made it quite effectual. After that, he had no farther care, and never perplexed himself about Futurity. During the Winter he laid aside the very *Habit* of a man of Business. He quitted the Ensigns of Power, and enjoyed the Pleasures of a private Man, dividing his Time between *Love*, *Philosophy* and *Entertainments*. But no sooner did the Spring appear, than he put on his *Sagum*, and resumed the General: his Levee was thronged with petitioning Kings—with Officers waiting ders, while the Ensigns and Instruments of War spread Terror round the House of the *Roman* Triumvir. In this way he passed the Winter at *Athens* with *Octavia*, who had brought him a Daughter, and for whom he discovered the same Fondness and Pleasure in her Company, that had appeared in any of his former Amours.

BUT CESAR'S Character and Conduct was the Reverse of all this: he was diffident and unequal—always apprehensive of the Event—suspecting every thing, and so trying every thing that might promote his Ends. He never intermitted his Application to Business—was constantly plodding, writing, sending Messages—for ever thinking how to better his own Affairs and annoy his Adversary: for being *factious* in his Temper, and somewhat *envious*, he saw the advantages which others had over him, sooner than they did themselves; and took no rest till he surmounted them. By these means he kept his Friends always together, and always at work; and fixing his Court at ROME,

the

the Center of a *Roman's* Wishes, (whatever fine Countries he possessed abroad) he wrought himself into the good Liking of a great Part of the ARMY, and gained the Friendship of the chief Men of the SENATE. But had *Antony* been at half the Pains to fix himself in Power which *Cesar* took to undermine him, I am apt to think he had been sole Master *some years sooner* than the other accomplished it, with all the Advantages given him by his Rival's Passions, and Debauchery. We have a Proof of this Disposition in this Summer's Campaign. No war called upon *Cesar* to take the field: but to keep his Troops (the Props of his Power) in breath, and to make some Provision for their incessant Demands, he undertook an expedition into *Dalmatia*, one of the rough barbarous Countries with the *Romans* had overlooked, tho' just in their neighbourhood, while intent upon the Conquest of more fertile, tho' more distant Provinces. He took some places of Strength, and forced some Tribes to give Hostages for an annual Tribute: but could not make great Progress among the rocky Mountains, Woods and Fens, with which *Dalmatia* and the bordering Countries abound.

SOON after ANTONY's Arrival in his own Government, being always in want of Money, thro' his Negligence and Profusion, he sent a Message to the Chiefs of *Asia*, letting them know *that they must grant to him forthwith a second Land-Tax equal to what they had already paid*. The Deputies met to consider of this extraordinary Demand; and finding their Funds quite incapable of answering it, they deputed two Men, whom we had lately occasion to name, HYBREAS and ZENO, to represent their miserable Case to the Triumvir. It appeared by their *Address* in managing the Commission, that they had not been mistaken in their choice. Instead of a plaintive Speech, full of Poverty, Inability, and so forth; *Hybreas*, the most fluent and spirited Speaker of the age, being introduced to *Antony*, addressed him somewhat bluntly, but not unlike his own Manner—*If you are able, SIR! to raise two Taxes upon us in one year,*

ear, you are no doubt likewise able to give us two Summers in one year and two harvests, to put it in our power to pay it—ANTONY was surprized and stood a little puzzled, but smiling; when HYBREAS, taking it upon another key, told him with an air of deep Concern, ‘ that since his first coming into *Asia* after *Phippi*, the Province had been drained of no less than 20,000 ‘ Talents.’ which at the lowest computation amounts to more than ten million sterling: *this Sum*, SIR, said he, *We have actually paid—If you have not received it, you may require it of the Collectors: but if you have received it, and are already in want of money, We are undone for ever.*

WILD as ANTONY was, a View so unexpected of his own Prodigality astonished him; for he was ignorant how things were managed by those in Authority under him, partly thro’ Dissipation, and partly thro’ a sort of Simplicity or Easiness of Temper in trusting those about him. The Deputies obtained a Remission of the demanded Subsidy upon supplying him with a moderate Sum for his present Necessities.

A surprizing Likeness of Features has been remarked between Men of very different Characters and distant Families—One *Vibius* an obscure Person, and *Publicius*, whose Grand-Father had been a Slave, so exactly resembled POMPEY the GREAT, that they drew the Eyes of the Public, where ever they went. The same thing happened to *Hybreas*: a Slave that swept the Academy at *Cumæ* had not only the features of his Face and Shape of his Body, but so much of his Air and Mien that all *Asia* observed it, and whoever had seen them together would have sworn they were Twins. I believe this happens more frequently than it is noticed: for one of the Parties must be some way eminent to draw Attention to his Copy. There came once a young man from the Country to *Rome*, who no sooner appeared on the Streets, than Crouds gathered about him to gaze. He was very handsome, and extremely like the young *Cesar*. They could not be satiated with the Sight of him, the Resemblance was so

great; and so much was said about it, that it came at last to Cæsar's own Ears—he had the Curiosity to see him—and viewed his own Image not without surprize. When it was over, *Pray tell me, young Man!* said he, very naturally, *was ever your Mother at ROME—?* No, SIR, replied the Youth, *not my Mother—but my Father was often there.*

BUT while ANTONY stayed at *Athens*, a new Scene of Action opened to the *Romans* in the east, where, in the greatest domestic distress, they were, like some of our Neighbours, gaining honour abroad. From the time of the Conquest of *Carthage* and the wide Propagation of the Empire, nothing had so much obscured the *Roman* Glory as the miserable Defeat of CRASSUS, and the horrid Slaughter of his whole Army\*, except the small Body saved by CASSIUS. This memorable Defeat and the long subsequent Struggle between the two Nations, that seemed as it were to share the Empire of the World, with the *Euphrates* for their Boundary, gives the PARTHIANS a grand Figure in the *Roman Story*, and makes it worth our while to be better acquainted with the Rise, Progress, and Manners of that little-known People.

THE antient PARTHIANS were undoubtedly of the same Origin with the *Goths*, *Gepides*, *Huns* and *Turks* of later Times; that is to say SCYTHIANS, whom we now, in a general appellation, call TARTARS. A Band of those banished from the northern Banks of the *Black* and *Caspian* Seas, took their way thro' the *Caspian* Strait, and settled in a desert part of the old *Hyrkania*. They got the Name of *Parthians*, that is in the *Scythian* Tongue, says JUSTIN, *Exiles* or *banished Men*. It would be perhaps rash to call this a Mistake, except we had more perfect knowledge of the *Tartar Dialect*: But as PARSIN was the national Name of a mighty People, then Lords of all *Asia*, and indeed still Masters of the fairest parts of it, I persuade myself the

\* It consisted of ELEVEN LEGIONS, that is, including *Auxiliars* and *Cavalry*, upwards of eighty thousand Men.

the Name universally prevalent would not fall into disuse upon the *Macedonian Conquest*, but would probably undergo the slight and common Change of an s into TH, for a softer Pronunciation. It signifies plainly and simply HORSEMEN in all the *eastern*, and some of the now *western* Dialects\*; like the old *Maerkmans* (*Marcomanni*) and the modern *Rytters* in *Germany* that so often ravaged *France*. It was, no doubt, taken from their being perpetually *on horseback*—never stirring abroad, had it been but to the next door, nor meeting about Business but *in the saddle* †—a custom which the *Parthians* sacredly observed, as they imitated in several points both the private Manners and Form of Government of their Predecessors. For look thro' the World, and you will see *national* Characters and *national* Customs that are founded upon the *Climate* and *Product* of the *Soil*, but very little changed—and not at all where *the Government* has not varied. They may be altered for a little while by an Invasion; but they generally returned to their old Standard: witness the most savage of the same *Tartar Tribes*, not only civilized, but softened, by the Climate of *China*, and effeminated by the Luxury of the *Indies*.

THE new northern Colony was absolutely neglected under the *Median* and *Persian* Empires. The *Parthians* were considered as a poor Pendicle of the great and fertile Province of *Hyrkania*—were treated as mere Barbarians—enlisted as Recruits in their Armies, and put upon the lowest services. The country they had occupied was so narrow and inhospitable, that the royal Armies never halted in it, but always marched thro' *in a day* to get into better Quarters. It was barren, mountainous,

E e e 2

covered

\* *Wferd* Germ. *Waar* Dutch.

† Νόμον ποιησάμεθα, αίσχρον είναι ἂν τις φανῇ πειρῇ πορεύμενος, ἢ τὴν πολλήν, ἢ τὴν ἐλάχιστην ἐδὲν δὲν διαλθεῖν. — καὶ ἐδὲν ἂν τῶν καλῶν καὶ ἀγαθῶν ἐκὼν ὁφείη ΠΕΡΕΩΝ ἐδαμῆν πειρῇ;  
ÆN. K. II. B. G. d.

covered with Wood, and in no hazard of enervating its Inhabitants with Luxury. But after ALEXANDER's Death, during the Struggle among his Generals, the *Lieutenants* of the several Provinces took opportunities to set up for themselves: and that Struggle still increasing among their Sons, invited the remote, and therefore neglected Nations, both to elect Governors of their *own* Country, and to wage war with their Neighbours. It was so late as the Consulship of the celebrated *M. Atilius Regulus* and *L. Manlius Vulso*, A<sup>o</sup> U. C. ccccxl. during the first *Punic* War, that ARSACES, originally a *Dacian*, this is a northern *Tartar* settled upon the Banks of the *Oxus*, with a rustic Troop, most of them Shepherds, invaded *Parthia*, and amid constant Wars, founded a *military* Government. While HECATOMPYLE was their royal Seat, (the Town with a hundred Gates) about fifty Leagues from the *Caspian Pass*, they continued a fierce warlike People; and the Customs and Laws, then introduced, preserved them for many years from degenerating after the Conquest of *Babylon*, and moving the King's Residence to *Seleucia* upon the *Tigris*. SELEUCIA was not a large luxurious City, like the last named Town, or like what the other royal Mansions, *Susa* and *Ecbatana*, had been under the *Persian* Monarchs—It was rather a splendid *Winter Quarters* for a grand Army; a Combination of *Barracks* built in the neighbourhood of a Palace; much in the same way that the Capital of *Ethiopia* is at present, no *fixed City*, but is reckoned to move with the King's ambulatory Camp.

IN their first Wars, they drove out the *Macedonian* Captains that had taken possession of *Hircania* and *Bactria* (the Descendants of *Euthydemus* and *Diodotus*) and were extending themselves by degrees towards the Heads of the *Euphrates*. Yet they had made but slow Progress, and seem to have been a *very moderate Kingdom* in the Days of LUCULLUS; who was only hindered from conquering them by the Mutinies of his own Soldiers. For, they had been so weakened by domestic Strife and foreign Wars, that they were not able to cope with *Tigranes* the

the *Armenian* King. He had obtained a great Victory over them, and reduced their Dominion almost to its old Boundaries. When he came to offer *Lucullus* Battle, he brought an Army of *two hundred and twenty thousand Men*, besides thirty five thousand Pioneers; among these, as Auxiliaries, were the tributary Kings of *Media* and *Adiabene*, the *Arabs* from the *Persian Gulf*, and *Albanians* from the *Caspian Sea*: the King of *Gorduene*, and the ungoverned Tribes upon the *Araxes*. So that the PARTHIANS had not at this time a foot of Ground in *Mesopotamia*, which they perfidiously sought from *Tigranes* as a Reward for betraying *Lucullus* with whom they were in Treaty. Nor was their Dominion then extended either to the *east* or *south*. I cannot therefore doubt but that in these wide and *champaign* Countries, easily overrun with fleet Bodies of Horse, the PARTHIANS reaped the chief fruit of *Sylla*; and *Lucullus*, and *Pompey's* Victories. They possessed themselves of *Adiabene*, and poured down into *Mesopotamia* all the way to *BABYLON*. They were in possession of it, and *Seleucia* was their King's usual Residence, when *CRASSUS* invaded *Parthia*, which was about eighteen years after *POMPEY's* Victories. Upon his Defeat, tho' beat back from *Antioch* by *CASSIUS*, they profited sweetly by the subsequent civil War, which lasted nine years. In that space they turned the Rival of *Rome*, and made their Incurfions into *Syria* and *Palestine*, and down to the very Confines of *Macedon* and the *Egean Sea*: Here they were with *LABIENUS* at this time: and the Expression used by *HORACE* in the artful ODE lately mentioned, PARTHOS LATIO IMMINENTES, *That they were threatening ITALY itself*, was literally true.

WHAT I am going to say of their Origin will appear so strange, that I must deprecate a hasty Judgment of it. I am of Opinion 'That the PARTHIANS were of the same Stock and Race with our own Forefathers the GOTHs and SAXONS, and spoke as we do a Dialect of the German Tongue.'

THAT



THAT the GOTHS and SAXONS are the same People with the DACIANS, GETES, MASSA-GETES, and SACIANS, is agreed on all hands\*. That these hardy Nations, bordering with the *Persian* and *Median* Kingdoms, made great Inroads into the more southern and western Provinces, and defeated the *Persians* in many Encounters, is likewise certain. 'The SACIANS, says *Strabo*, seized upon *Bactria*, took possession of the finest Countries of *Armenia*, and pushed their Conquests all the way to *Cappadocia* upon the *Black Sea*.' Under the Name of SAKS or SAXONS they afterwards over-ran the rest of *ASIA the less*; and upon the Break of the *Roman Empire* invaded all the northern Provinces of *Europe* in such swarms, and with such Power, that they conquered from the *Hellepont* to the Isles of *Orkney* on the north of *Scotland*†.

A MIXTURE of the Blood and Manners of these fierce Nations was a proper Corrective to the general Effeminacy that prevailed both in the *eastern* and *western* Empires. The latter was early corrupted by high Prosperity, and received its Remedy accordingly. For before the *Alexandrian* Conquest, the *Persians* of the most hardy, temperate, and true, were become the most dissolute and faithless of men. The *Sacians* and *Dacians* brought the Barbarity, the Fierceness, the Restlessness, the Love of Plunder

\* Οἱ μὲν δὲ πλείους, τῶν ἑκείνων ἀπὸ τῆς Κασπίης θαλάσσης ἀρξάμενοι ΔΑΔΙ ἀποκαλεσθῆναι τὰς δὲ περιούσιος τέτων μάλλον, ΜΑΣΣΑΤΕΤΑΕ καὶ ΣΑΚΑΕ ὀνομαζέσθαι. Ἰσὶα δ' αὖ ἐκαστος ἀπαίρει δ' αὖ ἐκαστοὺς ΝΟΜΑΔΕΣ.

ΣΑΤΡΒ. ΒΙΒ. 12.

† ————— Maduerunt SAXONE fuso

ORCADES.

CLAUD.

*Deitha and Chiff*, SAXONS, with forty Cyules (flat bottomed Boats) sailed round the PICTS, who possessed the east Coast, and ravaged the ORKNEYS. In their Return they took possession of many Countries (trans *Mare Friscum*, says *Nennius*, corruptly for *Frithicum*) and erected a Kingdom extended from the *Thetis* (Tees) to the *Scottish Sea*, i. e. the Frith of Forth.

NENNIUS.

der of their *own* Tribes, and joined them to the *Persian* Regulations. From thence sprang the PARTHIAN CONSTITUTION. Their Government consisted of a KING, a House of PEERS, and a House of the *learned* Men and CLERGY. The Peers consisted of the great *free-born* Men who had come originally with *Arsaces* as Conquerors; and being of the same *Dacian* Tribe which had the Name of PARNAS (I suppose HORSEMEN), they were called the Council of KINDRED LORDS\*. In effect they established the self same *Form of Vassalage* in PARTHIA that they did in *Germany*, in *France*, and in *Britain*, and which prevails in *Poland* and *Russia* unto this day. The Lord of the Mannor and his Children were only free—the *Vassals* or *Villagers*, and their Children were all Slaves. Fifty thousand Horsemen surrounded M. ANTONY and the Roman Army, in the Plains of *Adiabena*;—and of all that number, there were only four hundred free Men†. It was precisely so in *Russia* before the Czar PETER, justly named the GREAT, forced his Officers to beat up for Volunteers. Formerly the *Boyarons* (Barons) armed each his Tenants, that is, his Slaves; and let them out, willing or unwilling, to the War.

SHOULD it be said that these were *Goths* and not *Saxons*, on the *north-west* of the *Black* and not on the *north-east* of the *Caspian* Sea, the Answer is obvious;—that we see in fact the *Saxon* and *Gothic* to be Dialects of the same Tongue‡, which is perhaps the widest spread of any in the World except the *Arabic*—

\* ΤΩΝ ΠΑΡΘΥΑΙΩΝ συνέδριον ἔχει διττον τὸ μὲν ΣΥΤΤΕΝΩΝ, τὸ δὲ ΣΟΦΩΝ ἢ ΜΑΙΩΝ.  
 ἡ δὲ ἂν ἀμφὸν τὰς βασιλεῖς καθίσταται.

ΠΟΞΕΙΑ. παρὰ Στρατ.

† These were the Συγγενεῖς, of XENOPHON, called *Socii* by CESAR and *Comites* by TACITUS, in their accounts of the German Nations.

‡ Ut hodie JUTÆ (GOTHI) ita olim quoque SAXONAS puto cognatos fuisse cum Danis et Suevis Populis, rem etiam confirmante LINGUA.

LEIBNITZ. Epist. xxvii;

*Arabic*—and even co-extended to it in the northern Climes. But we can go farther, and by good Authority bring the Origin of the *Saxons*, that is, of the *English*, as well as of the *Germans* and *Parthians*, from the *North-Bank* of the *Caspian* Sea.

GENGIS-CAN, the greatest Conqueror that we read of, intended to make his eldest Son TOUSHI CAN Prince of the *Caphshac*: that is the general modern Name of the vast Country lying behind the *Caspian* and *Euxine*; which the young Prince actually over-ran; and crossing the *Don*, the *Nieper*, and the *Danube*, made an Impression so far west as *Prussia*, where the Knights of the *Teutonic* Order give him Battle\*. In tracing the Origin of the *Saxons*, his Countrymen, the learned and ingenious Mr. LEIBNITZ gave a Memorial to the Imperial Interpreter and Professor of the *Turkish* Language Mr. *Podessa*, desiring to be informed, *Whether there were any remains of the High-Dutch among the Tartars?* to which he received the following Answer.

‘ THAT in the *CAPHSHAC* on the north-side of the *Caspian*,  
 ‘ running from *Magyar* (the old *Margiana*) to the River *Jax-*  
 ‘ *artes* (called *Gihon* by the *Arabs*), the *Tartars* seem to speak  
 ‘ a dialect of the *German*, this is, of the eastern, *half-Persian*  
 ‘ —*half-Tartar* Tongue: for the *modern Persian*, which is full  
 ‘ of *German* Words, seems to have got them from the *Caphshac*  
 ‘ *Tartars*. These must have been the *Tartars*, of whom M.  
 ‘ *BUSBEC* speaks; as *Muſtapha*, *SOLIMAN* the Magnificent’s Hiſ-  
 ‘ torian, assures us, that there was a Correspondence between his  
 ‘ Master and these *Caphshac Tribes*, to whom he sent Ambassadors  
 ‘ with accounts of his *Hungarian* Conquests; and that they sent  
 ‘ back some of *their* Nation, probably the Persons known to  
 ‘ *M. Busbec*.

‘ THE

\* VIE de GENGIS-CAN. Par Mr. Petit de la Croix.

SAXONUM nomen, quantum judicari potest, latius sub posterioribus Romanis accipiebatur, eosque comprehendere qui postea *Normanni* sunt dicti, atque adeo DANOS.

LEIBNITZ. Epist. xii.

‘ THE *Tartar Tongue*, continues the Interpreter, may be divided into *three* Dialects: the first mixed with the *Sclavonic*, as it is spoke by the *Turks* and *Russians*, which prevails in *west Tartary*; the second that has no tincture of the *Turkish*, but is besprinkled with the language of the *Zagatay Tartars* to the east; and the third is the *Caspishac-Dialect*, half *Zagatay-Tartar*, and half *Persian*. The *second* of these is the most diffused thro’ all the west Countries on the north of the *Caspian*, whose great CAN, says the *Turkish* Historian *Hussien Algenabi*, has seven Kingdoms under him, round which you could not travel in half a year: his royal Residence, the Capital of this vast Empire, is called *T’HANGACZ*\*.’

No wonder then, if these warlike Tribes, invading the nearest *Persian* Provinces, should found a mere military State, and fill their language with the *German* that was then, and is now, after two thousand years, spoke in the *CAPHSHAC*. The mixture I take to have been rather greater in the times of their Wars with the *Romans*, than it was afterwards; or is even at present sensible in the *modern Persian*: because the *Parthian* Princes falling into the luxury of their Predecessors, and the *old original Persians* being hardened by the poverty and roughness of their native Province, reconquered the Kingdom; and no doubt brought back a Strain of their ancient Idiom into the Court-language, which we now know under the Name of *modern Persian*.

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F f f

IT

\* In *Tartaria*, *desl* CAPHSHAK dicta, ad littus septentrionale maris *Caspii*, occasum versus *Tartaris Magyaris* regio contermina, se orientem versus, ad flumen *Arabibus Gihun*, et *Latinis Jaxartem* extendens, videtur aliquid de GERMANISMO eorum linguae inesse. Illa enim lingua est Semi-Persica, et Semi-Tartarica-orientalis. Et Lingua Persica, pluribus *Germanicis* vocibus mixta, videtur eas a *desl* CAPTSHAK *Tartaris* habere: et ii tales *Tartari* fuerint, de quibus *Busbequius* loquitur.—Lingua *desl* CAPTSHAC, Semi-Tartarica-Chitanaya (*Zagatay*) et Semi-Persica. Fusissima autem Linguarum in partibus septentrionalibus *Caspii* Maris.

D. PODESTA ad LEIBN. Ep. 21.

IT was under the great and good Prince ALEXANDER the son of *Mammea*, that the *Parthian* Empire reassumed its old name. It had been shaken by many foreign wars, and still more weakened by intestine Struggles, when *Artaban VI.* a weak and vain Man, mounted the Throne. He took the Title of GREAT,—wore a double Diadem, and ruled his Subjects with a rod of Iron. The Provinces were full of malecontents, at whose head one of his Captains, a native of the ancient mountainous *Persia*, put himself; and marching suddenly against *Artaban*, routed him in three battles running; made him prisoner in the last, put him to death, and took possession of his Throne. This Captain is said to have been the Son of one PAUL a *Tanner*; so obscure, that we know not his real Name. He took that of *Artaxerxes*, or as they wrote it *Artaxares*, and revived the claim of the *Persian* Monarchy to all the Countries taken from it by the *Macedonians* or *Romans*. *Antient PERSIA* had for almost four hundred years been a tributary Kingdom to the *PARTHIANS*, with whose dominion it had been so long embodied, that I look upon this Revolution as little more than the Royalty of one and the same Kingdom passing from one Family to another, and making a slight change in the *Court-language*, but none in their *Manners* or *Constitution*: not unlike one of the many Convulsions that have tore that unhappy Kingdom in pieces within these thirty years. For as the *State* and *Way of life* of the ancient *Persian Monarchs* was taken up by the *Parthians*, except that they went more to war in person, the same was resumed by the modern *Sophis*, and is kept up by him and by the *Turk* with little or no variation. Nor did even their *way of fighting* or their *military Conduct* vary much; till within this Century or little more, that the superiority of *Fire-arms* (which they had experienced to their cost in their Wars with the *Turks*) forced them to exchange for Musquets those renowned *Bows* at which they did and still do excel all the Nations of the Earth. Let me give a memorable Instance:

IN

IN the bloody and obstinate Battle fought and won by the *Sophi*, ISMAEL, against SELIM the Terror of the East, the *Persian* had not a Foot-soldier in his Army. He took the field with *thirty thousand Horsemen*, ten thousand of whom were compleatly armed from head to foot, all brave Men, expert in War, and of noble Families: they rode upon stately Horses, covered with Iron-net-work, plated and pliable like Fish-scales, and were distinguished by their crested Helms for terror and ornament. This manner then of fighting *on horseback*, and of o'erpow'ring their Enemy with showers of Arrows and Darts, continued in *Asia* from the time of the *Assyrian Monarchy*\* until within these two hundred years; and it is pleasant to observe that these *Warriors at a distance* never ventured to stand a close Attack from Infantry without being worsted. The *early Persians*, the *Athenians*, the *Lacedemonians*, the *Romans*, gained all their great Victories with Sword and Shield.

FROM raising contributions in *Judea*, and extorting money from *Antigonus*, *Antony's* Lieutenant-General VENTIDIUS led the Legions against *Labienus* and the *Parthian* Archers. Their light-moving Army had retired towards the *Euphrates* loaded with Plunder, tho' not with quite *five hundred Jewish* Girls; and *Labienus*, too secure after *Saxa's* death, was surprized by *Ventidius* in *Cilicia*. He durst not stand the attack without his *Parthian Allies*, but fled thro' *Syria* to *Mount Taurus*, where he halted and encamped; being in a manner besieged by *Ventidius*, who had pursued him close with his light-armed Men, and bid the Legions follow as fast as they could. He possessed the top of a hill over against *Labienus*, not far from the BOW of the *Euphrates*; each of them waiting their Friends to enter upon Action. They happened to arrive both about the same time:

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but

\* ΤΗΝ Δὲ ΜΑΧΗΝ μὲν λίγον ἐκείνων ἦντις ἐστὶν ὁ Σχεδὸν (ἐφ' ᾧ ὁ Κουζέδης). πάντων ἡ αὐτὴ Τολότα γὰρ εἴσι, καὶ Ἀκουλῆαι, ὅτ' ἐκείνων, καὶ οἱ ἡμέτεροι.

but *Ventidius* contained the Legions within his high Camp, for fear of the *Parthian* Cavalry on the Plain. They, on the other hand, elated with two Victories gained over the *Romans*, began to hold them in the same contempt as they held their *Syrian* and *Armenian* neighbours. Without consulting *Labienus*, and despising his assistance, as they did the enemy, the *Parthians* marched by day-break up the hill, and fiercely attacked the *Roman* Camp. This was to *Ventidius*' wish: he had them at the disadvantage of the ground, and where they were too nigh to use their Bows. The Legions issued out at the Ports, and joining shield to shield, pushed them down the hill with great Slaughter: but as the chief Attack had been on the south declivity, there likewise was the heat of the Pursuit, which intercepted their Retreat to *Labienus*' Camp, and drove the broken Troops into *Cilicia* and *Commagene*. So considerable a Number however joined *Labienus*, that he thought himself now a match for the *Antonian* General, and prepared next day to offer him battle. But a sudden *Pannic* seized his Troops: they fled before these same Legions that had now defeated the *Parthians*, and could not think of facing them in the Field: they began to desert in Companies; and some of these having informed *Ventidius* of the bad plight of their Camp, he sent out strong Detachments to intercept the Fugitives, and killed many in their flight. *Labienus* hardly escaped in the Habit of a Servant, and lurked for some time among the Mountains of *Cilicia*, where he was at last discovered and put to death by a Freed-man of the late *CESAR*, one *Demetrius*, whom *ANTONY* or *CLEOPATRA* had set over the Isle of *Cyprus*.

THE narrow Pass between the meeting Ridges of *Amanus* and *Taurus*, called the *Cilician Gates*, is not that between the Mountains and the *Pamphylian* Sea, made famous in History by *ALEXANDER*'s Expedition, and which has been impertinently compared with the Passage of the *Jews* over the End of the *Arabian Gulf*: this was so narrow, that a strong Wall was built across, and  
Gates

Gates put into it which gave the Pass its Name\*, and commanded the Entry into upper *Syria*. It was now seized upon and fortified by *Barzapharnes* and the *Parthians*, against whom *Ventidius* sent his Major-General *Uppedius Silo*. They came to blows, and *Silo* was in imminent hazard of perishing with his Legions (*Barzapharnes* being a Leader of great experience) when *Ventidius* came up to sustain him. The fortune of the day turned: *Barzapharnes* fell fighting bravely; his whole Army was cut to pieces, and the *Romans* recovered all of *Syria* and *Cilicia* that had been alienated by *Labienus*.

HERE VENTIDIUS refreshed his Troops, and took to his old trade of raising Contributions, and imposing fines upon the neighbouring Princes thro' the winter; when he heard that *PACORUS* the King's son, a prince of great gallantry and conduct, was about to pass the *Euphrates* with a vast Army early in the Spring. He was not prepared to receive him: but taking one of the *Arab-Shabs* of his own acquaintance, called *CHANEI*, whom he knew to have a warm side to the *Parthian*, he pretended to make him his Confident, trusted him with trifles as great Secrets—and among the rest insinuated an apprehension, 'that the *Parthians* now acquainted with their own superiority in Plains, and of the *Romans* in hilly Countries, would leave their wonted Ford on the *Euphrates* called the *ZEYGMA* or *JUNCTION*, and would pass below, in the champion Tracts towards *ALEPPO*.' The *Arab* failed not to acquaint *Pacorus* with the *Roman General's* Fears; nor *Pacorus* to take the lower Route, and leave *Ventidius* full time to call the Legions from their Winter-quarters, and strengthen his Army by the accession of more Troops from the adjacent Garrisons.

ALL the rich Cities, not only of *Syria* but of all *Asia*, had their eyes turned upon this War. They had experienced *ANTONY* and his *Lieutenants* to be such terrible Masters; and *PACORUS*, whether

\* ΠΥΛΑΙ ΚΙΛΙΚΙΑΣ, THE CILICIAN GATES.

See PLUTARCH in the Life of ALEXANDER; and ARRIAN. Lib. ii.



whether thro' the real generosity and mildness of his own Nature, or from Views of Interest, had behaved so handsomely among them in his last two years Campaigns, that it was very plain their Prayers were for his Success. *Ventidius* permitted him to pass the *PERATH* without molestation, and to march northward in quest of him without seeing a *Roman Soldier* by the way: nay when he came up, and spread his Cavalry over all the Country round about, the *Roman* kept close in his Camp without giving the least sign of Life or Vigor. The *Parthians* naturally impetuous and fiery, did interpret this Conduct as the effect of Fear; and having in their Army some thousands of such Horsemen as we lately mentioned among *Ishmar's* Troops, armed with plated Coats of Mail, these threw themselves in a Circle, and sword-in-hand went to attack *Ventidius's* Camp. He had reaped too great advantages from his Situation last year to pitch upon any other Ground than the head of a pretty steep Hill; where had the *Parthians* beleaguered him with their multitudes, till hunger or thirst had forced him down to the Plain, he might have run the risk of *Craesus's* fate: but with all the marks of fear he let them come up to the very *Vallum*, and begin to tear it down with their hands; when having the Legions ready under arms, he gave the signal for Battle. Suddenly the *Ports* were burst open, the *Roman Trumpets* began to sound—the *EAGLES* issued forth, and the Cohorts rushed fierce upon the Aggressors. A Body of Cavalry, be the Men ever so brave, and the Horses ever so well trained, can ill stand a near Charge of Foot: but if they once mix, and begin to push with sword and lance, a Rout is inevitable. The *Parthians* with all their fury were forced down the hill, and were particularly gauled by the Slingers from above. Yet the Fight was maintained with great bravery, till the noble *Pacorus* fighting at the head of the royal Band, received a mortal Wound, and fell among his Horses feet. The *Kindred Lords* joined, and made a terrible Effort to rescue his Body; but the Legion standing

firm, they were repulsed with many wounds, and lost heart. With them the whole *Parthian* Army turned their backs : a vast Slaughter ensued, and the *Romans* recovered the quiet possession of *Syria*, which the *Parthians* had been attempting to conquer ever since *Craffus*' Defeat.

ONE of the Ridges that branches out from Mount *Taurus* shuts up between it and the *PHRATH*, a small but very fertile Country called *Commagene*. The Prince of it, *Antiochus*, had endeavoured to hold a blameless Conduct in the *Parthian* Contest ; but being immensely rich, the covetous *Ventidius* picked a quarrel with him, as if he had underhand assisted *Pacorus*, in order to make him buy his Peace. He refused to comply ; and *Ventidius* therefore besieged him in his Capital *Samosata*. It was a very strong Fortrefs, well provided for Defence, and became afterwards famous by giving Birth to *LUCIAN* the elegant, but libertine Writer of the Dialogues.

*VENTIDIUS* was thus employed ; and *ANTIOCHUS*, straitly besieged, had offered *two hundred thousand Pounds* for peace : when *Antony*, who had passed the Winter and Spring of *DCCXVI.* at *Athens*, piqued by his Lieutenant's success, was now advancing thro' *Cilicia* with his Army, and wrote to *Ventidius*, *not to treat with the Commagenian till his arrival*. It was apparent that he wanted to take the town by storm for the honour of a Conquest, and to glut his Troops with the Spoil : and the Thoughts of this put that King and his Subjects upon exerting their utmost Strength in their own defence, as there is no spur to fighting like *Despair*. *Antony* found the Siege an untoward Business ; and was beginning to be weary of it, when he received a seasonable Reinforcement by the Bravery of *Herod* the lately created King of *Judea*.

In his return from relieving the Ladies at *Mazada*, he had encamped within a Bow-shot of *Jerusalem*, and would have immediately besieged it, but for the evil Practices of the *Roman Officers* already mentioned. He was now forced to leave *Antigonus*

gonus Master of the City, and to put his Army into Winter-quarters under the command of his Brother *Joseph*, with strict orders *not to fight in his absence*, while he undertook a pretty dangerous journey to *Antony*. His way lay thro' *Antioch*, the Capital of *Syria*, where he found a large body of Auxiliaries from the tributary Princes ready to march, but not resolute enough to venture thro' a Tract of hostile Country, full of Woods, and infested by strong Parties of *Arabs* and *Commagenians*, the King's friends. He put himself at their head; and having by his personal bravery repelled two fierce Attacks from the Troops that had way-laid them, he brought them and their Baggage safe to the Lines of *Samosata*. His Reception was suitable to the Service. For *Antony* having notice of his Approach, ordered the whole Army to turn out and pay him the honours due to a *ROMAN CONSUL*. When he inquired the Particulars of their March, the Officers of the Auxiliars frankly acknowledged that their Preservation was owing to the *King of Judea*. *Antony* could not but admire the Gallantry and undaunted Spirit of the Man, and carested and honoured him on all occasions. But for all the Reinforcement, *Samosata* still held out; and *Antony*, sick of the Enterprize, at last accepted of scarce *sixty thousand* Pounds instead of the proffered *two hundred thousand*, and made no very honourable Peace with the King of *Commagene*. A long Habit of indulging in Pleasure was now beginning to make Business *troublesome*. He was in haste to get back to a Scene of Entertainment. Whether this were *Egypt* and *Cleopatra*, or *Octavia* and *Athens*, Authors are not agreed. I can scarce believe it was the former, (tho' expressly asserted by *Joseph the Jewish Historian*\*) as *Octavia* was still at *Athens*, and went with him in the Spring to *Italy*; whither he was then called by his Colleague and Brother-in-law, upon an important Occasion.

THINGS

\* ANTONIOS παρακληυσάμενος Σοσίην συμμαχεῖν Ἡρώδῃ, αὐτὸς ἐπ' Αἰγύπτου ἔχεται.  
APXAI. IA.

THINGS had not continued long in *Italy* upon the footing of the *Peace of Miseno*: there was no cordial Liking between *Sextus Pompey* and the young *Cesar*. The Divorce of *Scribonia* with a circumstance of such Cruelty must have irritated the Parties still more against one another; and the *Power* of each being mutually an Eye-sore, their Amity could not be of duration. *Pompey* complained that the *Africa* was not delivered up to him, nor the Provinces evacuated by *Antony's* Garrisons according to Articles; and *Cesar*, that the Sea was still infested by Pirates, secretly encouraged by *Pompey*. *Rome* was ill-supplied with Corn; and the People said, that *instead of a Peace, they had only added a fourth Tyrant to the former three*. POMPEY was every day increasing his Fleet and Marines; and CESAR, as if the Treaty had been openly violated, received Proposals from *Menodore* (whom the *Romans* called shortly *Menas*) of betraying *Sardinia* and *Corfica* with three Legions and a Squadron of Ships. POMPEY sent to demand his Freed-man in form, and Restitution of the Islands and Legions. He was refused both; and *Cesar*, to put honour on *Menas*, gave him the *Jus Annuli*, a Right of wearing a Gold-Ring like a *Roman Knight*. Open War immediately ensued: *Menebrates*, long a Rival to *Menas*, was appointed Rear-Admiral in his stead, and ordered out with his Squadron to make Descents upon the Coasts of *Italy*.

ABOVE the Bay of *Cuma*, the Seat of the celebrated SIBYL\*, and where there is still a Cavern known by the Name of the *Sibyl's Grotto*, there runs a great Tract of a low Copse, which they called the HEN-WOOD. Hither came *Menebrates*, and having placed a body of Men in ambush, he sailed about, and suddenly entered the Mouth of the *Pulturno*, and attacked the Town of that Name, while his Men were ravaging all about *Capua* and *Naples*, and intercepting the Convoys and Parties of triumphal Troops that were escorting them to *Rome*†. The

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G g g

City.

\* Ultima CUMAEAE venit jam Carminis actas.

VIRG. POLLIO.

† STRABON. LIG. III.

City began to be again threatened with Famine, and *Cesar* was pressed on all hands to put an end one way or other to the inauspicious War. He made vast Preparations both of Men and Ships. One Fleet was equipping under *Calvisius Sabinus* at *Rome*, and in the Ports of *Tuscany*: another at *Ravenna* and *Tarento* which *Cesar* was to command in person with *L. Cornificius* (a Cousin, I believe, of the great *QUINTUS*) for his Rear-Admiral. Mean time he notified the Violation of the Treaty of *Miseno* by *POMPEY* (as he pretended) to both his Collegues; and invited the one from *Greece* and the other from *Afric* to come and take part in the common Quarrel. Neither of them made haste to comply, and neither of them would have been greatly grieved had he perished in the Enterprize. But thinking himself a match for *Pompey* without them, as he had called the Legions too out of *Dalmatia*, he took the Sea with a resolution to invade *Sicily* early in the Spring. But first when the Fleet was rendezvousing at *Tarento*, *Cornificius's* Squadron in sailing from *Ravenna*, was overtaken by a Storm, in which the finest Ship intended for *Cesar's* own Flag, went to the bottom. *SEXTUS POMPEY* being informed of these hurried Preparations, and of *Menas's* Treachery, who was coming against him as *Sabinus's* Lieutenant, divided his Fleet, and with one half waited *Cesar* in the Harbour of *Messina*, and gave the other to *Menecrates* to meet *Sabinus* and his old Enemy. Their Squadrons first spy'd one another in the evening, off Cape *Cuma*, and *Sabinus* took shelter that night in the Bay of that name. Next morning, drawing up in a half moon, he was sailing close by the *Campanian* Shore, when *Menecrates* came and attacked him with great fury. Their nearness to the Land hindered him from using all the Play of the ancient naval Encounters; but he set fire to some of them, drove many ashore, and sunk such as he had Sea-room to sail round. In the heat of the Action, the two Rivals, and now sworn Enemies, *Menas* and *Menecrates*, happened to desery one another at the same instant. Immediately they

left

left every other Pursuit, and with all their Art and strength of Oars, threatening and shouting, rushed upon one another. The Shock was terrible. *Menas's* Ship had her brazen Beak beat off with a part of her Bow; and *Menecrates's* Galley had a Tire of her Oars stripp'd sheer off by the Board. But when the Grappling-Irons were thrown, and the Ships made fast along-sides, there ensued the most desperate Engagement that had ever been seen between two Captains. It began with Showers of Darts, Stones, Arrows, Spears—then the Bridges were thrown for boarding, where a cruel Battle joined: Foot to foot, and shield to shield; there was not a Blow given in vain. They fought for some time with equal fury and success, and the Crews of both were generally either killed or wounded, when an accidental Circumstance seemed to give *Menas* the advantage: his Ship was higher than the Enemies'—his Men fought as from a *rising Ground*, and the Blows and Shot from above gave a Superiority. Yet he was run thro' the Arm with a Dart which was got out: but his Adversary *Menecrates* was pierced thro' the Thigh with a *Spanish* barbed Javelin, which they durst not try to move. But tho' disabled from fighting, he kept the Deck encouraging his Men, until seeing them all cut down, and the Enemy ready to clear the Deck, he sprang over board, and perished in the Sea.

ON the right, *Calvisius Sabinus* had surrounded some Vessels separated from the rest of the Line; they stood out to Sea, and the Admiral too eager in the Chace, was pursuing them, when DEMOCHARÈS, Lieutenant to MENEKRATES and his fellow-Freed-man, fell upon his exposed Squadron, and either burnt or drove them to Shore. *Sabinus* picked up the Men, and extinguished the Fires of some few at his Return, and with his shattered Remains retreated to the same Bay where he had passed the former Night. It was a great Victory had it been improved; but *Demochares*, struck with the loss of his Admiral *Menecrates*, and the Desertion of *Menas* (*Pompey's* chief Sea-Officers),

Officers), instead of falling upon the disabled Fleet next morning, which he could have utterly destroyed, sailed directly for *Messina*, as if all had been lost with *Menecrates* and his Ship, and left *Calvissus* at full leisure to refit. He accordingly sailed out unmolested some days thereafter to join *CESAR*, who was come to *Rheggio* with a great Fleet and Army; while *Pompey* had only forty Ships in the harbour of *Messina*. The old Officers were for improving the opportunity and attacking him immediately in the harbour: but *CESAR* did not chuse to fight till *Calvissus* should come up, saying, *it was bad Conduct to hazard a Battle, alone, when your Allies were just at hand*. The shattered Squadron were coasting along *Abruzzo*, and were beginning to turn the *Scyllean* Cape, now called the *Fox-tail*, when a violent Gale sprang up at South-west; and dashed many of them against the Rocks. Next day, *Cesar* ignorant of what had happened, loosed from *Rheggio*, and was sailing thro' the Streight of *Sicily* with his whole Fleet; when *Pompey* ordered *APOLLOPHANES* another of his Father's Freedmen, who succeeded *Menecrates*, to sail out and attack him. He did so, and greatly distressed the hindmost Ships, but could not bring *Cesar* to a general Engagement: on the contrary he ordered the whole Squadron to stand in for the Shore; then turning their heads to the Sea to cast anchor, and in that posture receive the Enemy. For some time this Disposition was useful, as it eluded the Art of *Pompey's* Seamen, and received the Shock on their armed Bow. But *Apollophanes*, after often retiring and attacking, ordered two Fire-ships to attack every large Galley, and at the same time, after *Murcus's* example, pouring in blazing Darts upon the thick-set Navy, which put the *Cesareans* quickly in disorder, and the Wind rising about the same time occasioned a dreadful Scene of Blood and Confusion. Some of them cut their Anchors, and let their Vessels drive upon the Rocks to avoid the flames; others threw themselves into the Sea, hoping to swim ashore. *CESAR* himself leaped upon the Shelf of a Rock, and got to firm ground. *CORNIFICIUS*  
only

only and his Squadron behaved like gallant men in this bloody Struggle. Without waiting *Cesar's* Orders, they cut their Cables and stood out to Sea—not to fly; but to dy fighting rather than be burnt lying at anchor. With fury and despair, he suddenly attacked the *Pompeian* Rear-Admiral, and gave her such a Crush as opened her Seams, and made her unfit for Service. *Demochares* jumped into a Tender; and *Cornificius* seized his Prize: This piece of daring Courage preserved *Cesar*, who would else have scarce had a Ship left in the Sea. The Sun was just going down when the Victors spied *Sabinus* and his crazy Squadron sailing slowly along the Shore. The Cape covered them from their Friends; who knew nothing of them till next morning: and in that time *CESAR* himself was in little better plight than his Fleet—His Equipage had perished with his Ship—he had been running about all evening giving Orders, and what assistance he could to his wounded or half-drowned Men, in directing them to get up to the Mountain that overhangs the Streight, and make fires to refresh themselves, and show where to find them. When Night came, neither he nor any of the People had either a Tent to ly in, or a Morsel to eat: his Seamen had deserted the Ship as soon as it was dark, and run up to the Fires—he did not know but the Coast was full of *Pompey's* Men searching for *Cesareans*, the falling into whose hands was worse than Death. Cold therefore and hungry as he was, he crept into a Cave to elude their Search, and lay there for some Hours almost in the same condition as in the Bog at *Philippi*.

THE News of the naval Engagement and of *Cesar's* Defeat quickly flew back to *Rheggio*; where he had left the *thirteenth* LEGION with a view to transport them into the *Island* after having cleared the Passage of *Pompey's* Ships. The Tribune and Centurions did not know what use there might be for their service; but taking Guides, they set out from *Rheggio*, and with vast toil and difficulty clambered over the Mountains in the dark. At last they came in sight of the Fires, and directing  
their



their course thither, they learned more Particulars of the public Calamity, but could hear nothing of their General. As they advanced however, the Noise they made drew forth some of *Cesar's* followers to listen, who at the sight of the *Legion* ran back and brought him out of the Cave. It was a joyful meeting: The military men are full of shifts; and they now erected a hasty Tent with Trees and Branches, which they covered with their *Sagums*, and brought him some of their Ammunition-Bread, the sweetest Meal he had made for some time.

In the morning, the Sea and Shore, covered with Wrecks, strew'd with Corpses and Arms,—some half-consumed Ships floating about, others still smoaking, burnt down to the Water-edge, was a miserable Spectacle to *CESAR*. However the Arrival of *Sabinus*, maltreated as he had been, was some Comfort, and enabled him to rig and man his own remaining Ships. They were busy about this, when towards noon next day the Sea began to swell, and in a little the South-Wind blew with such violence as to put a stop to naval Preparations. Most of *Cesar's* raw Marines hoped it would be but a passing Gust not unusual in the Spring: But the experienced *Menas*, now *Calvisius's* Lieutenant, foresaw and prepared for the impending mischief. He took a little Offing for Sea-room, dropp'd two Anchors from his Bow, and ordered his Crew to their Oars. As the Storm encreased they rowed to ease their Cables, and seldom let them come strait without relieving the Strefs. But among the rest of the Fleet, the most terrible havoc was made that the oldest Seaman had ever known. The Waves confined by the Streight, the Hurricane playing in eddies, mocked all their Moorings, and dashed the Ships against the Rocks or one another; and when the Current and Swirls brought by the Tide joined the Storm, the Violence and Horror of it was inexpressible. Some of the unhappy Crews were swallowed up, roaring out in vain for help—others, struck dumb with impending Woe, sunk in Silence—many, to avoid being dashed to a Cliff,

or crushed between Ships, leaped among the Billows—scarce was there a Face of Horror which Death did not wear in this dismal Tempest. The Violence of it redoubled at night: then Darkness, Distraction, a devouring Swirl and reverberating Rocks, conspired for inevitable Perdition of Ships and Men. CESAR, unable to bear the Sight or the Thought of all his naval Strength and expensive Equipment being thus blasted at a Blow, ran away in despair thro' the Mountains to *Monte Leone*. There he wrote to *Agrippa* who commanded in *Gaul*, and to his chief Officers, to come to him immediately with their several Corps. He dreaded an Invasion of *Italy* by *Pompey* and an Insurrection of the old Friends of the REPUBLIC to oppress an Usurper, on whom the Hand of Heaven seemed to fall heavy for his Crimes: But his Fears were vain—POMPEY, safe in the Harbour of *Messina*, had not the least Thought of invading the Continent, or profiting by his Enemies' misfortunes. Bold and active in execution, he seems to have failed in laying Plans; and to have been fitter for a *Second* than a Commander in chief; perhaps a secret Consciousness of this Defect made him so obnoxious to his Counsellors, especially to such as he thought most attached to his Person and Interest.

THE double Defeat of his Fleets, and still more, the horrible Tempest, reduced *Cesar* to great extremities. ROME was already starving; POMPEY was Lord of the Ocean; he had neither Ships to oppose him, nor Money to build more: For at the least mention of a new Tax, the famished Romans were in hazard of rising, and committing all the Acts of Despair and Fury. He had but one Resource, which he would not have used but in the last distress; and that was ANTONY'S Friendship. That Triumvir had actually come upon the former Call with a small Squadron to *Brindisi*, I suppose persuaded by *Octavia* to assist her Brother. But either piqued by *Cesar*'s not keeping the appointed day of their Meeting, or pretending to be terrified by the Prodigy of a Wolf's having come into his Tent, and eat one

his Guards, all to the face, he failed directly back to Greece. Thither was now MECENAS dispatched, the great *Negotiator* on whom all the Politics rolled, to endeavour to obtain succours in *Cesar's* greatest need. The Affair was not very promising: he had the disgust to remove for the neglect of their former Appointment, and a new Favour to ask for a man no Heart-Friend to his Master. Yet he succeeded in both; partly by the Art, which he possessed in perfection, of making himself agreeable to ANTONY, and chiefly by the Intercession of the excellent *Octavia*, who was the true Bond of Union between the Triumvirs.

THE disconsolate *Cesar* therefore received two pieces of good News almost at the same time; that M. AGRIPPA had gained a great Victory over the *Gauls* who had lately rebelled in *Navarre*; and that ANTONY was to assist him against POMPEY with a Fleet of two hundred Ships. We need not doubt of the cordial Welcome *Mecenas* would meet with at his Return: but the weighty Service he came from performing, and the preceding Distress, would put his Master in a proper disposition to receive those Impressions of humanity and moderation he wished to give him. Great Misfortunes are a sovereign Remedy for Insolence and Pride. The Breast, formerly untouched by Compassion, and steeled against a Sense of other Men's Misery, softens then into Sympathy, and perceives at last its own corresponding Frailty. Many a Prince is so flattered out of his Reason, that the Welfare of a Nation or the Lives of Millions is a Trifle in comparison of *his* Person or *his* Pleasure. LEWIS XIV. was hurt by too frequent mention of the Term L'ETAT, the STATE: and our CHARLES II. answered a Confident, who asked him, what he thought now of a certain Minister; '*That the Nobility of Scotland had indeed charged him with a great many d——d things done against the COUNTRY, but nothing against HIS SERVICE.*'

THE wretched state of the Empire and intense public Distress had perhaps never cost the young *Cesar* one serious thought: to increase and maintain *his own* Grandeur, and gratify his *own* Passions, was his sole Concern. How could the *Roman* Misery be most artfully represented, without rankling the mind conscious of being chiefly guilty?—what would be the *most striking Image*—the most adapted to his present situation to convey it?—A *shattered SHIP*—*tossed by Storm after Storm*—*stripped of her Rigging and Oars, her Masts split, her Sails tore, her Rowers gone, her very Gods forsaken her*—*and yet in hazard of being blown out to sea again in a new Tempest* \*—and that Image was coloured by the strongest and most exquisite Touches of *Horace's* Pen †, which would be a proper Piece to lay upon his Toilet in a morning after his *Sicilian Expedition*.

THIS grand Disaster having happened early in the Spring, and the Negotiations with *Antony* having consumed the better part of the Summer, there was an interval of leisure at *Rome*, which permitted the Men of Business to bestow a little attention upon LEARNING. For tho' the *supreme Power* was usurped and abused by the *Triumvirs*, yet the SENATE, the PEOPLE, and the inferior COURTS still continued to act, tho' under restraint, and still gave play to Talents and Literature. But another Cause contributed to give *Cesar* and his Ministry a turn to *Learning*. His adoptive Father JULIUS, among less laudable branches of Am-

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bition,

\* O NAVIS! referent in mare te novi  
Fluctus! O quid agis! fortiter occupa  
Portum. &c.  
NUPER sollicitum quae mihi taedium,  
Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,  
Interfusa nitentis, vites aquora Cycladas.

† The greater part of the learned Men who have explained the Poet, refer this ODE to the *Asian* or *Alexandrian* War. That happened in the year DCCXXI. *Horace's* Escape from *Philippi*, or rather his being embarked in the Cause of LIBERTY with *Brutus*, to which he evidently here alludes, was in DCCXI. to which NUPER will scarce apply; but it will with great propriety, to what happened but *two* or *three* years before.

bition, had affected to be the *first* man in *Letters* as well as in *Arms*. He was not an Original in this way; having had both patterns and rivals among the greatest in ROME: for besides the *professed* Scholars, if I may so say, among the nobility already enumerated, both *Sylla* and *Pompey*, but especially *Catulus*, *Lucullus*, and *Cato*, were men of wide and elegant Literature. *Cesar's* passion for Science appeared principally in the choice of his personal Friends. Such daring indigent fellows as ANTONY and DOLOBELLA, as VENTIDIUS, SALVIDIENUS and SAXA, were his tools in the Army; but his *Family-favourites* were men of another stamp; *Balbus*, *Mamurra*, *Matius* and *Oppius*, were all eminently accomplished,—of an elegant turn, and (*Morals*, the *chief* Point excepted) of a true taste both in Life and Learning: of course, they were Men of Pleasure—and at the same time highly capable of bearing a *second* part in business, tho' neither of Family or Character to stand upon their own bottoms.

CORNELIUS BALBUS was by birth a *Spaniard*, a Native of *Cadiz*, the old *Phenician* Settlement, afterwards increased by a *Roman Colony*. It is known in modern times by having been a Scene of *english Honour* under Queen ELIZABETH, and of disgrace under Queen ANNE. When very young, he had served in the *Sertorian War* under *Q. Metellus*, and gave proofs of great Courage both by sea and land. He next served under POMPEY the GREAT, who succeeded *Metellus*, and followed his *Questor* the noble *Memmius*\*, until his death. He fought in the two famous Battles of *Sucron* and *Duris*; and behaved during the whole War with such fidelity and resolution, that at the end of it *Pompey* procured his *naturalization*, and invested him with the Privileges of a *Roman Citizen*. He had likewise the good fortune to be early taken notice of by *Cesar*; who perceiving, during his first *Spanish Magistracy*, this Youth's spirit and address in business, took him into the number of his Friends; and when he returned *Prætor* made him his Master of Artillery.

He

\* LUCRETIVS the Poet's Patron.

He renewed that important and lucrative Commission after *Mamurra* had resigned it in *Gaul*; and from that time *Balbus* never quitted *Cesar* while he lived. He either accompanied him in his Expeditions abroad, or looked after both his public and private Affairs at home. He was Partner of his Toils and Pleasures, and reaped all the advantages of *such* a Friendship; having amassed immense Wealth tho' he lived in *high splendor*, not to say *high luxury*; for he loved an elegant Table and good Wine more than was consistent with freedom from the Gout. He bought the magnificent *Villa* and Estate adjoining to *CICERO's* in the *Tusculan Vale*, which had belonged to *Metellus* his first General:—was a cunning and bold, but a smooth dissembling man \*,—very fit for *Cesar's* Secretary. During the course of the civil war, *Oppius* and he stayed at *Rome*, and were employed, if I may use a familiar term, *to puff* that artful Clemency which *Julius Cesar* made one of the chief means of his Usurpation †. He had so severe a fit of the Gout when *Cesar* was upon his return from the last *Spanish* War against the young *POMPEYS*, that he could admit of no Visits but from his Physician ‡: but being a man of wit, when he could see Company, he was visited by all the *Virtuosi*, and paid one himself, among his first Visits, to the humorous *Papirius Paetus*, *Tully's* Correspondent—This Gentleman wrote next day to *Cicero*, asking NEWS; and received this Answer,

'You are a very strange man, to ask ME what will become of the Free-Towns and Public-Lands, when you had our Friend BALBUS in your House! as if I were informed of any thing which he knew not, or were let into the Secret of what's adoin' thro' any other

H h h 2

\* *Nosti hominem, quam sit tectus!*

CIC.

† No Man knew *CESAR* better than *C. CURIO* the violent Tribune, one of those open People who dare do or say any thing. He plainly told that when *METELLUS* refused *Cesar's* entrance into the Treasury, *Eum iracundiâ elatum voluisse occidi Metellum*—non enim *Voluntate* aut *Natura* non esse crudelem, sed quod putaret popularem esse Clementiam.

Apud CICER. Lib. x. Ep. 4.

‡ *BALBUS*, postquam tu es profectus, non vidi; tantis pedum doloribus afficitur, ut se conveniri nolle.

CICER. ad LEPTAM.

‘ other than his Canal ! Nay, good Petus ! if you would oblige me, do you tell me what is become of us ? for you had the Man in your power, from whom, drunk or sober, you could learn any thing \*.’

This shews the high place he held in *Cesar’s* confidence : but the most amiable part of his Character is his Good-nature and Humanity ; for in all the Struggles of Parties, and during the whole course of the civil War, he was never known to do, nor heard to say, a harsh thing of any *Roman*. It is true, with an ill grace could he, loaded with *Pompey’s* favours, and adopted into his prime Minister *THEOPHANES’s* Family, have shewn malevolence to his Friends and Benefactors : but if his Temper had not been mild, *Party-Rage* would have obliterated stale-Obligations. He had a Nephew of his own Character as to Courage and Capacity, who possessed a great share of the young *Cesar’s* favour, but came short of his Uncle in other Accomplishments. For now, that the fury of the civil War was beginning to subside, this elder *BALBUS*, *CN. MATIUS* and *C. OPPIUS*, all pretty well advanced in years, turned themselves wholly to the Enjoyment of LIFE, and endeavoured to lead in all sorts of Learning and Elegance. They were Strangers to *Public-Spirit*, *conscious Virtue*, and that *Rectitude of Heart* which gives Life its genuine relish ; and in their place had substituted what we preposterously call *Good-living* and *smoothness of Manners*. One of their chief Amusements was *Agriculture* and *Gardening*—not in the way that old *CATO* and *CAMILLUS* exercised them ; to raise great crops of Grain or sow fields of Onions for their lab’ring servants : They were fond of *elegant Gardens*, *artificial Wilderesses*, and especially of *Groves of Laurel* for the winter and of *oriental Plane* for the summer Months. The great *L. LUCULLUS* had led up this Taste ; and by bringing home foreign

\* See his (*Cesar’s*) Letters to them, and theirs to *Cicero* in the IX. Book to *ATTICUS* ; and compare these with *Plutarch’s* Account of *Cesar’s* Letters to them from EGYPT.

foreign Trees from *Pontus* and *Asia*, and particularly our common CHERRY TREE from the neighbourhood of *Cerasus* on the *Euxine*, had done the same service to *Italy* that Mr. *Sherard* and Sir *William Temple* did to *England*, or that, among many more important, his Grace ARCHIBALD Duke of ARGYLE is now doing to *Scotland*. *Lucullus* pitched upon a Spot for his Gardens not far from *Rome*, with such Judgment that they stood the Test of Ages; and after passing thro' the hands of a few distinguished Men of Genius, they were at last appropriated by the Emperors; and in *Trajan's* time, when *Luxury* was at its height, the Gardens of *Lucullus* were the chief Scene of imperial Recreation. In imitation of him, *Cesar* is said to have brought the first Chestnut-Tree to *Italy* from *Sardis* in *Lydia*. It passed from thence thro' *France* into *Britain*, where a great Forest of it grew near *London* in the time of HENRY II.

MAMURRA'S Turn was to Architecture; he was the first Person who contrived to cut Marble into thin Plates, to incrust the Walls of his Dining-Rooms: But *Balbus*, *Oppius*, and *Matius* were the most curious Gardeners and greatest Planters of the age. BALBUS laid out his Gardens with such magnificence upon a piece of ground he received from CN. POMPEY \*, that they were reckoned among the public Grievances; being an equal proof of the profusion of public Money, as *Mamurra's* ill-got and exorbitant Wealth †. *Matius* has the honour of being the first Inventor of figured Trees, and of Hedges and Groves clipped into various shapes ‡. This would procure

\* CNAEUS noster locum ubi HORTOS aedificaret (Balbo) dedit. CICER. ad Att. Et Mamurrae divitiae placent, et Balbi HORTI, et Tusculanum. IDEM.

† Placet, *qsts* CICERO ironically, adoptatum patricium—(Clodium) a plebeio ( ) Gaditanum (Balbum) a Mitylenico (Theophane) et Labieni Divitiae, et Mamurrae placent, et Balbi HORTI et TUSCULANUM.

LIB. VII. Ep. 7.

‡ Primus CN. MATIUS ex equestri ordine, Divi Augusti amicus, invenit nemora tonsilia, intra hos octoginta annos. C. PLIN. Lib. xxij. §. 2.



cure him admiration at first; as it still would in *Holland* and *France*, and even in *Britain* some time ago—but he comes now thirty years too late. It would surely be thought vastly ingenious at its first appearance—but *Nature* prevails at last, and the whimsical Taste is happily vanished. He improved *Fruits* too, and was either the first Planter, or so great an Admirer of a particular Species, that it long bore the Name of the *Matian Apple* \*. But *Oppius* (another Sir *John Evelyn*) was a man of great and curious Learning, and surpassed them both in his knowledge of the Nature of Plants: he wrote two curious Treatises, one of *FRUITS*, and another of *FOREST-TREES*, which was a Standard to succeeding Authors †.

WITH these three men *MECENAS*, who held the same place with the son that they held with the father, was living in the greatest Intimacy, and was beginning to indulge the same Taste, when perceiving his *pastoral* Bard, *VIRGIL*, by his knowledge of Nature, capable of a higher Strain of Poetry and of more useful and instructive Productions, he put him upon writing his *GEORGICS*, or *Books of Agriculture* ‡. This truly admirable Poem was not intended either for the perusal or practice of *Peasants*: no—it was writ at the desire of a *Minister* upon a *courtly* Subject, and in the *prevailing* Taste: for besides *Lucullus* and *Hortensius*, the excellent *M. VARRO* had illustrated Agriculture in all its branches, in the ingenious Treatise happily preserved; and *SALLUST* the Historian was then exercising the most curious part of it in his famous Gardens on the *Tiber*: MEN fatigued with Business, or ruffled with Politics, frequently fly for relief to *Country-Amusements*: they find

\* It was the Emperor *DOMITIAN*'s usual Supper—matianum pomum.

SUETON.

† VIR doctus OPPILIUS, in Libro quem fecit de silvestribus Arboribus.

MACROB.

‡ ————tua, *MAECENAS*! haud mollia Jussa.

*VIRGIL*.

find no cabals among their *fav'rite Trees*, nor contradiction from their *flow'ring Shrubs*. DIOCLETIAN and CHARLES V. forsook their Thrones to betake themselves to their Gardens for good and all; and the one shewed his fine *Lettuces*; and the other his *Orange Trees*, to those who invited them to reassume the Government of the World. MECENAS loved to have his eyes turned for a transient hour from the broils of Parties and wounds of the State to *rural Objects*, naturally amusing, and still more so when embellished with the Graces of Poetry. In this Taste, as in the *pastoral*, he was faithfully served by his Client MARO—much in the same way as Lewis XIV. and his Court was exquisitely supplied both by *Moliere's* (FETES) *Entertainments*, and by the *sweetest* of the *French Poets*, Monsieur QUINAULT, with Compositions too good for gaudy grotesque *Operas*. For modern Courtiers, not quite so manly as the ancient, are soothed by *songs* and little *dramatic pieces* founded on *rural adventures*; which paint the *Sweets* of a plain natural Life, and give them the *Image* of that Innocence to whose *Reality* they are Strangers.

THE four Books of AGRICULTURE are therefore *delightful reading*: they sooth the Imagination like enchantment; but they are not very instructive. The Poet avoids *trite* and *useful* things; and when he touches upon them, his Precepts are *curious* and *just*; but he immediately starts off to some *sublimier Idea* that may feed the fancy, and dignify his Verse. For this purpose, he has ransacked the Universe, if I may so say, for the most *specious Subjects of Description*; for such as afforded the most *splendid Images*, and could be designed by the most *foundling Names*: no curious Production of Nature—no surprizing effect of Art but is *painted* in this wonderful Poem; and the most harmonious Language and sonorous Epithets employed, that are to be found within the Compass of *Grecian Learning*. This poetic Art he has principally exercised in the *Conclusion* of each Book, to leave his Reader full of admiration. The Prognostics of  
the

the approaching Seasons, that is, the great tho' disregarded *DRAMA of Heaven and Earth perpetually shifting its awful scenes*, set before our eyes, finishes the first Book: the second ends with a description of the *Sweets of a Country-Life*, and the *Virtues* it implants into MEN. The fatal effects and horrid Ravage committed both on Men and Beasts by a *devouring Pestilence*, concludes the third; and the *great and amiable Character* of a Patron and fellow-Poet, *Cornelius Gallus*, compleated the Work in its *original Draught*.

THE old Commentator, in his general account of *Virgil's* Poetry, records a common Criticism, 'that he copied HOMER in the ENEID, but came far short of him; that he imitated THEOCRITUS in his PASTORALS, whom he equalled; and vied with HESIOD in his GEORGICS, whom he surpassed.' As the best part of *Hesiod's* Works on Husbandry is lost, we are not in a condition to judge of the Justness of the latter part of this Decision. What remains of the *Grecian Bard*, his WORKS and DAYS, is properly a Book of ECONOMICS; and that strictly treating of *Agriculture* and of the Natures of *Trees, Plants, Legumes*, appears by some preserved fragments to have been a *different Production*. *Junius Moderatus Columella*, a great Admirer of VIRGIL, gives such a Character not only of the Beauty but of the *Usefulness* of VIRGIL's Husbandry, as, if true, would have superseded his own diffuse Collections. But here is the Sentiment of a more impartial, and much abler Judge. 'We see, says the great Naturalist\*, that VIRGIL has declined descending to the culture and qualities of Gardens, because of the meanness and minuteness of the Subjects; and that, from the vast variety of Nature, he has only picked out the Flowers:

\* Videmus VIRGILIUM, praecellentissimum Vatem, ob quarundam rerum humilitatem, Hortorum dotes fugisse; et tantisque quae retulit, FLORES modo RERUM decerpisse——xv omnino generibus *ugarum* nominatis, tribus *oleae* totidem *pyrorum*, MALO vero tantum ASSYRIO, caeteris omnibus neglectis.

‘Flowers: that, for example, amid the infinite Luxuriance of  
 ‘Vines and Grapes, he has only named fifteen sorts—three  
 ‘kinds of Olives, as many Pears; and of the Apple, has  
 ‘only described the *Assyrian* or Orange, neglecting all the  
 ‘rest.’

BUT to understand the interspersed *political Strokes* in this elaborate Poem, and the high-paid Compliments to the young *Cesar*, we must recollect the *state of Parties* and circumstances of the TIMES. From the very first appearance of the civil War, CICERO had said, ‘that the *Cesarean* Party was abundantly provided with every thing except a good CAUSE:’ and the death of its CHIEF had furnished at least a *popular* one to his Successors. TO AVENGE THE MURDER OF JULIUS CESAR was the *pretended* CAUSE of all the intermediate Wars undertaken by his adopted son: thence the *Deification* of the Tyrant—thence ANTONY’s new *Priesthood*, and *Cesar*’s new Title (DIVI F.) SON of the GOD\*, inscribed on all his Coins—thence the poetical Incense offered to the *Manes* of the deceas’d Usurper, and the beautiful Enumeration of the false Prodigies that predicted his death by the complacent VIRGIL. For *natural Appearances* in Heaven or Earth, if they co-incide with any remarkable Event, are *consecrated* by Credulity, and transformed into *Miracles*. About the vernal Equinox, the Air is frequently thick with vapours, that dim the Sun’s radiancy by intercepting his beams. The Destroyer of the *Roman* Liberty met with his fate on the *Ides of March*. It happened to be a moist Season. THE SUN, said the Flatterers of his Successor, *hid his face from the horrid Deed—and who will venture to call in question the Sun’s Testimony?* †

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I i i

LET

\* ΚΑΙΣΑΡ : ΘΕΟΣ. JULIUS CAESAR, DIVUS.

†

——— SOLEM quis dicere falsum

Audeat——?

Ille etiam extincto miseratus *Caesare* Romam,

Cum caput obscurâ nitidum ferrugine textit,

Impiaque aeternam timuerunt saecula noctem.

VIRGIL. Georg. Lib. ii

LET me not offend any Admirer of VIRGIL, by ranking him among the Flatterers of the young *Cesar*—that he flattered—and carried his flattery to a very high pitch, will scarce admit of dispute : What would we now say to the Poet, who in a serious Work should give any Prince in *Europe* his choice, *what kind of a God he would become* ? whether he would take his station in the *Heavens*, or rule the immense *Ocean* ? or preside o'er the *Realms below* ? How ridiculous did a Run of such Flattery make the praise-smitten Monarch lately mentioned ; and particularly the wild Inscription, TO THE MAN IMMORTAL, that drew upon him the ludicrous Sequel\* ? But to do justice to VIRGIL, we must remember, that *our* Theology is not near so pliable and complacent as that of the *Ancients*. We canonize indeed in some Countries our religious Worthies, and suppose them to be a *sort of local GENII* by praying to them, and assigning them the Tutelage of Nations ; but we do not downrightly *deify* them, as the *Greeks* and *Romans* did their Heroes. ROMULUS was early assumed into the number of their Gods ; and, a little before this time, JULIUS CESAR had been publicly *consecrated* : Temples and Altars had been reared to him, Sacrifices offered, and ANTONY appointed his *Flamen* or Priest. That this was done by the *Triumvir's* absolute Authority, *to serve a turn*, and sanctify their own Treasons, is very certain : But yet it abated the Ridicule, and made the *Proffer of a Godhead* not near so extravagant as it would now appear.

IN ROME itself a great Change had for some time been stealing upon their opinions in this respect. Their honest Ancestors, whose VIRTUES raised the *Empire*, had been contented with names taken from *Pease* and *Beans*—from *Vetches*, *Lentiles* or *care of Cattle*† : but the *high Fortune* of the Republic made her Citizens at last *forget themselves*, and begin to derive their Pedigrees from *Kings*, *Heroes*, and *GODS*. CESAR said he had both *celestial* and *royal* Blood in his Veins ; coming by the Father

from

\* CUM FISTULA IN ANO.

† PISO, FABIVS, CICERO, LENTVLVS, BVBVLVS.

from VENUS and by the Mother from old ANCUS—ANTONY pretended to be descended from *Hercules*; and OCTAVIUS was the immediate Child of *Apollo*. Even the noble PANSA who fell at *Modena* must come from JUPITER ANXUR: and the lamented CORNIFICIUS, from the ancient *Faunus*. But tho' all these tend to excuse the Poet, he has still a *better Plea*: for I do not think that the imputation of *extravagant Flattery* paid to an Usurper, by Men of such Worth and Learning, as VIRGIL and HORACE, should be slightly passed over. I mean not to examine their conduct by the rules of modern Systems, but only to justify their *Intentions*, and illustrate the *Propriety* of their Addresses to *Cesar*. And first, it was no fault of theirs, *that he was become their MASTER*. They both wished well to the Cause of LIBERTY—and one of them had risked life and fortune to support it. But to no purpose; TYRANNY had triumphed; and, in the terrible Struggle, the most dismal Tragedy, that ever had been acted on Earth, tore out the Vitals of the unhappy State. This unspeakable Calamity had lain upon the *Romans* for years—Their Maims and Bruises, like a Man newly taken off the Rack, were still smarting. The Murders, the Robberies, and cruel Insult of the iron-hearted Veterans—the horrid Devastation of the Empire, being *in the least alleviated*, was like *relief from the Torture*: but their being *finally repressed* with a steady prospect of Peace, was enough to make men mad with joy. The Compliments therefore paid by the Poets to CESAR, being founded on a Conduct *so far* praise-worthy, and pointing out the road of true Honour to a young Man, who had it in his power to do great good, as he had done great mischief, were in that respect likewise commendable. Some grains of allowance must be thrown in too for *personal favours*; to which if we add a few more for *poetic phrase*, the whole will appear pardonable to a good-natured Man. When a Writer's heart is full, and his fancy warm, when gay Ideas and grand Comparisons are playing before his eyes; he is more apt to catch at the *shining*, than to

pick out the *just* Similitude; and the Reader should work himself up to the same Temper, in order to judge *candidly* of the Performance.

HERE we might safely rest the Apology: but it is capable of still a better foundation. The Flattery employed by this good Man, as well as great Poet, is plainly a *Wrapper*, like the gilding of a Pill, to convey sound and severe advice to a violent Youth just beginning to relent, and to *lean* to the side of Wisdom and Clemency. How could he avoid listening and being caught, when after a Picture of the divine Wrath poured out upon *Rome*, and of the most intense public Misery\*, the Bard devoutly addresses their native GODS——‘*YE tutelary Powers—Protectors of Hesperia—ROMULUS and PARENT VESTA! who guard the Tuscan Tiber, and Italian Towers! permit this divine Youth at length to retrieve a lost World. Streams of Roman Blood have long since expiated the Crimes of our perjured Trojan Progenitors. Let not, CESAR! the blest Abodes awaiting the Good, snatch thee too soon from earth, and from merited Triumphs among Men! look on the State of the Empire; there is no distinction of right and wrong: War rages in every quarter—Villainy walks barefaced in every shape. The Plough lies despised—the lonesome fields mourn—the scythes are turned into horrid swords. The Parthian from the PHRATH, and the German from the DANUBE, pour down upon ROME. Law and Treaties rule no more: every State flies to arms—and savage MARS. rages thro’ the Universe. The EMPIRE is like a Chariot that starts in a Race—the Horses stretch, their blood inflames—the Charioteer tries in vain to curb their growing fury; deaf to the Reins, they whirl him along with the rapid Carr.*

AT the approach of Spring ANTONY, in consequence of the Treaty concluded with *Mecenas*, sailed from *Athens* with a Fleet of

\* See page 348——and observe the exact Conformity in the Language and Conduct of the two Court-Poets.

of three hundred Ships, and landed with *Octavia* at *Tarento*. From thence he sent to acquaint *Cesar* of his Arrival, who made no haste to meet him. What the particular Reason was, is still a Secret; but it is certain that newd isgusts had arisen, and new Causes of diffidence. One *CALLIAS*, an Agent from *ANTONY*, had made privately a Voyage to *Afric*, and held many Conferences with *Lepidus*, now at the head of a great Army, which gave umbrage to *Cesar*; and his having threatened to reclaim *MENAS* the Defserter, as one of *Pompey the Great's* menial servants, (whose Estate *Antony* had bought of *Julius*) was interpreted as a mark of no good-will to his Collegue, who had received *Menas* with honour. Be that as it will, more than one or two messages were necessary to make *Cesar* resolve to meet his Brother-in-law; and after all, the wise and beautiful *Octavia* was forced to go *in person* to mediate a reconciliation. To say the truth, there was never any cordial Confidence between them\*, and if they had not now stood in need of one another, *ANTONY* would have sailed away, as he did the former year, without waiting for *Cesar*. The latter complained; *that he had been deserted in his greatest Necessity, and left by his Friends at the mercy of his Enemies*; and *that his Collegues, in separate Negotiations, were forming Designs to his prejudice*:

His excellent sister answered, that *MECENAS*, who had been fully informed of every circumstance, must surely have satisfied him concerning her Husband's sudden departure last year; and that she herself had perfect knowledge of *Callias's* errand to *Lepidus*; which was only to procure the Consummation of the long-projected Marriage between his Son and *Antony's* Daughter†. This, however, did not so clear *Cesar's* doubts, but that she had need of all the weight which Virtue and Sweetness of Manners could add to her entreaties.—She conjured her Brother not to make her the unhappiest of Women; nor reduce her to the

\* *ANTONII Societatem semper dubiam.*—

SUETON. *Octav.*

† See VOL. I. page:



the hard Necessity of witnessing either his, or her Husband's ruin—and scarcely thus could she bring the Triumvirs to a meeting. Mutual Distrust between faithless men had laid deep hold of their hearts, and appeared in the manner of their Appointment: Their Interview was to be like that near *Bologna*, on the River *Bradano*, that runs between *Torre di mare* and *Tarento*. It so happened, that they were both approaching the Banks at the same instant; when ANTONY, to put an end to suspicions, seeing a small Boat, stepp'd into it without Guards; and was about to pass over to *Cesar's* side; but the young Man prevented him, by leaping into another, and insisting both to see his Sister, and to pay the first compliment to his Senior. They embraced and he got up into *Antony's* Chariot,—rode forward to *Tarento*, and lodged with him that night; next morning, ANTONY repassed the *Bradano* with CESAR, and was entertained by him at *Torre di mare*, as if there had never been the least misunderstanding. Their mutual wants were the real reason of this good Agreement: *Cesar* had need of a Fleet for the *Sicilian War*; and *Antony* of *Roman Troops*, for his intended *Parthian Expedition*. They made therefore as it were an Exchange, of a hundred and twenty Ships of the Line with their Complement of Marines, to be sent immediately from *Tarento* with four Legions of trained Troops ready to embark for *Asia*—and over and above the Bargain, *Octavia* asked of *Antony* ten half-Gallies compleatly armed, as a Present for her Brother; who in return gave her a thousand choice Men for her Body-Guards, to be picked by *Antony*. He sailed directly after this to the *East*; having first agreed with CESAR, without ever acquainting the SENATE or PEOPLE, to prolong their Triumvirate for other years.

MENAS in the mean time, not thinking he had met with a Reward equal to his Merit, and disgusted at being only Lieutenant to *Sabinus*, when he used to command in chief, entered into a correspondence with his old fellow-sailors, *Apollonbanes*

and

and *Demochares*—made his terms, and actually returned with his Squadron of seven Galleys to *Pompey's* Service. He did it so openly and securely, that *Cesar* took the opportunity to displace his Admiral *Sabinus*, and put the whole Marine under the command of his Land-General *M. Agrippa*—a proof of the high Opinion which he entertained of the Man, and in which the Issue shewed he was not mistaken. *AGRIPPA* was well aware of the weight and difficulty of his new Office, and set about the execution of it in a manner that discovered the deepest Thought and Sagacity. His Master's motely-manned Fleet, he knew, was no more a match for *POMPEY's* experienced Sailors, than, a *French and Spanish Squadron*, to use a modern comparison; is for the *British Navy*: and which was worse, as things stood; there was no possibility of exercising and making them better; *Pompey* being Lord of the Ocean, and sinking or seizing every *Cesarean* Ship that durst venture out to Sea. He therefore conceived and executed the Design of a vast Harbour, not only strong enough to secure his ships from an Attack, but *capacious enough* to contain two great Fleets drawn up in Line of Battle, and performing against one another all the movements of an actual Engagement. For this purpose he pitched upon the Bay of *Baia* (what they now call *Golfo di Pozzuolo*) and bethought himself how to transform it into a Haven. As this Enterprize shews the Reach of the Man who made the young *Cesar* Master of the Empire, it will not be amiss to enable the Reader to form a Judgment of it.

‘ WHEN sailing from *Cuma* southward, you turn the Cape of  
 ‘ *Miseno* (so named from *Enneas's* Trumpeter), under the very  
 ‘ point of the Promontory, is a Road for ships; after which the  
 ‘ Shore embays to an immense depth. Here stands *Baia*, and  
 ‘ the hot Springs used for health and luxury. Within this,  
 ‘ is the *Lucrine* Bay; and again within it, the *Averno*; which  
 ‘ renders the land lying between it and *Miseno*, a Peninsula all  
 ‘ the way to *Cuma*: for there is only a small Neck, a few fur-  
 ‘ longs.

longs broad, that runs towards *Cuma* and the adjacent Sea — The *Averno* is a deep Bay at the very bank, with a narrow mouth, having the size and shape of a vast Haven — but was of no use as a Port, because the *Lucrine*, full of Shoals and Breaks, lay between it and the open Sea. It is quite surrounded with a steep Brow that hangs threatening over it, except at the Entry; and was formerly shaded with great Trees, and underwood growing so thick as scarce to admit a Ray of the Sun; but spread a gloom o'er the shaded Basin that struck the Spectators with a superstitious horror. To increase it, the Neighbours affirmed, that the Birds flying over it dropp'd down into the Water, being suffocated by the exhaling sulphureous Stream\*.

At *Cuma* in *Campania*, says another Author†, there is a Sweep like a half moon between *Miseno* and *Pozzuolo*, surrounded with high and (now) bare Banks, except at one narrow place, and containing three Bays or Basins one within another. The outermost is that on which the Towns stand at both ends (*Cuma* and *Pozzuolo*); the second is separated from it by a small Excrecence of Land; and the third, in the very Recess, appears like a great Lake. It is called the *Averno* — the next, the *Lucrine*: and the outermost, the *Baian* Bay. From this, did the daring *Agrippa* undertake to cut an Inlet thro' the Shallows of the *Lucrine*, and thro' the Neck that separated it from the *Averno*, and with amazing labour accomplished both, so as to render the useless superstitious Lake the noblest and safest Harbour in the known World. In honour of his Master, he called it the JULIAN PORT‡.

To mann his Fleet and complete his Rowers, on whom the manœuvre of a Galley depends, *Cesar*, besides the Seamen he had got from *Antony*, set no less than twenty thousand Slaves

at

\* STRABON. lib. H.

† DION. lib. 49.

‡ Hence those elegant Touches inserted by VIRGIL in his wondrous Draught of *Italy* and its Beauties.

at liberty, and fixed them to the Oar. These, and his Marines, *Agrippa* exercised in mock-Engagements thro' the whole Winter and Spring in his new-made Haven; and by mid-summer, thought he might venture to match them with *Pompey's* expert Sailors. Against *him* was now bent the whole naval Force of the Triumvirs. He was to be attacked by three powerful Fleets at once, and on different sides, to make him weaken his Navy by dividing it: *M. Lepidus* from *Afric*, with seventy Ships of the Line and a vast Army in a thousand Transports, was to attempt *Sicily* on the west or south; *Statilius Taurus* from *Tarento*, with *Antony's* Squadron, was to invade the east Coast; and *Cesar*, or rather *Agrippa*, were to make a descent on the north side of the triangular Isle. The three fleets were to loose on the same day, and that Day was appointed to be the first of *July* DCCXVII. Against this POMPEY well-informed of every thing, made a counter-disposition: he sent his Lieutenant-Generals *Plennius* and *Titiscenus* with a Fleet and Army to oppose *Lepidus*; he strongly garrisoned *Lipari* and the adjacent Islands; lined the open Coasts with Troops; and waited himself with the Flower of his Fleet in *Messina*, whence he could perceive the Approach, and issue to the Attack, of either *Taurus* or *Cesar*. The allied Fleets executed their Concert, and sailed on the first of *July*, with various fortune. LEPIDUS first met with a Storm at south-east that scattered his Fleet just in sight of *Sicily*, and swallowed up some of his Transports, while the straying Ships were surrounded and taken by *Demochares*. With great difficulty he turned the Point and got under the Lee-shore,

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where

An Mare quod supra est memorem, quodve alluit infra?  
 Anne lacus tantos—? te LARI maxime, teque  
 Fluſibus et fremitu aſurgens BENACE marino?  
 An memorem *Portus*, LUCRINOQUE addita Clauſtra?  
 Atque indignatum magnis ſridoribus aequor,  
 JULIA quâ Ponto longe ſonat Unda reſuſo,  
 Tyrrenuſque fretis immittitur æſtus AVERNIS?

GEORG. II.

where he landed his Forces, and shut up *Plennius* in the Town of *Lilybeo*. By the same Storm, *Taurus* was put back to *Tarento*; but it fell upon *Cesar's* heavy strong-built Ships the third day after he had weighed, at the very same place where his Fleet had been beat to pieces the former year; and shewed him that the solemn Lustration of the Navy, and Sacrifices he had offered to the Winds were of little avail. The foremost Squadron, under *Appius*, was dashed against the Rocks: *Cesar* escaped with the Rear into the Bay of *Velino*, with the loss of one Ship of the Line, and of many Transports. Here he lay safe while the Storm stood at south-east; but as Night came on, the violence of it both increased, and the Wind veering about to the south-west, blew full into the Bay, and made miserable havoc of the Shipping. The torture and anguish of mind he then suffered was inexpressible: all his Labour baffled—all his Expence lost, all his Hopes blasted, in a night! ROME was starving—the People crying and cursing—and, which was the grievous thought, an apparent affection for the Son of POMPEY the Great, thro' *Italy*; and Vows for his Victory openly made in ROME. He would have despaired and killed himself, but for *Agrippa* and *Mecenas*, who kept up his Spirits under this grievous and repeated Calamity.

To prevent the bad consequences of it in the CITY, and retrieve their distressed affairs, they divided the Work, and took separate Provinces. MECENAS, on whom the stress of the civil Government lay, was dispatched to Rome to keep all quiet there: CESAR himself went thro' the Colonies of the Veterans, to secure them in case of another *Perugian War*; while AGRIPPA, with great spirit and activity, was employed in drawing up and refitting the Hulks of the shattered Ships. Such as had escaped the storm were riding at anchor as Guard-Ships, when MENAS, the *Defserter*, to shew his consequence to any Party, came thundering on them with his Squadron, run down some, set others on fire, and carried others off in Tow with his own Gallies:

Galleys: and, indeed, had this Sea-Captain been trusty and true, as he was skilful and brave, *Cesar's* naval Affairs had stood a bad chance. But finding that POMPEY still suspected him, and being particularly piqued at the preference given to *Demochares* in the Command against *Lepidus*, he took measures, by dismissing some Prisoners of note, to let *Cesar* know, that he had not deserted from him, who had used him honourably, but from the Insult and Abuse he daily met with from the Admiral *Calpurnius Salbinus*—that as he was now removed, and *M. Agrippa* in the chief Command, if either he, or, in his absence, *Valerius Messala*, would engage their Honour for his safety, and welcome, he would again return to *Cesar's* service.

I look upon this great Person VALLERIUS MESSALA's taking part in this expedition as a certain evidence of a great *Alteration to the better* in *Cesar's* measures and disposition, and as an open Condemnation of *Pompey's* conduct and designs: nor do I doubt but it has been an effect of *Mecenas's* Address to procure *Messala's* acceptance of a General's Commission from *Cesar*; as his Presence, like his Friend *M. Brutus's*, was a *Sanction* to their Party, and a Security against the old Republicans joining themselves to *Sextus Pompey*. The noble *Messala* (he was so in every sense of the word) scrupled at first to pledge his faith to such a slippery Rascal as *Menas*—but being pressed by *Cesar*, at least to deprive their Enemy of a daring fellow, he complied; and MENAS once more deserted to *Cesar*. The Ships he brought, and the quiet in which they could now rig out the rest, a little restored their distressed Marine: For POMPEY instead of improving this second opportunity of totally destroying his Enemies' naval Power, was busied in offering sacrifices to *Thetys* and *Eptune*, whose son he not only gave out, but seemed by this second Shipwreck to be persuaded, that he really was. He accordingly changed his Dress, and wore a blue Robe instead of the crimson commonly used by the Roman Generals. He was however preparing to follow his Lieutenant, the brave *Titus Gallus* (whom

(whom he had sent against *Lepidus*, and who had cut off many of his men), when he was amazed with the News that *Cesar* undaunted, was preparing a new Fleet to invade *Sicily*, and that *Menas* had again proved a Traitor. Instantly the Guards at the out-lying Isles, and commodious Landing-places, were doubled; and a part of the Fleet stationed at *Milazzo*, under *Demochares*; but the chief Strength of it remained with himself at *Messina* as before.

WHEN *Agrippa* thought his Navy in condition to put to sea, he sailed from *Vibo*, now *Monte Leone*, and immediately attacked *Holy-Island* and *Stromboli*, drove out *Pompey's* Guards, and occupied them as proper Stations, overhanging the Coast of *Sicily*, and menacing *Demochares* if he ventured out of *Milazzo*. In this situation they lay watching one another many days, till *Agrippa*, foreseeing the Inconveniencies of delay must fall upon his Party, resolved to fight at all hazards. He sailed up almost to the Mouth of the Harbour of *Milazzo*, from whence *Demochares*, who had been re-inforced with *Apollonides's* Squadron, and expected *Pompey* himself from *Messina*, sailed suddenly out, and drew up in Line of Battle. They were both surprized at the sight of the number and strength of their Enemy, and both paused as if irresolute what to do—But ashamed, and perhaps afraid to retreat, they joined battle at length with great fury. The height and weight of the *Cesarean* Ships and the Courage of their Marines was long ballanced by the agility, by the experience, and daring address of *Pompey's* Crews; who would certainly have done the same thing with them that Sir *Francis Drake* did with the Remains of the *Grand-Armada* in 1588, but for an Invention of the new Admiral. He had heard and seen the superiority which *swift Ships* and *expert Rowers* had over the best-manned heavy ones, by attacking them on any side, by brushing off a Tire of their Oars, disabling their Helm, or pouring a volley of Darts and Stones into them, and sailing off. The grappling-Iron then in use was too short, and the light Vessels

Vessels mocked its Power. AGRIPPA therefore contrived the *flying Harpoon*. It was a strong shaft, seven foot long, plated with Iron, with a Ring of the same metal in each end. In the one was the Grappling-Hook; in the other small Ropes were made fast, whose other end was commanded by a Windlass in the Ship. When a hostile Vessel therefore, trusting to her speed approached to do mischief, the Harpoon was fitted to a machine they called a *Scorpion*, and shot like a Javelin into the Enemy—If it laid hold, the Windlass instantly played, and before they could cut the Iron-shod Shaft, or get at the Ropes, brought the light ship, in spite of her Oars along sides the heavy Vessel. Then the Bridges were thrown, and as on firm ground, Sword and Spear decided the Victory. Pompey, Spectator of this Engagement from an impending hill, perceiving, that notwithstanding the efforts of his Captains, several of his Ships were mastered by this machine, gave the signal for a Retreat; and being pursued by *Agrippa*, they gently slip'd their lightest Ships into Shallows of soft Mud, whither he durst not follow, and with the rest retired into the locked Harbour of *Milazzo*.

BUT while this warm Work was going forward, POMPEY, who with reason dreaded that *Cesar* seeing the east Coast of the Island exposed, would in great hurry cross over and endeavour to surprize *Taormina*, that same night after Supper went aboard of his own Squadron, and sailed round to the *Faro*. He was not mistaken; for *Cesar* anxious about his Colleague *Lepidus*, and wishing to turn the *naval* into a *land-war*, had hastened over with three Legions, five hundred Dragoons tho' without horses, a thousand light-armed Men, and double that number of Veteran Volunteers; leaving *Messala* with two Legions at the white Rock, now called *Punto della Sietta*, until he should send back the Transports to bring them over. He found the Passage clear as he expected—sailed up the Bay to *Taormina*, and having in vain summoned the Garrison to surrender, he de-

barked.



barked unmolested near an old Temple of *Apollo*, and was about encamping, in order to attack the town next day, when *Pompey's* Fleet came in view; and keeping pace with it, a Body of his Cavalry appeared, followed by several Battalions of Foot. In all *Cesar's* Life, he never saw a more dreadful sight: he had counted upon *Pompey's* being so mauled by *Agrippa*, that he would have no power to give him disturbance; but the being surrounded so unexpectedly, and hemmed in with three Armies by sea and land, would have struck terror into an older General. *Pompey's* Horse immediately attacked; and were so faintly repulsed, by Troops frightened and in disorder, that had his Infantry charged, and his Ships bore down upon *Cesar's* at the same time, he must have totally destroyed that Army and Fleet. But with his *Courage*, POMPEY had not inherited his Father's *Capacity*: he again shewed that he was no General, and let slip the opportunities which Fortune laid as it were in his lap, to ruin his Rival and become Head of the Empire. He thought it not proper to engage *so late* in the evening: he was ill-served by his Spies, and knew not *what a Panic* reigned in the half-finished Camp, and consequently how easy the Conquest. He retired however with his Ships under Cape *Stillo* on the *Italian* side, to cut off *Cesar's* Retreat; and his Army, not caring to be at the trouble of encamping so near an Enemy chose to lodge in *Fenica*, a little neighbouring Town.

CESAR's Men, thus relieved, employed the night in fortifying their Trenches: the command was given to L. CORNIFICIUS, a very brave Officer; and, before day-break, *Cesar* went aboard and stood over for *Italy*. Having appointed his Rear-Admirals, he stept himself into a light Sloop, and sailed thro' the Fleet encouraging his Captains and Crews; after which, as in the highest peril, he threw aside the Robe and Ensigns of General, and appeared as a private Man. POMPEY failed not to meet him; and a long and bloody Action ensued, the Particulars of which are suppressed by the partial

Historians,

Historians, because *Cesar* was defeated, and *Pompey* was Victor. Thus much we know, that after the first Shock, and ensuing Struggle, there was an Intermision, like two Combatants taking breath ; and then they fell to it again, and fought till towards evening ; when *Cesar's* Fleet was wholly overpowered, and either sunk, burnt, or taken. The Men that could swim ashore were put to death by *Pompey's* Horse, excepting such as escaped to *Cornificius's* Camp above the Bay. *Apollophanes* gave chase to the Ship that carried *Cesar*, and pursued so hotly, that he was forced to jump into the long Boat to save his Life—but being still chased, and seeing no hopes of Escape, he turned to his Attendant *C. Proculius*, and begged of him to prevent his falling into *POMPEY's* hands, and put him immediately to death\*.

*PROCULEIUS* was not rash : he refused to perform the fatal Office ; and persuaded the young Man still to attempt to fly, by getting into a smaller Boat without servants, not to draw the eye of the *Pompeian Captains*—By this means, the despairing *Cesar* did escape with the utmost difficulty ; and late at night was carried by chance into a Creek called *Abala*, without other Attendant than a single Soldier. Here he might have expired before day, if curiosity to know the news of the Fight, had not brought People down from the high grounds, who put him into one Skiff after another to avoid suspicion ; and sailing close by the shore, brought him, quite exhausted with Toil, half-dead with fear, and unable to move a Limb or look up, to the *white Rock*, and *Messala's* adjoining Camp.

AMONG many *Reverses* of Fortune, here is one of the most remarkable. *CESAR* in this helpless plight was brought to the Man, whom he had unjustly condemned ; upon whose Head he had

\* Jam in navali fugâ, urgente hostium manu, preces PROCULEIO mortis admotæ.

PLIN. Lib. vii.

had set a price, and promised Liberty to the *Slave* that should murder him : and this generous Man, by taking tender care of his former Enemy, and not using a fair opportunity of Revenge, has afforded the later *Grecian* Historians ample matter to expatiate upon the *Roman* Virtue.

By this defeat of *Cesar's* Fleet, CORNIFICIUS was left alone in the heart of an Enemies' Country : He could easily have defended his Works against any attack from without ; but he had an enemy within, FAME, which *Pompey* intended to employ against him, and which made him at last resolve to abandon his Camp, and undertake a *desperate March* thro' the Mountains and across the Rivers of *Sicily*, either to join *Lepidus*, or receive Succours from *Agrippa*. Let us imagine a Body of heavy-armed Troops, without Horsemen or Slingers, obliged to clamber mountains, cross morasses, ford rivers, force narrow passes, provide forage for Baggage-horses and victuals for themselves, surrounded with *Moorish* Cavalry, and harassed by light-armed Foot. Since the *Athenian* Disaster under the too good *Nicias*, there had not such a train of Woe, such a succession of hardships, toil, hunger and wounds, been undergone in *Sicily*, tho' the scene of many a bloody War. It belongs not to my subject to describe the miseries they endured in that March : CORNIFICIUS behaved like a Hero ; and knew the merit of his service so well, that, when returned to ROME, he never supp'd abroad, without returning mounted on an *Elephant*, in commemoration of this perilous Expedition. He had a sort of *Precedent* for this strange practice in C. DULIUS, who first beat the *Carthaginians* at sea, and who constantly returned from Supper with the martial Trumpet sounding before him.

WE may easily conceive *Cesar's* dejection after his defeat. *Agrippa's* glory, his own dishonour, the loss, as he must believe of *Cornificius* and his Army—*Pompey* his inveterate Enemies' Triumph, were all humbling Considerations. New Disturbances had arisen too in ROME, which required another Visit  
from

from MECENAS to quell them, and where with all his mildness, he was forced to make some Examples. Amid the Gloom of so many Misfortunes, a *Portent*, they say, made him cheer up. Having dispatched *Messala* to bring up the FIRST LEGION which was lying at *Monte Leone* he was walking himself on the Shore, when a Fish (probably pursued by another) jumped out of the Sea, and fell at his feet. The *Auspices* were consulted of course, and answered with their usual discretion; *That those who then held the Dominion of the Sea, would soon be under the feet of CESAR*: and who could that be but *Neptune's* adoptive Son? To shew the value of these supposed supernatural signs, let me mention a *Counter-Prodigy*. In the last Sea-fight, among many other Prisoners, GABIENUS was taken, one of *Cesar's* stoutest Marines: his Head was ordered to be struck off next morning, but the Executioner drawing too faint a blow, killed him indeed, but did not separate the Head from the Body. In this condition he lay all day on the sands: but towards evening the supposed dead man having gathered a multitude about him by his groans and prayers, began to beg that either POMPEY would come to him in person, or send some one of his Confidants; for that he (*Gabinius*) was sent back to him with a special Message from the infernal Gods. Pompey sent several of his Council, whom *Gabinius* assured, *'That the CAUSE which POMPEY maintained, and the dutiful Prosecution of his Father's Wrongs, was agreeable to the Powers below; and that therefore he might expect success according to his wishes: that this he had been ordered to tell him; and, as a Proof of his Veracity, that, having done his errand, he would immediately expire;'*—which failed not to happen accordingly.

AGRIPPA mean time, in consequence of his Victory, had attacked and carried the Fort and Harbour of *Santa Maria*—where Pompey's Stores were kept, and which opened an entry to transport Troops into *Sicily*. It was immediately improved, and a vast Army carried over from *Rheggio*, *Lipari*,

Daughter. But C. Plennius, recalled with six Legions from *Lilybeo*, threw himself into *Messina*, and defended the Town against *Lepidus* and *Agrippa*, while *Cesar* was busied at *Divieto*. He offered however to treat; which *LEPIDUS* greedily accepted of, and, contrary to *Agrippa's* remonstrances, clapped up a peace, and entered the Town that very night, when *Cesar* was expected next morning. *Plennius's* Troops he joined to his own, and made up a great army of two and twenty legions, which not being complete, might perhaps amount to a hundred thousand Men. He then barbarously permitted both, to plunder the unhappy *Messina*; which they cruelly did for two days running, till *Cesar* came with the flower of his Men from *Divieto*. *Lepidus* then retired, and encamping on a little hill with all his forces, discovered the long-concealed Indignation against *CESAR*. He sent to tell him, ' that contrary to all right, he had, after the battle of *Philippi*, ' occupied the Provinces allotted to him in the division of the ' Empire: that, under pretence of *JULIUS CESAR's* having ' designed to annex *LOMBARDY* to *ITALY* and enfranchise its ' Towns, he had withdrawn it from his (*Lepidus's*) jurisdiction ' to take it under his own; and without any pretence had sent ' *Salvidienus* to seize upon the *hither Spain*: that if *Cesar* pleased ' to restore these Provinces according to their original Contract, ' he would give up *Afric* and *Sicily*; if not, that he would ' keep possession of the Island, from whence *Cesar* might depart when he pleased.'

WHAT *Lepidus* said was equitable and just; if Justice can spring from such an execrable Contract as the Triumvirs had entered into near *Bologna*: nor did the young Man attempt to answer or confute it; but knowing the *Insignificancy* of his Colleague, and the little root which his *Avarice* permitted him to have among the Soldiery, he took a few of his Officers and Guards, and unarmed enter *Lepidus's* Camp. At first they thought he had come to treat; but his intention appearing to be rather to *overawe*, or give his secret Friends an opportunity

to revolt, LEPIDUS ordered him and his Company to be attacked; and with the loss of some of his men, killed by his side; and no small risque of his life (having his cloaths run thro' with a dart), he escaped out of the trenches. Next day, however, he encamped still nearer to *Lepidus*; and by private Emisſaries, promiſing vaſt bribes inſtead of *Lepidus's* paſſimony, he firſt perſuaded the *Pompeian* new-comers, and then the other Troops, to deſert. It was then that the ſame thing happened to that worthleſs man *in earneſt*, which he had acted by *colluſion* againſt his Country in *Dauphiny*, when he *connived* at his Armies' deſertion to M. ANTONY the declared Enemy of the Republic. He was now abſolutely abandoned; and with a meaneſs of Spirit that ſhewed he deſerved it, put himſelf in the habit of a guilty Supplicant, and came among the laſt of the crowd to throw himſelf at *Ceſar's* feet. He gave him his *Life* and *private Fortune*; but ſtripp'd him of all Command, and baniſhed him to *Circeo*, a village with a Fort on the ſea, where he long lived hated and contemptible under the eye of the Garriſon \*.

THUS the young *Ceſar*, by a ſtrange run-of fortune, or to ſpeak more ſtrictly, by the wiſdom of MECENAS and bravery of AGRIPPA, remained *Maſter of the weſtern world*. He entered ROME for the ſecond time in that ſpecies of triumph they called an OVATION; and by a great alteration in his language and behaviour, ſhewed that he had indeed profited by the ſevere leſſons he had received from perils and perplexities, as well as by the milder ones from the Men of Learning. Repeated mutinies among the Troops, and a moſt dangerous one managed with obſtinate inſolence in *Sicily*, immediately after the *Demife*, may I call it, of *Lepidus*, had juſt taught him *that Power*  
*‘founded*

\* The comic Poet CAPORALI, who burleſqued *Ceſar's* firſt poor Equipage, ſays: the TRIUMVIRS divided the *great Tarte* of the WORLD among them, without uſing a Knife: but every Man taking hold of his Piece, and pulling, the Line ſlanted upon *Lepidus's* Share, who therefore ſnatched at his next Neighbour's; but loſt his teeth and burnt his mouth in the attempt.

whom? Not by *Hercules* or *Mars*, those *military* Deities, but by the GODDESS of Wisdom holding up her amazing Shield—

*Brutal Force, of Prudence void,  
Tumbles headlong, self-destroy'd :  
Power, by Wisdom temper'd, stands  
'Stablisht by the GODS that hate  
Th' insultive over-bearing Bands,  
Whose cruel Hearts and wicked Hands  
Are prone all Crimes to perpetrate.*

THUS, I have conducted the young CESAR to the end of the SECOND PERIOD of his Life, thro' a dreadful series of Iniquity and Violence. For his days were distinguished, as I formerly observed, by three sorts of Conduct, each of a different stamp and tenor : the FIRST, from his entering upon business at his return from *Apollonia*, until the Death of the *Consuls* at the Battles of *Modena*; during which, under the direction of *Cicero*, he acted the *Patriot* and the *Republican* : the SECOND, from his extorted Consulship, until the deposition of *Lepidus* and defeat of *Antony*, when he play'd the *Tyrant* and the *Triumvir* : and the THIRD, from *Antony* and *Cleopatra*'s death to the end of his own Life : when he became the *Prince* and *Parent* of the *Roman* People.

THE *happy Period* just begins to dawn upon us. Some faint Rays of it, like fore-runners of the morning, have been from time to time glancing thro' the Gloom : but after the grand Contest, whether *Cleopatra* should be QUEEN, not of *Egypt* only, but of the *Roman* Empire, or CESAR Prince of a *Semblance* of the Common-wealth, was decided at *Actium*, it broke forth into broad Day.





Heights in the dark with RHASC for their Guide, who knew every hill and hollow in the Country. *Cesar* kept his Post till midnight, when being still in ill health, he gave it up to *Norbanus*; while ANTONY, whose military Talents chiefly shone in this deplorable War, went about caressing his Veterans, and telling them, *They had done gloriously all day, but that they must have still a little patience if they meant to compleat the Victory, and continue under Arms all Night.* Accordingly these old hardened Warriors drew up across the Channel of the *Zygæte*, facing the Mountains, to cut off all communication with the Camps or the Sea; and threw up a Vallum or Rampart between them and *Brutus*, not of Stone or Turf—but of the *Carcasses* and *Arms* of the Slain; and in this horrid posture stood waiting the Dawn.

BUT BRUTUS having with difficulty clambered over the high and woody Banks of the River he had lately dammed up, marched a little eastward along the hills, untill he came to a spacious Hollow, with a steep Rock on the south that secured them from a sudden Attack. There he resolved to pass the Night; and sitting down with a few Friends and Officers about him, the first thing he did was to look up to the Sky, then bespangled with Stars, and pronounce aloud,

ZET! MH ΛΑΘΟΙ ΣΕ ΤΩΝ Δ'ΟΣ ΑΙΤΙΟΣ ΚΑΚΩΝ.

ALMIGHTY JOVE!

LET NOT THE AUTHOR OF THOSE ILLS ESCAPE!

meaning no doubt, MARC ANTONY—a Prayer that was fully answered to *Antony's* Conviction, and, as they say, acknowledged by him, when driven to death eleven years after by his present Collegue. What he then most lamented being his own wicked Folly, in choosing to become a *Tool* to the young CESAR, when he could have been ranked with *Cassius* and *Brutus*, the foremost of Men.

THEN BRUTUS naturally fell recounting the Names of the brave Men, who had fallen by his side in the heat of the Action, and particularly

particularly mentioned his Favourite *Flavius* Master of Artillery, and the steady *Labco* his Lieutenant-General, with the most affectionate grief : But as there had been no time to refresh themselves after a day of such warm service, *Thirst* was threatening the Company, when one of them took a helmet and went back to the *Zygæte* for water. He was but just gone, when they heard a sudden Noise on t'other side ; and *Volumnius* the Senator, taking *BRUTUS*'s Esquire *Dardanus* along with him, went off to see what it was. The noise ceasing, they both returned in a little, and *Volumnius*, thirsty like the rest, asked what was become of the Water ? Why, truly, said *BRUTUS* with his wonted Smile—*It is all drank out—But another Helmet-full shall be brought you immediately :* and the same Person being sent back, he with great difficulty escaped being taken, being wounded by some of *Rhase*'s Patrol. *BRUTUS* then began to reckon how many might have fallen in that day's Battle, and inclined to believe that the better part of his Army was safe and his Camp still untouched. In the circle of choice Men that sat round him, there was one *STATILIUS*, a young Man of a great resolution and spirit ; whom the Love of Virtue made an admirer of *Cato*, and a Follower of *Brutus* ; the same who had been hardly restrained by the Philosophers in *Cato*'s Family from killing himself along with that great Man at *Utica*. He now undertook to pierce thro' the Enemies' Line, and if he found all things right in the Camp to light up a blaze, and return to *Brutus*. He was as good as his word : he *did* elude their strict Watch in the dark—got into the Camp, and lighted up the Blaze, a signal that all was well. But after long expectation, the General, who knew his Courage, said, with a tone of assurance, '*If STATILIUS be alive, we shall quickly see him.*' But *Statilius* was no more : he had been intercepted and killed in his return. *BRUTUS* therefore passed the remaining part of the Night, lying as he was, upon the ground, giving such Orders to *Clitus* his Valet, and *Dardanus* his Esquire, as made them burst into tears, and too well shewed his

his final Resolution—About break of day, the Tribunes and other Officers came all about him, full of confusion and repentance for their folly in advising the Battle, and acquainting him that they had there four Legions still unbroke, besides those guarding the Camp. BRUTUS would not condescend to go himself among the Men; but he ordered their Officers to sound them, *if they would follow him to the Plain, make a Push to break thro' the Enemy, and regain their Camp, which was safe with all their Baggage.* Their Answer shewed that it is not possible to inspire the calm Spirit of Heroism into the breasts of common Men. They act by fits, as the gust of Passion either swells or subsides. The very Troops who had rushed like mad-men upon battle—who had long fought with the highest bravery and contempt of Death, now bid the Officers tell the General, *‘to take care of himself—for after twice trying their fortune in Fight, they were resolved, for their parts, not to cut off the little hope they had left of Pardon from the Triumvirs.’* When this Message was delivered to BRUTUS, he turned to his circle of Friends, and, *If that be their way of thinking,* said he, *I can be henceforth of no more service to ROME.* The Import of this Conclusion damped every Countenance, and moistened every Eye: even Volumnius with all his philosophy could not contain his Tears. Brutus observed him, and in the learned Language, asked with a smile, *‘What was now become of his Strength of Mind—his cultivated Reason, and Meditations upon VIRTUE?’* and invited him to partake in the honour of his Death, and hold the Sword upon which he was to run his Breast. But neither Volumnius nor any of the Persons present would consent to perform that dismal Office; on the contrary, one of the company said it was time to begone and save themselves by Flight—at which BRUTUS starting up, *Yes,* said he, *it is time to fly, but by help of our Hands rather than our Feet.* Then embracing every one of the illustrious Company, with a graceful serenity in his Looks, he assured

assured them, *That he tasted the purest Pleasure—as he had done his utmost for his Country, and been deceived by no one of the worthy Men in whom he had put confidence—That FORTUNE must answer for the Calamities brought upon ROME; but as for himself, he was far happier than the Victors—not formerly, when commanding Nations: but now, when he should leave such a Reputation for Virtue, as Arms and Treasure could never purchase—no more than the highest Prosperity could save Antony and Cesar from the Infamy of having unjustly destroyed the best of Men, and of seizing, wicked and worthless as they were, the Government thro' Blood and Violence.*

HE then entreated them to take care of their own Safety, and retired a little farther with two or three of his greatest Intimates, among whom was his Master in Grecian Eloquence, STRATO, a Native of Epirus. Him he singled out, to lend his helping hand to his Exit. But the Grecian appearing averse, and saying, *he ought to deliberate a little longer*, the resolute Brutus was calling upon one of his Domestics—when Strato interposing, *If you are determined, Brutus! You shall not want a Friend rather than a Servant to obey your last Commands;* and laying hold of the Hilt of the drawn Sword, Brutus put his left Arm over his Head, and directing the point *just where the Heart beats*, plunged it with Strato's help into his Body, and immediately expired.

THUS fell the Patriot, who to unaffected Goodness, joined high Abilities and unwearied Application. With his last Breath fled all Hopes of retrieving the COMMONWEALTH; and LIBERTY, the Soul-exalting Blessing that gives a value to Life and dignity to human Nature, bid farewell for ever to degenerate ROME—Unhappy the Nation, whose Constitution comes to depend upon the event of a single Battle!——*Humanity and Justice* are banished from between the Ranks of encountering Squadrons—and the Happiness of the State, and of the thousands of Families and Individuals that compose it, comes to depend upon the brawn and bones of the *common Men*. The high Courage and Skill of Cassius, the untainted Virtue of Brutus,

the glorious Cause of Liberty, and sacred Love of their Country, were of no avail against the *hardened Veterans*, bred by *Julius Cesar*, and flushed with Carnage and Blood. Their superior Strength and Address, gained by a long habit of illegal Warfare, made *Tyranny* triumph, and gave *lawless Villainy* the ascendant over *Virtue* and *Justice*. BRUTUS and CASSIUS, the first of Mankind, fell as Sacrifices; and the World was left a Prey to the brutal *Antony* and inhuman *Cesar*.

IN the former mighty struggle against *Julius's* Usurpation, a full and square Restitution of the Republic was scarcely expected from CN. POMPEY, had he been victorious. It was rather believed, that he would have retained the chief Power, under some *legal Title*; tho' it was not to be doubted but he would have made the *very best* use of it\*. What *Sylla* and *Cinna*, and *Julius Cesar* intended by taking up Arms, appeared by their turning Tyrants, after their Victories: But even those who fought against M. BRUTUS did not pretend to say, that he had any other view than the saving his Country and restoring the

\* I found this favourable Opinion of POMPEY's good intentions (so contrary to the Sentiments of some great Authors, and of some greater Men now living) upon an unsuspected Testimony given in confidence by an intimate Acquaintance, after POMPEY's Death. The severe Tacitus says that POMPEY was a better Dissembler than Marius and Sylla, but not a better Man; and Julian in his admirable Censure of his Predecessors, introduces Alexander of Macedon affirming, 'that POMPEY had more of the Fox than the Lion in him.'

To both these, I oppose this Judgment given by CICERO. Non possum, says he to his Confident Pomponius Atticus, upon the Subject of Pompey's lamentable Exit, POMPEII casum non dolere: hominem enim INTEGRUM et CASTUM et GRAVEM novi. 'I cannot but be deeply affected with POMPEY's hard Fate; for I found him to be an upright, disinterested, and steady Man.' The three words employed by Cicero, which my Translation handsly expresses, give the best, and therefore the highest Character competent to a Mortal: they ascribe to him real PROBITY, unblemished VIRTUE, and a steady uniform PRACTICE. Add to this the unsuspicious Testimony of an alien Cesarcan: Fuit POMPEIUS, innocentia exornatus, sanctitate praecipuus, clementia reconditus; Potentia, quae ad eum honoris causa deferretur, non ut ad eo occuparetur, cupidissimus—pene omnium vitiorum expers.

C. VELL. PATERC. Lib. II. §. 29.

the REPUBLIC: just as the great Admiral and Captain, GASPAR DE COLIGNI, was believed even at the dissolute Court of *France*, to be the only Protestant Grandee, fully persuaded of the truth of his Religion, and to arm in defence of it, from an impulse of Conscience. In the same manner, of all the Heroes engaged in the recovery of *Rome* from the Oppression of *Julius Cæsar*, *M. Antony* believed *BRUTUS* alone to have undertaken it from no personal prejudice against the Man, but from a Motive of pure Patriotism. When his Body was brought down from the hills (upon the submission and pardon of the four Legions) and laid before the Triumvir, he slightly upbraided him with the death of his Brother *Caius*, but from a regard to his Dignity and Virtue, took off his own General's Robe, of great value, threw it over the dead Body, and ordered one of his chief Domestics to make him a magnificent Funeral, and send home the Ashes to his Mother *Servilia*. This was a decent piece of respect from the Man whose Life *Brutus* had saved upon the Ides of March. But his Orders were ill executed: The Person employed stole the costly Robe, and withheld the other Expences of Oils and Incense necessary for the Pile; of which *Antony* being informed, broke into a violent passion—asked if he had any Sense *how great a Man's* Burial had been entrusted to his care? and ordered him to be instantly put to death. Some say, that the *young Cæsar* cut off *Brutus's* Head, and sent it to *Rome* to be thrown at the feet of *Julius Cæsar's* Statue; but that the Ship carrying it was lost in her Passage to *Brindisi*.

*M. CÆPIO BRUTUS* is generally allowed to have been one of the best and most accomplished Men that ever did honour to human nature. Even those whom *Party Rage* or dread of *absolute Power* forced to condemn his killing *Cæsar*, proclaim him, with one voice, to have been in every *other* respect a perfect Pattern

of Virtue\*: and had CASSIUS conquered at *Philippi*, as BRUTUS did, THAT ACTION would have been reckoned the *Glory of his Life*, and celebrated as *such* by all the subsequent Authors. What footing either strict modern Casuistry, or the Gallantry of Friendship, may put it upon, lies out of my way to enquire. But the antient Patriots had a Maxim, *That the Welfare and Liberty of our COUNTRY is the highest and most heroic Principle of Action.* ' That every other consideration must stoop to this ; ' be it Father or Brother, or the most intimate Friend—because ' every other Tye and Endearment is absorbed in the Love of ' our Country ; and the greater the Sacrifice, the more glorious ' the Service†. They asked, for example, whether the Friends of *Coriolanus* ought to have taken Arms with him; and joined the *Volsians* against their Country? Whether *Q. Tubero* did not well to abandon *Tiberius Gracchus*, when he began to embroil the State‡? Or how it was, that *Servilius Alaba* was admired for killing *Sp. Maelius* in the Forum—that *M. Manlius* was with universal approbation hurled from the Top of the *Tarpeian Rock*—that *Cinna* and *Carbo* were stabbed—and *Cataline's* Crew destroyed with public Applause—ALL for attempting to do the very thing which JULIUS CESAR both attempted and fatally for himself and *Rome*, after five years of Blood and Confusion, brought at last to bear?

BUT *Anneus Seneca* teaches another Doctrine : To understand it, we must remember, that he lived under Tyranny, and being banished from Court, meanly fawned upon the Tyrant's Slave||; that being afterwards placed in a high station (in which he did indeed good Service) he was obliged to countenance and palliate many wild steps of absolute Power. In this light we will not wonder

\* UNO FACTO Virtutes suas praecipitavit. VAL. MAX. ΚΑΞΙΟΣ ο ΒΡΟΥΤΟΣ ἐς αἰσθητὴν ἀδυσίτω χάριτι ΑΓΟΥΣ ΕΝΟΣ ΑΠΠΙΑΝ ΑΔΕΣ.

† SED OMNES OMNIUM CHARITATES COMPLECTITUR PATRIA.

‡ TIB. GRACCHUS Regnum occupare conatus est ; vel regnavit is quidam paucos Menses. CICERO de Amicitia. See Vol. I. p. 133.

|| POLYBIUS, one of the Emperor *Claudius's* Freed-men.

wonder at his telling us, ‘ That it was a disputed point, whether  
 ‘ M. BRUTUS ought to have *received* his Life from the hands of  
 ‘ the Man whom he thought himself bound in duty to kill :  
 ‘ Upon what principles, continues *Seneca*, he entered upon that  
 ‘ Enterprize, shall be considered in another place. It is my  
 ‘ Opinion that *Brutus*, tho’ a very great Man in other respects,  
 ‘ was quite *mistaken* in that business, and did by no means walk  
 ‘ according to the rules of his own Philosophy. He could never  
 ‘ else have dreaded the *Name* of a KING ; under whom, if he  
 ‘ be *good*, the State enjoys its highest Happiness : nor could he  
 ‘ reasonably expect, that ever LIBERTY would prevail, where  
 ‘ the Price was so exorbitant, both of Dominion and Slavery :  
 ‘ nor that the *Commonwealth* could resume its ancient Form,  
 ‘ when its *Members* had lost their ancient Manners : nor that  
 ‘ Right and Equality should take place in that City, where he  
 ‘ had seen so many thousands take arms, not for *Liberty*, but  
 ‘ the choice of a *Master*.’

THE same political reasons are urged by the ingenious *Italian*,  
*Traiano Boccalini*, (a Man of more Wit than Solidity,) who in-  
 troduces *L. Junius Brutus*, the scourge of the *Tarquins*, in-  
 structing his Name-sake, ‘ that ROME was ripe for Liberty,  
 ‘ when *he* called the Citizens to throw off the Yoke : But  
 ‘ that they were fond of Slavery when his *Descendant* killed  
 ‘ *Julius Cæsar*.’ Both the Philosopher and the Satyrist (for such  
 was *Boccalini*) argue from the most fallacious of all proofs, the  
*Success* of the Undertaking ; and seem not to have reflected  
 that the SENATE, the KNIGHTS, and all the *sound Part* of the  
*Roman Empire*, were warm in the Cause of Liberty ; and that  
 the final Loss of it depended upon a thousand, and these not im-  
 probable, Chances—any one of which happening (such as the  
 safety of *Cassius* or *Pansa* ; *Antony*’s falling at *Modena*, or being  
 starved at *Philippi*), the COMMONWEALTH would have been  
*resettled*, and all these puny Politics would never once been  
 heard of. For never was there a greater Instance of the weak-  
 ness



ness of such Speculations, and indeed of all human Foresight, than the *ultimate Issue* of these cruel Commotions. When *Julius Cesar* was killed as a Tyrant, to the Joy of the Senate, the Nobility, and of every body (except his own Creatures and poisoned Army), it could enter into no man's head, that among so many great Commanders and able Statesmen as were still left, a Youth of scarce nineteen years should outstrip them all, and again overturn the public Liberty. *Brutus* therefore had solid reason to hope for success in his great Undertaking; and *would* have succeeded but for his own excessive Mildness and Clemency. But as I have met with Men of great Worth, whose high sense of *private Friendship* permits them not to approve of the chief part of his Conduct, my regard for *them*, makes it necessary to touch upon the two reasons that determine my Judgment of the mighty Deed.

FIRST I cannot help being of the opinion; ' that a *public Tye* ' supercedes all *private Obligation*: that no personal Favour done ' to you in particular, can dispense with a duty on which the Happiness of millions, in a word, of your COUNTRY, depends; and ' therefore, that the rescuing the LAWS and LIBERTIES of a ' noble Nation from *the yoke of a Tyrant* is the most glorious ' of all human Actions; and the obligation which every free ' Citizen lies under to contribute to it to the utmost of his Power, ' cannot be cancelled by the Tyrant's being his *Friend, Relation,* ' or *Benefactor* \*. In the next place, I know of no *Obligation* ' that M. BRUTUS lay under to *Cesar*. In private Life, *Cesar's* criminal

\* Quod potest esse majus Scelus, quam non modo hominem, sed etiam familiarem occidere? Num igitur se obstrinxit Scelere, si quis TYRANNUM occidit, quamvis familiarem?—POP. quidem ROMANO non videtur, qui ex omnibus praeclaris Factis, illud pulcherrimum existimat. CICERO. CATO MAJOR.

Praeciipiendum igitur BONIS, ut si in ejusmodi amicitias ignari, casu aliquo inciderint, ne existiment ita se alligatos, ut ab amicis, in magna re aliqua in Remp. peccantibus, non discedant: IMPROBIS autem poena statuenda est: nec minor verò iis qui secuti erunt alterum, quam iis qui ipsi fuerint impietatis Duces:

IDEM in LAELIO

criminal Commerce with the *Mother* was a cruel Injury to the *Son*: and in public, M. *Brutus* was not only guilty of no Crime, but was acting the true Patriot, when fighting against him at *Pharsalia*. A Pardon presupposes Guilt: and *Julius Cesar* had no more title to the life of *Brutus*, or of any of his Fellow-Citizens, whom he that day murdered by thousands, than a Highwayman who holds a pistol to your breast, and is graciously pleased to spare you, upon delivering your Money. It is precisely the Pyrate's case, who told ALEXANDER, 'that they were both of a Trade—both Plunderers; the only difference being, that his Majesty did that with a great Army and Fleet, which he, poor Devil, could only do with a single Ship.'

LET us speak plain, and not be deluded by Fantoms of Grandeur: A Robber who should overcome your resistance—save your Life—give you back your Money, nay double or triple it, on condition you should *live his Slave*, and assist him to reduce your Friends and all mankind to the same condition, would be just in the place of *Caius Cesar*, and You would be under the same Tye of Gratitude as M. BRUTUS was to the *Roman Tyrant* \*.

To the bulk of Mankind, it is probable, this will always appear in a different light; because they all feel the influence of *private Friendship*, and the most abandoned have some perception of its Obligations: but a *just sense* of the Value of LIBERTY and of the *public Spirit* which it alone can inspire, is the Attainment but of a *Few*: and perhaps it is proper it should be so;—for as none but Men of the soundest Heads and largest Hearts are capable of judging truly, and pronouncing impartially in so great a Cause, so there are none but *Heroes* capable of putting the sentence rightly in execution.

JULIUS CESAR, by his Treason and Rebellions, was the Cause of more Murder, Devastation and Misery than ever Tyrant committed:

\* Moriendum ante, quam ullam conditionem CIVIS accipiendam REIP.

M. CATO apud Velleium, LIB. II. §. 1.

committed ; and it is a sort of Paradox in History, how a man so wicked and criminal, instead of being loaded with the most deserved Infamy, should yet retain some sort of Reputation with that impartial Judge of Merit, POSTERITY. Let us trace the Prejudice to its source, and shew the Canals thro' which it has flowed to modern-times.

THE first Rise of it was his *political* Humanity\*. His Treasons principally regarded the STATE ; that is, the Body of the Citizens in general, which were therefore less felt in the beginning, tho' big with universal Ruin. But his Favours, or rather Profusions, were bestowed upon *particular Persons*, especially such as could promote his Power or Pleasures,—a piece of Conduct in which he was imitated by a Man not unlike him, either in Address or daring Designs, the Cardinal-Duke of *Richelieu* ; whose Maxim it was, *To insult the Courts, and caress particular Members*. The Favours done by *Cesar* to Individuals were thorowly felt, and had a powerful Operation. They so attached his Creatures to him, that their common Oath was

ITA VIVO CAESARE MORIAR !

SO MAY CESAR SURVIVE ME !

and many of them being Men of wit and capacity, such as *Crispius Salustius* his Lieutenant, *C. Oppius* his private Secretary, *Cn. Matius* and *Corn. Balbus*, successively Masters of Artillery, their Tongues and Pens spread a false varnish over his Character, that hid its real hideous Features, and set forth only the *great Talents*, which he abused to the public Ruin.

BUT that same *false Gloss* would have soon wore off, if it had not received new strength by a very strange *Contrast*. As slight Misfortunes are sunk in greater Evils, the horrid things done by his Successors, in some sort *effaced Cesar's Crimes* : and the Miseries they had brought upon the Empire came to be considered

as

\* Luc. *The Virtues of Humanity are Cesar's.*

Cat. CURSE on his Virtues : they've undone his Country ;

Such popular Humanity is Treason.

CATO a Tragedy, A& iv. Sc. 4.

as *small Afflictions* in comparison of the atrocious Tract of Massacre and Rapine under the Triumvirs. He *banished*, and *forfeited*, and *murdered*, it is true, but he did it *cunningly* \*, and no farther than he apprehended was necessary to secure his Usurpation : For no Man better knew, that a *Shew* of Humanity and Moderation was among the chief Props of his power : he therefore willingly spared all that either were not of consequence to give him umbrage, or who he thought could be *made* his Friends : whereas the subsequent total Extinction of *Law* and *Right*, and bursting the most sacred Bonds of Nature, made *his* illegal Sway appear A GOLDEN AGE to the Romans †. Had POMPEY and the SENATE prevailed, with such Men as *Marcellus*, and *Cato*, and *Cicero* to moderate their Councils ; or had the excellent *Cornificius*, the brave *Tribonius*, and the accomplished *Pansa*, survived (not to mention the Heroes that fell at *Philippi*) ; *their* mild and legal Administration would have spread horror over *Cesar's* Rapacity. But now, what *Tacitus* suggests of AUGUSTUS, that he pitched upon a savage Successor, whose Cruelties might reflect honour on his own Moderation, *actually happened* to JULIUS CESAR ; who stands therefore indebted to the bloody Triumvirs that his Memory is not blacker than *Marinus'* or *Cataline's*. But this is not all.

THE *Prejudice* in his favour, thus disguised by *Wit*, and heightened by a terrible *Foile*, received its final *Sanction* by the Suc-

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\* ΚΑΙΣΑΡ καὶ ἀδύλας καὶ ἐν οἷς ἦναι εἴ τις προσιδέσκει τὰς τιμαρίας ἐπιγῆ.

ΔΙΩΝ. βιβ. λη.

It was CESAR's Way, says Dion Niccus, to pretend to pardon those who opposed him, as it were thro' Generosity and Greatness of Mind : but secretly, he always employed some proper Instruments to ruin them, without raising Suspensions.

Καὶ γὰρ τότε ἦν ΚΑΙΣΑΡ, προσποιεῖσθαι μὲ ὑπερφῶν ὑπὸ μεγαλοφροσύνης τῶν λυπῶντων αὐτὸν δι' ἄλλων δὲ τιναὶ αὐτὸς ἐχθρὸς τινεσθαι αἰνυμένως.

ΔΙΩΝ. Πρώτ.

† Οἱ τρεῖς ἄνδρες ἔτω τὰ πρῶτα διῶγον, ὥστε χρεῖσιν τὴν τῷ Ἰουλίῳ Καίσαρι ὀναρχίαν φανῆναι. Ο ΑΥΤΟΣ.